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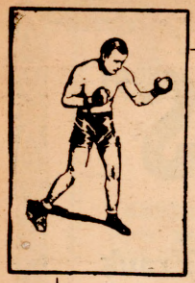

The RING

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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In Our Next Issue

Another world heavyweight championship fight has been decided. The Joe Louis-Tony Galento affair is over, and now the eyes of the boxing world are turned to Jolting Joe's next opponent in September. Who will he be?

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While the ballyhoo for the Galento-Louis battle was on, "The Ring" Editor, Nat Fleischer, made a flying trip to Venezuela to referee the Archibald-Simon Chavez fight. There is heaps of interest in Central and South America in boxing, where, through the efforts of this publication and its Editor, the sport has been developed on a high scale in countries where heretofore boxing was practically an unknown quantity. Nat will tell you about Venezuela and its boxing prospects.

George T. Pardy, who saw the Kid Lavigne-Dick Burge fight in London, has an interesting yarn on famous American invaders, a timely story due to the latest triumphs of Henry Armstrong and Chalky Wright abroad.

Bob Edgren, Jr., A. D. Phillips, Eddie Borden and other favorites to greet you.

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Nova Makes the Grade

Lou Rises to Heights in Stopping Max Baer in the Eleventh Round—Exhibits Splendid Left Jab and a Fighting Heart, But Proves He is Too Inexperienced to Face Joe Louis in Championship Fight in September

By NAT FLEISCHER

MAX BAER made his last stand in his "comeback," one that will be remembered as the best fight of his checkered career. The once great Livermore heavyweight, who at one time was hailed as a second Jim Jeffries, went out to atone for the heartaches and headaches he had given his supporters in the past, and he made good with a vengeance even though he was stopped by Lou Nova at the Yankee Stadium in eleven rounds. Baer was a thoroughly beaten gladiator when Referee Frank Fullam halted the contest, but to be stopped after absorbing the punishment meted out to him was no disgrace.

He had been through the most excruciating fighting of his entire career and that he failed to reach his objective, a victory with a return engagement with Joe Louis for the world title as the reward, was due not to devastating punches of his younger rival, but to the old hazard—"old age"—so far as fighters go. The bout was hatled in 1:21 of the eleventh round at a time when Max was choking from the blood that filled his throat.

That Baer carried a more powerful punch into the ring was evident time and again when Max cut loose at intervals, in spasmodic spurts, but his legs gave way as early as the third round, and that handicap, plus a beautiful left jab by Nova, one that was a reminder of Gene Tunney's when the New Yorker was at his best, spelled defeat for the erstwhile heavyweight king. The former title-holder, face swollen beyond recognition, lips puffed, the claret spurting from a deep mouth gash that opened an artery, left eye puffed and right almost closed from the steady jabs of his younger opponent, was a thoroughly beaten man from the seventh round up. Had the fight gone a little longer, I feel confident Nova would have scored a knockout despite the fact that he was as wobbly at times as was Livermore Max.

* * *

NOVA had spent his energy in the early rounds during which the boys set a fast pace for big fellows. By the time the fourth round was started, each showed the effects in puffing, halting at times to catch their breath and swinging wildly as the eyes failed to locate the target when weariness set in.

At times in the early rounds it seemed that Baer might score a knockout when his once mighty right, the blow that so frequently downed the opposition in Max's rise to fistic fame, crashed with telling effect against Lou's chin. But Nova weathered the storm. Three times he was staggered. His legs quivered. Once his head went through the ropes as he missed a left and Baer caught him with a right to the mouth.

In the sixth round, in which Lou worked at top speed and did considerable damage to Baer's face, a right and left to the chin spun Lou around. The bell sounded and so flabbergasted was the young man that he walked to a neutral corner, his mind almost a blank and had to be led to his chair. But splendid handling by Ray Arcel, Ray Carlin and Jimmy Braddock, the seconds, quickly brought Lou back and he fought viciously in the following session.

In that round again it looked like curtains for Nova as Baer crashed a powerful right to Nova's jaw with all the effort Max could command a fraction of a second after the bell sounded. The referee was quick to admonish Max as Lou's knees shook and he was about to topple to the canvas. Following the lecture, Referee Fullam took the round away from Baer.

From that session to the finish, it was all Nova. He just swarmed over the former champion, smothered his face with jabs and occasionally altered the procedure with an assault of lefts and rights to the stomach that caused Max to drop his hands to his side and gasp for breath. It was a great showing for a young fellow who was meeting his stiffest opposition and his greatest ring test and he came through with flying colors.

* * *

THE fight was a tough, hard fought battle, with a young ambitious boy, pitted against a veteran six years his senior, making the grade. It was an honest-to-goodness affair, with each doing his best to gain the objective. There never was a time when Nova asked for quarter. The more determined Baer was, the more vicious Lou became. He was ever ready to slug it out with Max.

It was those rallies by Nova and the fact that Lou wasn't the least scared of the punching powers of the once great Max that caused Baer to lose stock in himself and enabled Nova to come on with the rush that brought victory. Nova's relentlessness took Max completely by surprise. He was unprepared for it. It shattered his confidence. Max's best showing was made in the sixth and seventh rounds in which he made a desperate stand to ward off the attacks of his younger rival by belting him with solid right-handers to the jaw only to find Lou still standing erect when the bell ended those sessions, dazed, 'tis true, but on his feet, nevertheless.

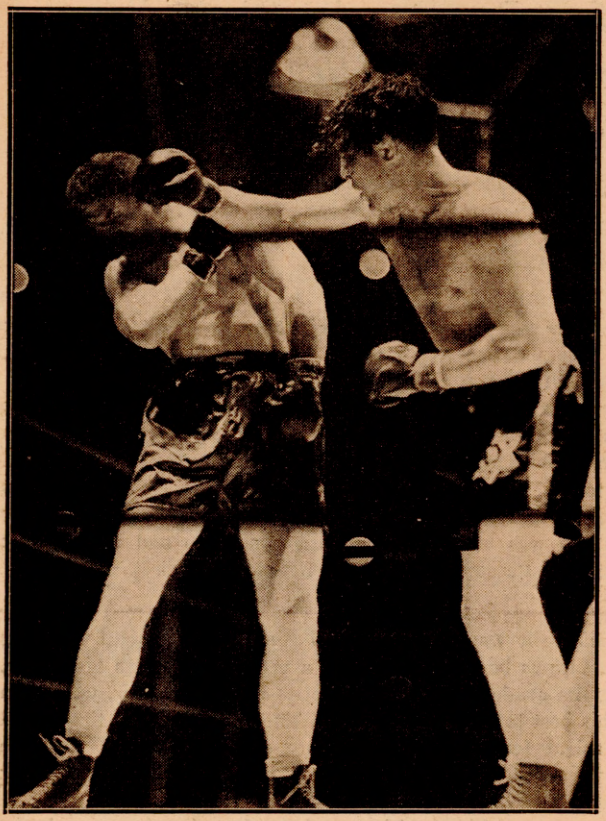
The youthful and still inexperienced Nova who now thinks he is ripe for a Louis shot—something I dread to think about—was a belligerent young man, full of fight. He took Baer's Sunday punches without a whimper, fought back with a vengeance every time he was hurt, carried the fighting to the former champion and tattooed Max's kisser as no one has ever done before. It was a most thorough job for a young 'un as Nova is in the profession, and he deserved all the plaudits he received when his work was completed. It was a grand exhibition by Lou.

* * *

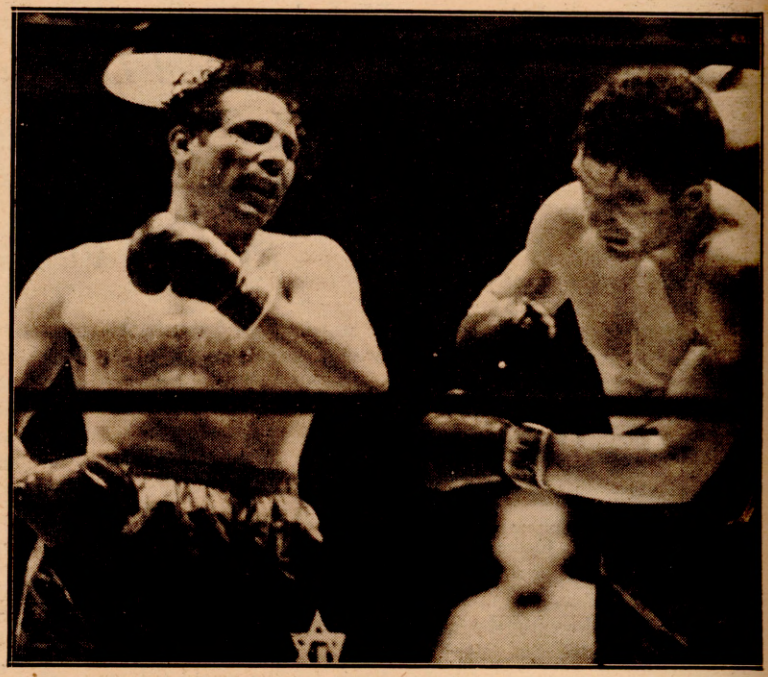
THERE was little of the scientific about the mill despite the powerful jabs thrust into the face of Baer in every round. It was a fight in the true sense of the word and as such, the rivals gained the admiration of the small gathering of 16,738 onlookers who paid $82,364.63 to see them in action. The fight was a real brawl—a throwback to primitive days. It was a vicious, gruelling contest of the give-and-take variety.

If Nova had depended wholly on his fighting equipment to carry off the verdict, he would have failed. He proved that he needs more schooling before he can enter the class of first class heavyweights. He showed he possesses gameness, a good jab, a fighting heart and that he can take a punch. All he needs is to develop greater hitting powers and he'll then be ready for the great test against Louis. But to pit him against Joe in a September bout as is now planned, would be to put an end to Nova's career. He just doesn't belong there at this stage. *(Continued on page 44)*

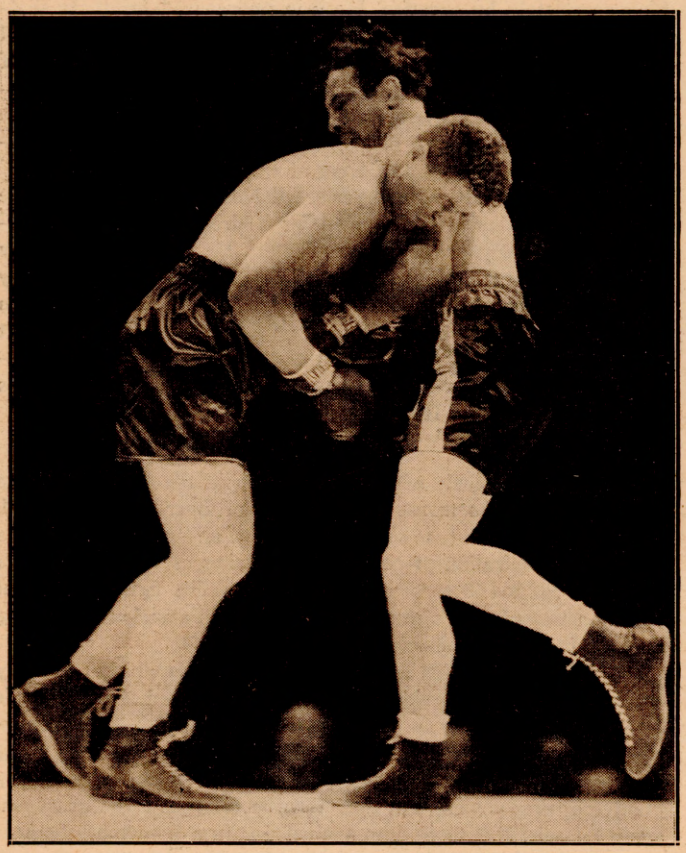
Lou Nova Rises to Heights



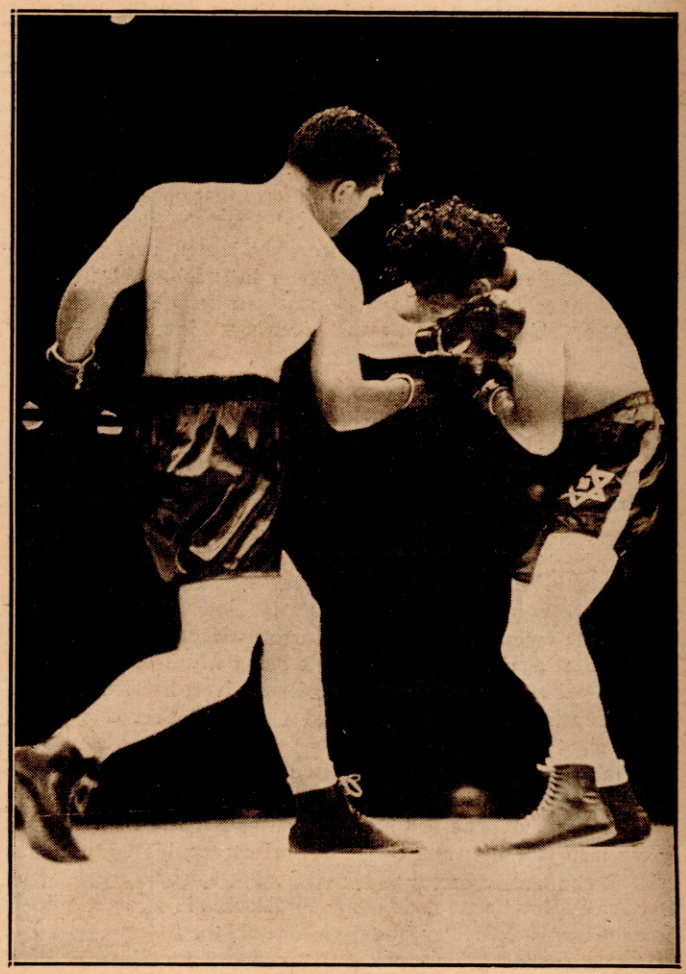
A good round for Baer was the fourth when he battered away at Nova relentlessly against the ropes. Nova managed to avoid many of the swings but Baer did the attacking.



Nova doesn't look much like a winner in this round—the sixth. Maxie just finished letting a vicious left hook land on Nova's chin and he seemed ready to fall against the ropes to get away from Max's attack.

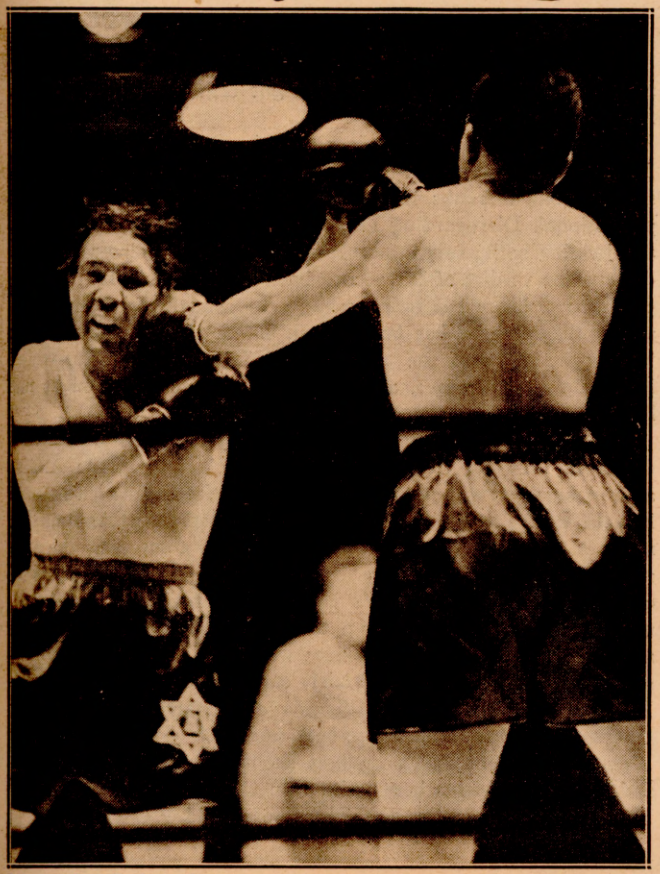


Another sequence of the sixth round shows Nova falling into a clinch, tired and almost wilting from Baer's bombardment of two fists. There was plenty of life in Baer in this particular round.

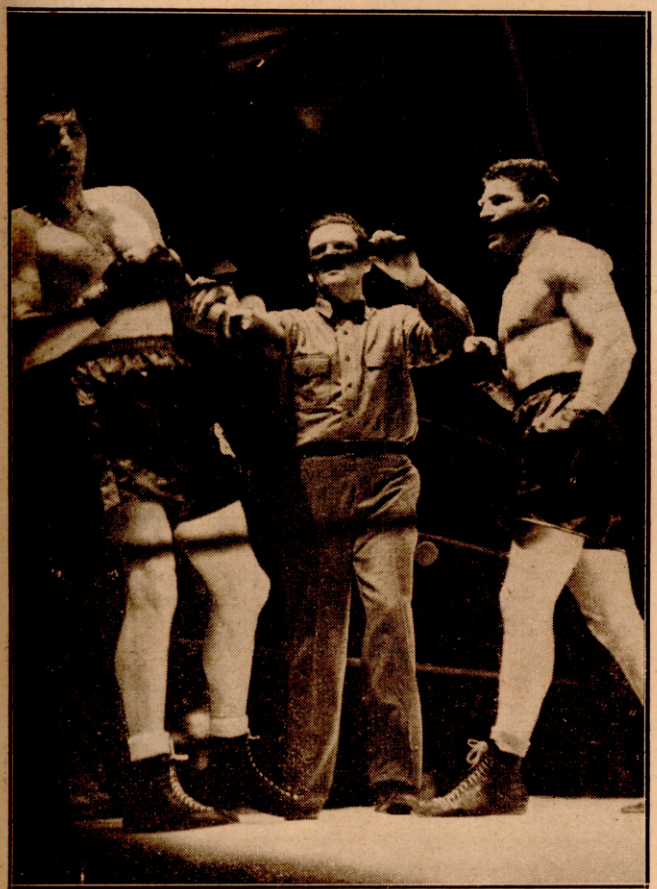


Nova executing some damage with a right hand uppercut as Maxie is intent on blocking Nova's bombardment. Baer fought in spurts but Nova's attack was more sustained.

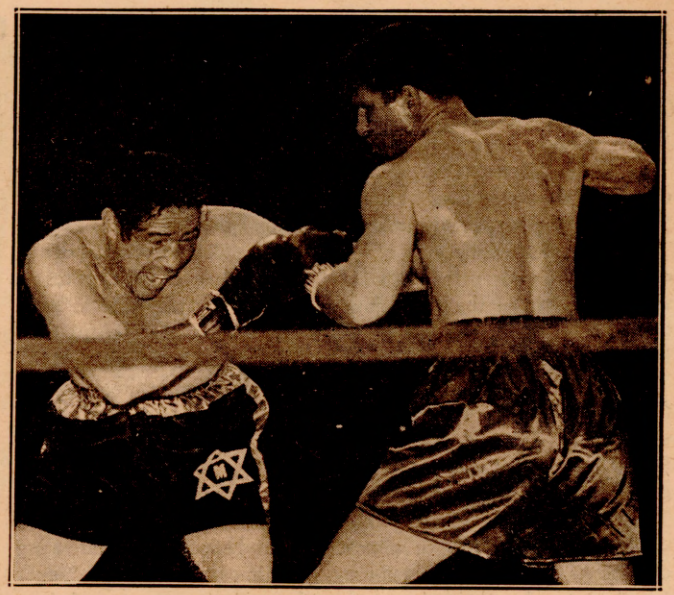
in Defeating Max Baer



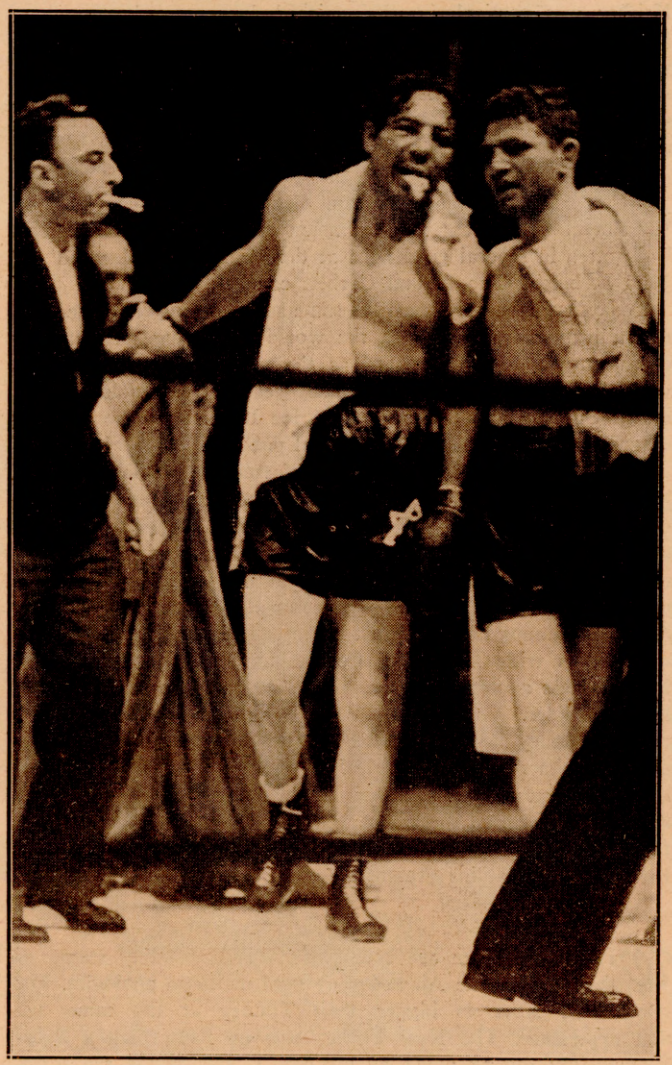
Maxie already has that wearied look in the eighth round as Nova beats him to the punch with a stiff left to the face. Defeat is almost apparent watching Baer's features.



Maxie, with that dazed, bewildered expression on his face, is backed against the ropes just as Referee Frank Fullam steps between the principals to put a halt to the carnage.



Baer is trying to make some headway through facial expressions in this—the ninth round—but that has no effect upon the stolid expression of Nova who is intent upon punching. He resembles Luis Firpo, "the Wild Bull of the Pampas," in this particular photo.



The finale shows Baer's mouth covered with gauze to hide the deep gash in his lip while Nova is consoling him. Ray Arcel, chief second for Nova, is on the left while Izzy Kline, Baer's handler, is behind Arcel. Note how weary Baer is. The flow of blood took its toll as much as did Nova's bitter attack.

NOVA *and* TUNNEY

By TED CARROLL

THE name of the ancient philosopher who first penned the classic utterance, "History repeats itself," has long since been forgotten, but the old boy must have been a sports writer. Similar situations have a way of reoccurring in the boxing business with uncanny regularity. Fifty years ago, the supposedly unbeatable, thunder-fisted John L. Sullivan, now a legendary figure, was challenged by the light hitting, debonair and underrated ex-bank clerk, Gentleman Jim Corbett, to the amazement of the sport-minded multitudes, who looked upon the "Strong Boy" as invincible. The tale of how the skillful Corbett shattered this illusion is too well known to bear repetition.

Thirty-four years after Corbett's victory, a happening so identical it might have been a page out of the past, took place when the scholarly Tunney, one of the cleverest of recent heavyweights, tamed the man mauler of the prize ring, Jack Dempsey, and donned the regal robes of heavyweight champion of the world. The comparison among the four principles in these famous bouts was so striking as to be almost beyond belief. Both defending champions, Sullivan and Dempsey, had almost attained the "super man" status by their devastating fists. Each was regarded as unbeatable and each was a top-heavy favorite to retain his laurels.

Both challengers, Corbett and Tunney, were handsome, youthful looking fellows, with a flair for fine words and finesse in boxing. Neither was particularly distinguished for power in the ring. Both relied upon skill and generalship to gain their ends and both were victorious in their respective attempts to gain the championship because they possessed what is needed in the tough ring game—courage, vitality, keen eyes, sharpshooting ability and faith in themselves.

* * *

OF course, Gentleman Gene and Gentleman Jim received considerable aid from that champion of champions, Time, who had gotten in several good licks at the Manassa Mauler and old John L. before Tunney and Corbett completed the job.

Today, we have very much the same setup as existed in the days of Sullivan and Dempsey in the world of boxing. We have a champion whom many regard as the most formidable man to wear the heavyweight crown in many years. A tremendous hitter of the Sullivan and Dempsey type, Joe Louis is at the moment regarded as unbeatable by the general public.

We have a challenger whose performances while adequate, have more than a hint of the lusterless, though successful, efforts of Tunney and Corbett. Like Gene and Jim before him, a student of the art of boxing, and like them not a particularly lethal warrior, Lou Nova fills the bill perfectly as a modern day double of either of these men, not in experience or ability, but in his present day status among heavyweights. No attempt is being made here to class Nova with Tunney or Corbett for he is far from being in their class as yet, but his career up to this time, has followed the same lines.

Like Tunney before him, Nova goes along doing all that is asked of him not as spectacularly as Louis, but the young man keeps right on winning, which is the important thing. Those who cry out in horror at the comparisons between Nova and Tunney, fall into the common error of sizing up Tunney at his peak with the Californian at his present stage of development.

* * *

WHEN both men are compared at corresponding stages of their career, the Alameda boy need make no apologies. For one thing, Nova is bigger than Tunney at the same age and experience. The New Yorker was no more than a light-heavyweight during much of his career. He gained the light-heavyweight American title in that division before setting sail for the heavyweight shores. Nova is now and has been since winning the national amateur heavyweight championship in 1935 a full-fledged heavyweight.

Another angle that makes a comparison rather difficult is the fact that Nova spent considerable time and enjoyed much success in the amateur ranks while Tunney was never anything but a professional. Disregarding Lou's simon-pure efforts for the time and judging both men at the respective stages of their professional careers, the verdict of the record book is slightly in favor of the Californian. Nova has been boxing professionally for four years, and in that time he has been beaten but once. This lone setback was at the hands of the unbelievable Maxie Rosenbloom, which is certainly no disgrace, as the man never lived who might not have been bamboozled by Slapsie Maxie's mad magic.

The record books credit Tunney with beginning his professional career in 1919 but Gene did considerable boxing in the A.E.F. and in small neighborhood fight clubs before America's entry into the war. To simplify matters, we will disregard these unlisted matches along with Nova's amateur days in comparing the two men. This means that the year 1922 in Tunney's record would correspond to 1939 in Lou's career. As previously mentioned, much of Tunney's battling up to and including 1922 had been against light-heavyweights as Gene was still a cruiserweight himself. Tunney had beaten some fairly capable men up to that year—Battling Levinsky, Chuck Wiggins and Marty Burke among others. He scored knockouts, best of which was over Charley Weinert, and Gene took an unholy shellacking from Harry Greb, and boxed no-decision bouts with Dan O'Dowd, Leo Houck, Fay Kaiser, Tommy Loughran, Paul Sampson and Weinert.

* * *

ALL of Nova's opposition has been against heavyweights and his outstanding victims have been Bob Nestell, Phil Brubaker, Gunnar Barlund and Baer, each of whom he stopped, and Lee Ramage, Sonny Walker and Tommy Farr, whom he beat. The Californian boxed drawn battles with Bob Pastor and Ramage and outside of the Rosenbloom business, his record is as clear of defeat as was Tunney's.

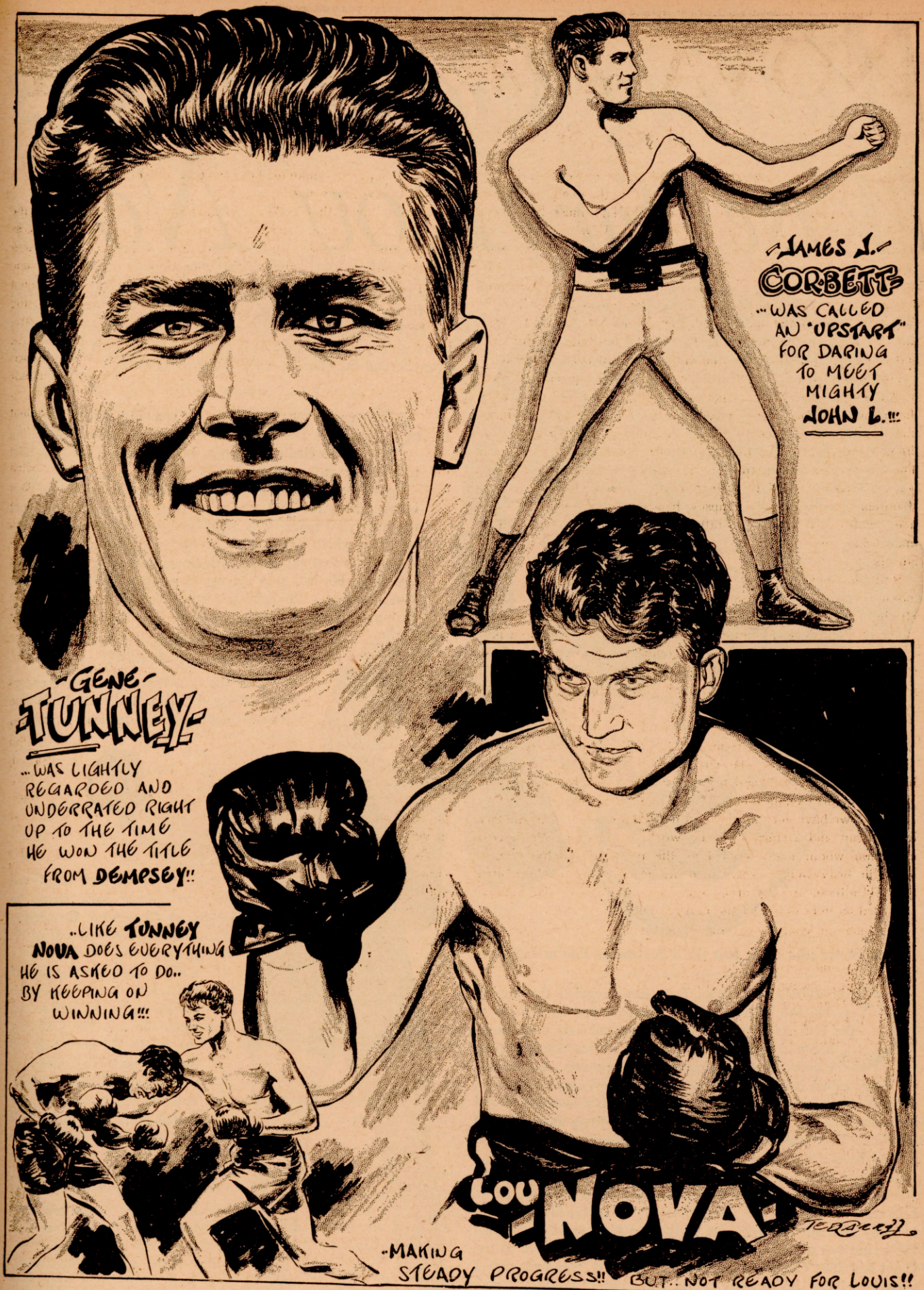
This sum-up of the achievements of the men will probably come as a surprise to many, for it seems obvious that as far as he has gone, Nova has actually done better than did Tunney in that same period.

Of a cautious and calculating nature, Gene was slow developing, but in 1923 the ex-Marine hit his stride and went along in an invincible manner. Dating from his defeat of Harry Greb early in 1923, the only blot on Tunney's unbeaten record was the heave-o he was given along with Jack Renault in Philadelphia the same year. Renault, no reckless performer himself, had ideas similar to Tunney's about the art of self-defense, with the result that the meeting was called no-contest after four rounds of waltzing.

Barring this solitary slip-up, Tunney surmounted every obstacle in his determined drive to the title. Up to now, Nova's career has been featured by the same tenacity of purpose. While it is doubtful that he will ever develop Tunney's cold mastery of the ring science, the Californian is more disposed to take chances and more aggressive than Gene was. In addition, Lou is also a better than average boxer.

* * *

THE great similarity between Tunney and Nova lies in their intelligence. There is also some physical resemblance between the two. Both are classified as members of the group of boxers rather than sluggers, but they are more closely akin mentally than in any other respect. Nova possesses sufficient gray matter to realize the task confronting him and like Tunney before him, can be counted upon to be well prepared for a supreme effort when and if his great chance ever comes.



However, Nova and his manager, the very astute Ray Carlen, should remember that the real secret of Tunney's success lay in Gene's unerring estimate of his own abilities and his complete diagnosis of his rival's fighting styles. After the first Greb debacle, Gene, who did most of his own thinking, never overmatched himself again, and from that time on, this brilliant ring general never entered the ring without a definite plan of attack calculated to play upon an opponent's weakness. *(Continued on page 43)*

Waiting Game Looks Wise for Lou Nova

Bob Pastor who looks best for a September shot at Louis.

LOU NOVA and Max Baer have regaled the boxing world with their set-to. In 1 minute and 21 seconds of the 11th round, Baer, beaten to an unlovely pulp, hopeless and helpless, had to retire on account of a deep mouth cut and a closed eye. Maxie was out standing up. They called it a technical knockout. But once more I rise in support of the contention so often raised by my late friend and associate, Charley Mathison—there is no such thing as a technical knockout. Baer was knocked out of time just as effectively as if he had been stretched on the canvas.

As we go to press, preparations are in full swing for the "great" Joe Louis-Tony Galento extravaganza in New York. The battle between the Bomber and the Balloon is being billed more hysterically than any Barnum ever ballyhooed the Cardiff Giant, and the writer has a hunch Tony has as much fistic substance as the Giant had. The Cardiff Giant, you may recollect, was built out of plaster and dug up in New York state, near Cardiff. Barnum palmed it off as a mummified prehistoric man.

There is Nova. There is Louis. Behind the scenes what have we? Bob Pastor, Tommy Farr, Johnny Paychek, Red Burman, Buddy Knox, Al McCoy, and possibly Billy Conn and Melio Bettina should they outgrow the light-heavyweight division after they engage in their battle for the championship. So far as the future is concerned, the writer leans towards Billy Conn as the best prospect if he can develop a punch and develop himself into a sturdy heavyweight. It is doubtful, however, if he will ever grow beyond the class in which he now competes.

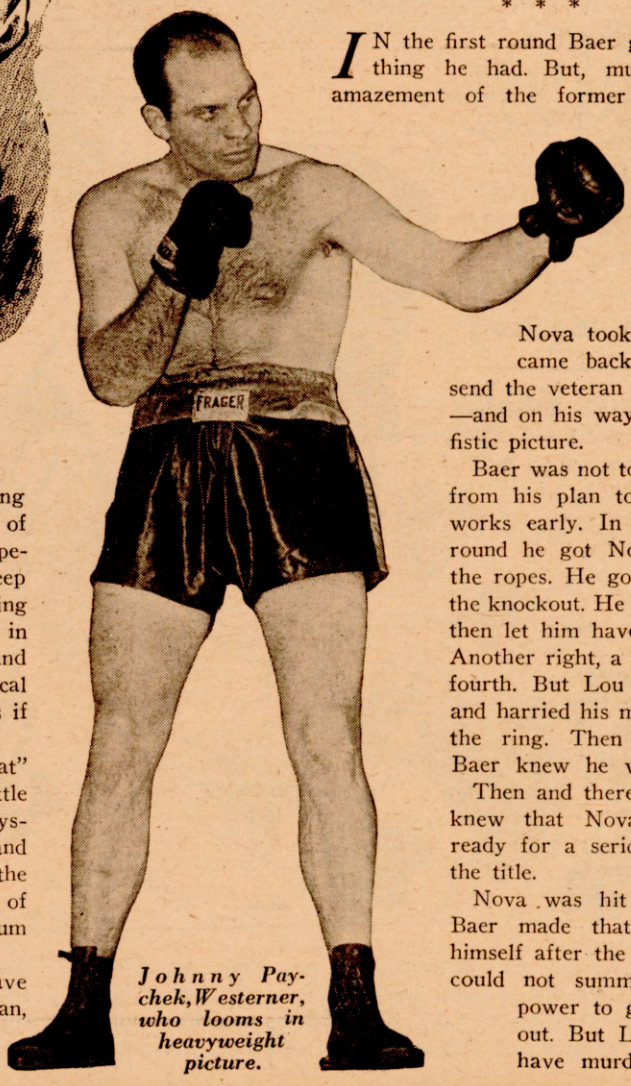
* * *

LET us return to Nova. In stopping Baer, who had trounced Tommy Farr so decisively, Nova gained the right to challenge Louis. But how close really is Lou to a wise match with Joe?

Louis sat at the ringside when Nova whipped Baer. This is what he saw: In Baer, a has-been, a man who had lost the truly vital spark. Max tried hard, he fought with a determination which would have meant so much to him had he shown it in that encounter with Louis. But Baer had seen his best days. He had shot the works against Farr, and against Nova he was a campaigner pitting his tricks and his early flash against a young, strong fighter. The flash of the oldster was not enough.

* * *

IN the first round Baer gave everything he had. But, much to the amazement of the former champion, Nova took it all, and came back strong to send the veteran floundering—and on his way out of the fistic picture.



Johnny Paychek, Westerner, who looms in heavyweight picture.

Baer was not to be put off from his plan to shoot the works early. In the second round he got Nova against the ropes. He got ready for the knockout. He pinned Lou, then let him have the right. Another right, a third and a fourth. But Lou came back and harried his man all over the ring. Then and there Baer knew he was beaten.

Then and there Joe Louis knew that Nova was not ready for a serious shot at the title.

Nova was hit too often. Baer made that statement himself after the fight. Baer could not summon enough power to get the boy out. But Louis would have murdered Nova

Triumph Over Baer Lifts Californian Into Contenders Spot—But Max's Conqueror Needs More Campaigning

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

in that second round. Lou would have been a target.

When Nova got his chance after the second to retaliate, he could not finish the former title-holder. He jabbed him, he cut him. But he could not send him down for the full count. Louis would have disposed of Baer in two heats, and done it via the sleep route, rather than the dictum of the referee.

That's why Louis did not smile a broad smile as he watched Nova in the process of making himself the No. 1 challenger.

* * *

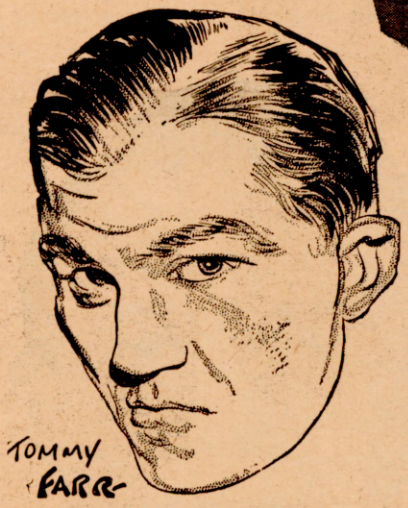
THE problem which confronts Nova and his manager is a serious one. By beating Baer so thoroughly as to drive Max out of the boxing industry for good—and we say for good—Nova placed himself in the No. 2 ranking in the heavyweight division. Of course, there is Bob Pastor, too. I have not forgotten the New Yorker, who has made fine progress since that running match with Louis in New York. But of Bob, more later.

* * *

THE public expects Nova to fight Louis. It has little consideration for the various little niceties which are so apparent to the keen student of the game. It is not very greatly concerned with Nova's stage of preparedness for a battle with so cruel a hitter and, by now, so thoroughly experienced a fighter, who in addition to having been wised up by fighting, is so well endowed by instinct.

What is Nova to do? Grab the fight with Louis, and then take a knockout—and start all over again or retire?

Or hedge for a year, beating men with whom he would develop a better know-how—and developing a more solid punch, as well as the ability to keep away from punishment? There is no doubt that against Baer, Nova proved far too easy to hit.



Tommy Farr, still a contender.

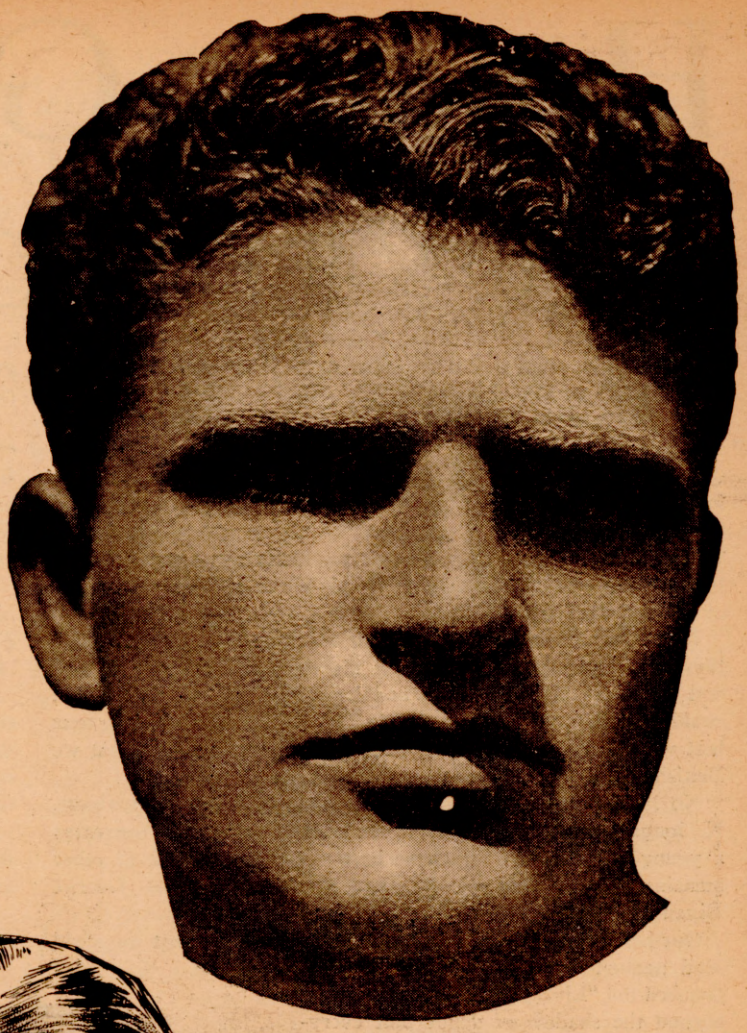
I have said that as Louis watched Nova beat Baer, he did not smile a broad smile. Because Louis wants a real challenger—a man whose abilities the public would respect so highly as to make another million dollar fight.

Louis and his connections are irked by the belief that they are not getting the most out of the championship, and the quality of the No. 2 stock is the reason. The Galento match is the real tipoff on the situation.

The picture which is before Louis is not one to encourage hope for that million dollar match. Baer finished—finished with fighting. Farr past his best form, that which he put on display against Louis in their first engagement. Galento the joke of the last twenty years—anyway. Pastor rated a formidable contender—but with little chance to whip Jolting Joe. Nova a year away. Paychek in the same class.

* * *

JUST how the Louis connections size up the situation was demonstrated to me in Detroit recently. John Roxborough, who with Julian Black manages the affairs of the heavyweight champion, said, "After the way Bob Pastor took care of Roscoe



Lou Nova who rates No. 1 contender but needs more schooling.

Toles in Detroit, I believe he would make a fine match for Joe in that city. It would fill the ball park, but not in New York."

In short, the Louis connection is not planning anything like a Nova steamup, let alone a Nova fight, for this year. It is not good business these days to stifle your closest competition before the stifling can run into real money.

Personally, I have no great regard for Pastor as a rival of Louis. But making matches for Louis no longer is based on any considerations of skill, and ability to produce a serious combat. That was proved in the Galento match, so why be terribly particular with respect to Pastor?

Pastor outwitted Louis in that Garden Marathon. But that was when Joe was comparatively inexperienced. He could not stop fast enough and wheel for a punch. I will venture to say that if a similar situation arose now, Joe would handle it inside three rounds.

Louis has come a long way since that foot-race. Pastor has plodded along, looking good now and bad then, and developing no nation-wide recognition as a really good heavyweight, let alone a match for the title-holder.

* * *

IT is strange, in the light of what happened in the Baer-Nova fight, that Max so far under-rated the new contender. By meeting Nova, Baer tossed away $28,000. Here's how Maxie did it.

Over in Philadelphia, Muggsy Taylor planned a fight between Baer and Galento. He offered Max $50,000 for his end—win, lose or draw.

Max sized up Galento as a clown, but a hard hitter whose wild punches might hurt. He also sized up Nova as a light hitter who could be punched often, and who might be tagged inside five heats.

So Baer passed up the Balloon, *(Continued on page 43)*

HANK'S GREATNESS PROVED TO BRITISH

IT isn't often that a British ring follower like myself has been privileged to sit at the ringside and watch one of the world's greatest fighters in action because for years America has had on its side of the Big Pond the cream of the world's fistic talent. Imagine the thrill I got, and with me, those who were fortunate to see Henry Armstrong in action in a London ring, either at the ringside, or via the television screen, when he successfully defended his world welterweight title for the sixth time since winning it, his victim being our own champion, Ernie Roderick.

Thrill is no word to describe it. At times we who watched the double champion move about his rival at locomotive speed and shoot his blows to body and head at a mile-a-minute clip, couldn't realize that we were watching a human being take our best welter into camp. It was an amazing exhibition, one that we British enjoyed and shall long remember.

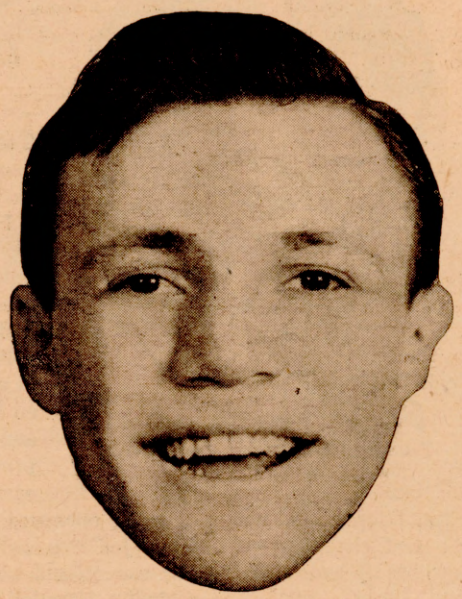
No longer shall we scoff at the reports of Henry's greatness. No longer shall we feel that the American scribes have overrated a young boy whose deeds have been compared to that of other amazing Negro fighters, the incomparable Joe Gans, George Dixon and Joe Walcott. We saw and we were satisfied.

Our hats off to the lad who so far outclassed the best we could send against him. He outsped and outpunched the "Liverpool Flash" and proved beyond the shadow of doubt that everything that the sports critics of America have said in praise of him and all that Nat Fleischer, Editor of THE RING, has written about him in his book, "Jolting Joe and Homicide Hank," are not in the least exaggerated.

* * *

WITH the exception of the first round, it cannot truthfully be said that Roderick won a round, for it was only then that he was able to keep the "Chocolate Streak" at a distance. After the first it was all Armstrong. Darting hither and thither, on the move all the time, never letting up for a second, he was speed personified. Words cannot describe Armstrong's tremendous energy and his terrific speed.

However, we must certainly not forget Ernie Roderick, who put up a good battle but was unable to get set for a really telling blow. Ernie showed extraordinary gameness, that will need a lot to equal it. Left eye closed and face battered, he took punch after punch, but gave plenty, also.



Lou Ambers, who will be Armstrong's next opponent in lightweight title bout.

That Armstrong won, needs nobody to say, but he certainly knew he had been in a scrap. It wasn't one-sided by any means despite the rounds score. Roderick stood and slugged with Hank and had the crowd standing on its feet, cheering both these boys on! Our hats off to Ernie Roderick, also. He fought as a real champion should. Boxing fans in Great Britain should thank Harringay Arena for giving them the opportunity to see a world's champ that is a world's champ, one who is not afraid to defend his title, and a fighter whose like has never been seen here, and whose equal will be a long time coming.

Here I must pay a tribute to one of the gamest losers I have ever seen. ERNIE RODERICK, I doff my hat to you for the grand uphill battle. You proved beyond doubt that you had the guts to keep on in the face of a barrage of nonstop lefts and rights to the head and body sent out by Armstrong.

I certainly must agree with Armstrong's tribute to you, at the end of the 15 exciting rounds, when he said, after thanking the British public for their great reception, that "Ernie Roderick is a great fighter, and would do well in the good old U. S. A." I can well believe this, for not all the American fighters come as good as the "Homicide Hank" Armstrong we saw this night.

* * *

RODERICK'S rise to challenger for the world's title started in October, 1937, when he made a spectacular appearance at Wembley Pool Arena, and knocked out the tough Australian welter, Jimmy Purcell, in the fifth. Another step up the rung was when he beat Cleto Locatelli, the Italian, over 12 rounds. Then came his smashing defeat of the French tiger, Gustav Humery, in three rounds. In March of this year he stepped into the ring at Liverpool as the challenger for Jake Kilrain's welterweight title and knocked Kilrain out in seven rounds to annex the British title.

Outside of the ring, Ernie breeds rats for a hospital, and keeps a pet goat. He is, like Armstrong, the direct antithesis of his ring self, being easy going, and good natured. He entered the ring with 23 consecutive victories under his belt and the knowledge that he had never been K.O.'d. Even in defeat he did not disgrace himself; he didn't even take a count.

* * *

THE Liverpool boys that came down to cheer Roderick in his fight with Armstrong kept calling, "Keep him off, Ernie!" But he might as well have tried to stop a hurricane, such was the force of Armstrong.

Ernie entered the ring first and got a tremendous ovation from a poor house. Armstrong soon followed, and it was obvious that both were trained to the minute. Armstrong was not still for a minute, dancing and shadow boxing all the time, and even while being introduced he was on the move.

After the referee, Mr. Wilfred Smith, had given the boys their instructions, the gong sounded, and Henry moved out of his corner with his chin tucked way down under his shoulder, and his arms moving like pistons. Roderick poked out a long left which tapped Armstrong lightly on the nose, and he kept poking this left out. "Hank" could not get toe to toe with him, and seemed slightly bewildered by the rapier-like activity of Ernie's left.

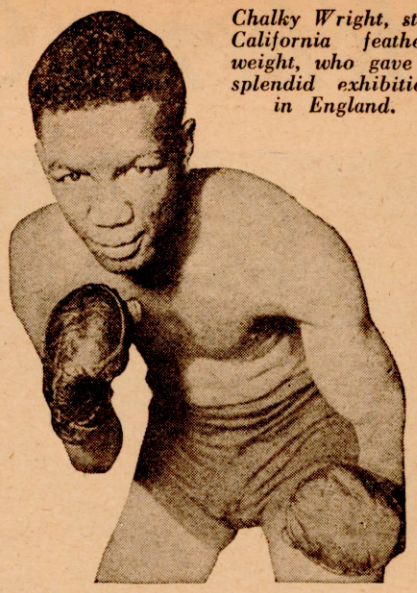
However, after the first minute or two, Armstrong got to close quarters and, working away inside, forced Roderick onto the ropes. Ernie again shot the left out and pushed Henry off. Once or twice Armstrong shot left and right hooks to Roderick's chin that made the Liverpudlian wince, but nevertheless Ernie won the round.

From the second round, however, the contest was on a different par. The "sepia slugger" became the dictator. He really went to town, so much so, that many people thought it would end with Roderick taking the count, so great was the punishment he took.

Armstrong Thrills London Fight Fans with Speed in Successfully Defending Welterweight Crown in England—Loser Puts Up Game Battle

By JOHNNY SHARPE

(Special Correspondent of THE RING *in London)*



Chalky Wright, star California featherweight, who gave a splendid exhibition in England.

THE same pace was set by Armstrong in round three. Roderick would score with snappy left leads to the face with Armstrong trying to work his way into close quarters by bobbing and weaving and as soon as he was close in, he would let off with left and right hooks to Roderick's head that brought him down to Armstrong's size.

The fourth was of a similar nature and the crowd was kept on its toes by the pace that "Homicide Hank" had set. There were many at the ringside who were sure that it was impossible for Armstrong to keep up this pace, but they were soon dispelled when before the end of the round Armstrong straightened Roderick up with two left hooks to the head, then shot a right to the jaw which would have been curtains to any other fighter but Roderick.

Roderick came out for the fifth and met Armstrong in the center of the ring, but was again compelled to retreat after landing five lefts to Armstrong's face. Now and then he would get set for a big punch or a right uppercut but every time he would let one go the colored marvel would let fly six or seven hooks to the head.

In the next session the English lad was again driven to the ropes and around the ring. It was obvious to all that Armstrong was not taking any chances of a disqualification, for he rarely attempted to hit on the body. In a fierce rally, Roderick got the crowd on its feet when he scored with a hard right to Armstrong's mouth that brought blood from the colored boy, as he spit out on to the canvas, a thing he did very often.

In the seventh and eighth Roderick was again on the receiving end, and it seemed amazing the way he took blow after blow from the "human tornado." He must have been in great shape, otherwise he would have certainly cracked up under the heavy bombardment.

Round nine saw Roderick tiring, but he gamely kept going in the face of continual pummelling to the face, that Armstrong let fly. A new Roderick came out for the tenth session, and he met Armstrong's attacks with a nicely placed straight left and an occasional right cross, but Armstrong swiftly played havoc with his two-fisted attack and well won the round.

* * *

UP to now, Roderick had only taken the first round, and we wondered whether the colored boy could keep this pace until the end and whether the Liverpool boy would succumb to this onrush of blows from Armstrong.

The next two rounds were repetitions of the last, Armstrong attacking and Roderick on the retreat. Both boys left defense behind so that they could get in a finisher in this epic struggle, but neither could land it. Roderick's eye was now in very bad shape, but he gamely continued in the face of this barrage and roused the hopes of his followers in the thirteenth, scoring with hefty punches to Armstrong's body. Armstrong put on the pace and drove Roderick around the ring, crashing home left and right to the latter's jaw as the fourteenth opened and a well placed right had Roderick unsteady. Now, for the first time in the contest, the referee ordered the two contestants to break.

They came to the center of the ring for a quick handshake in the fifteenth and then the fireworks began anew. They went at it, Armstrong keeping the same pace as all through the bout. A spurt here and there had the crowd spellbound and toward the end Armstrong showed that he could hit to the body without going anywhere near the border line.

As the gong sounded, amid loud cheers, Henry Armstrong's hand was held up, a winner, and still champion of the welterweights.

The referee, Mr. Wilfred Smith, was highly complimented on his handling of the fight, which was superb.

He had no need to separate the boys, for there was no infringement of the rules. It was an exceptionally clean fight. Neither boy gave any reason for cautions and the referee didn't bother either.

In conclusion I can only conclude by repeating part of Ernie Roderick's tribute to Armstrong at the finish: "I did my best against THE GREATEST FIGHTER IN THE WORLD." HENRY ARMSTRONG . . . . We in England salute you.

* * *

CHIEF supporting bout was Henry Armstrong's sparring partner, Chalky Wright, the colored California featherweight, and George Daly of Blackfriars, and the colored lad scored a spectacular win in eight rounds.

Jacky Rankin of Southall was impressive in his contest with Dan McAllister of Belfast and won his victory on points over eight rounds.

George Markwick, weight 184 pounds, of Cuckfield, ex-Army heavyweight champion, met Dom Lydon, weight 198 pounds, of County Mayo, a protege of Ted Broadribb, over six rounds, and Lydon went in for the kill from the start, but was met by a stinging left to the jaw and compelled to retreat from the young ex-soldier boy. Markwick continued to collect the points by his work in the clinches, when he had Lydon holding on, and when they went out for the last round the result, although a foregone conclusion, looked like coming unstuck when Markwick was put down three times, but he gamely rose to win a hard hitting contest on points.

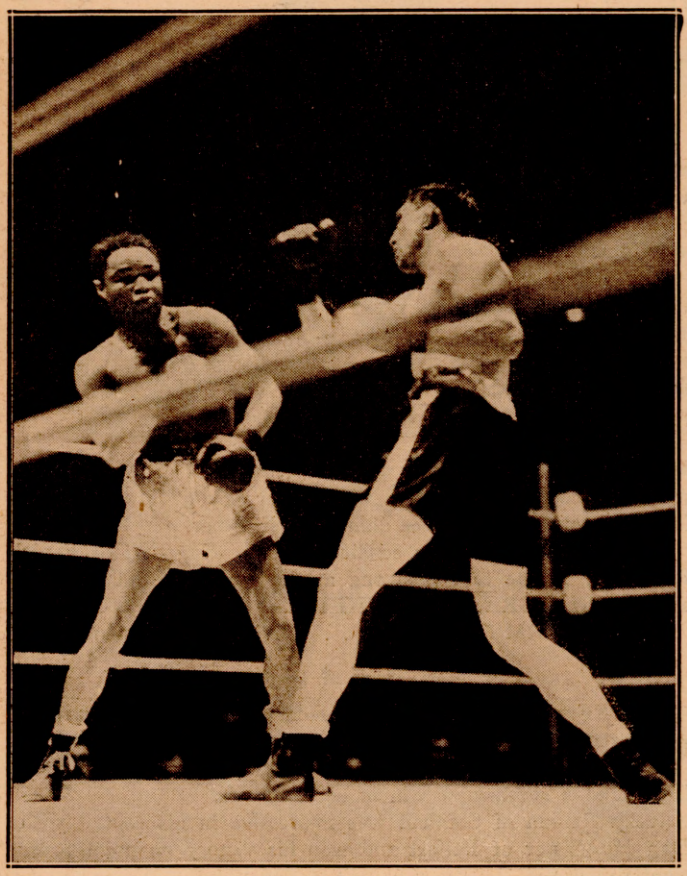
Freddie Simpson of Basingstoke defeated Joe Slark of Egham in the second round when the referee intervened.

* * *

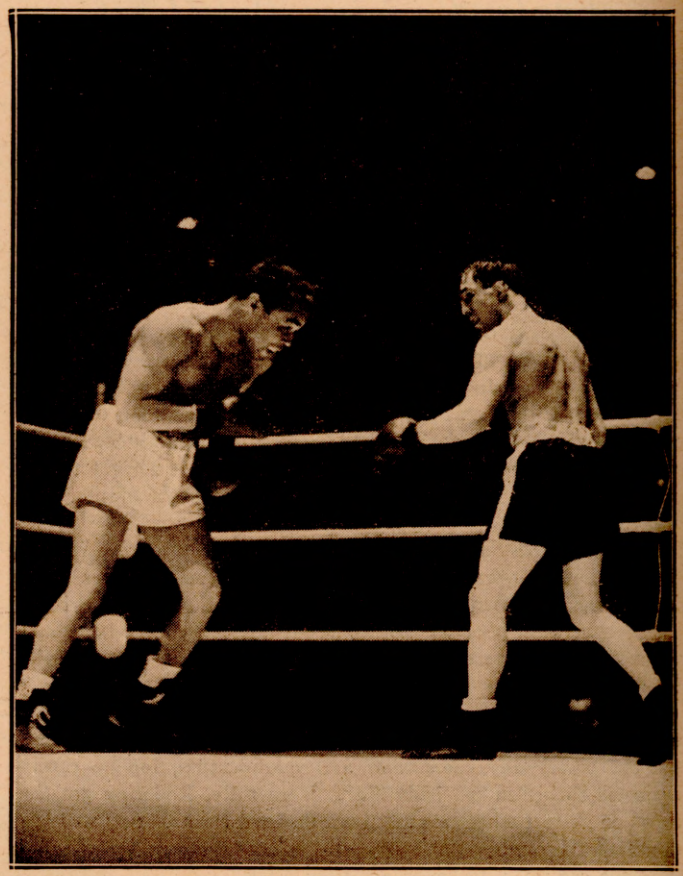
THE fight between Henry Armstrong and Roderick did much to cement good sportsmanship feeling between the British and the Americans in the fight game. Unfortunately, prior to the battle, reports from America and Australia belittled the prowess of the triple champion and we in England took cognizance of those reports. The general feeling here was that Homicide Hank's greatness was far exaggerated, but after seeing him in action, we have come to the conclusion that the New York scribes know whereof they speak when they praise a boxer to the skies and henceforth shall be a little more exacting in accepting the opinion of those who apparently have an axe to grind.

General Critchley, despite the heavy loss sustained by his organization in staging this world welterweight contest, was highly pleased. He didn't begrudge the loss. He seemed to think that it was swell advertising for his organization and did much also to bring to the spotlight in America the British club over which he presides. There is no finer sportsman in England than General Critchley, whose methods of promotion are much like those of the great Tex Rickard. He'll go the limit to get a bout that he thinks is worth while.

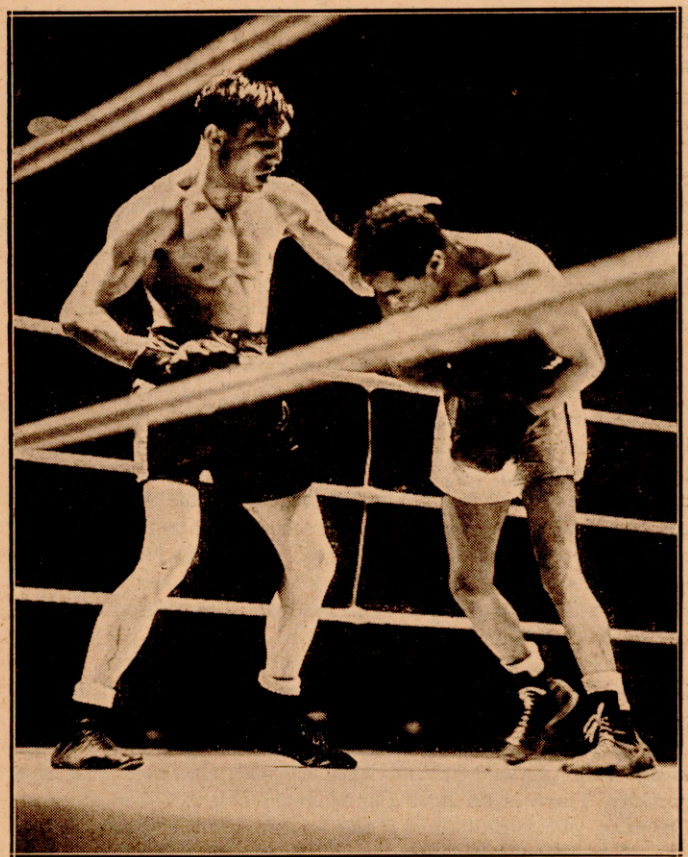
When a Great Champion



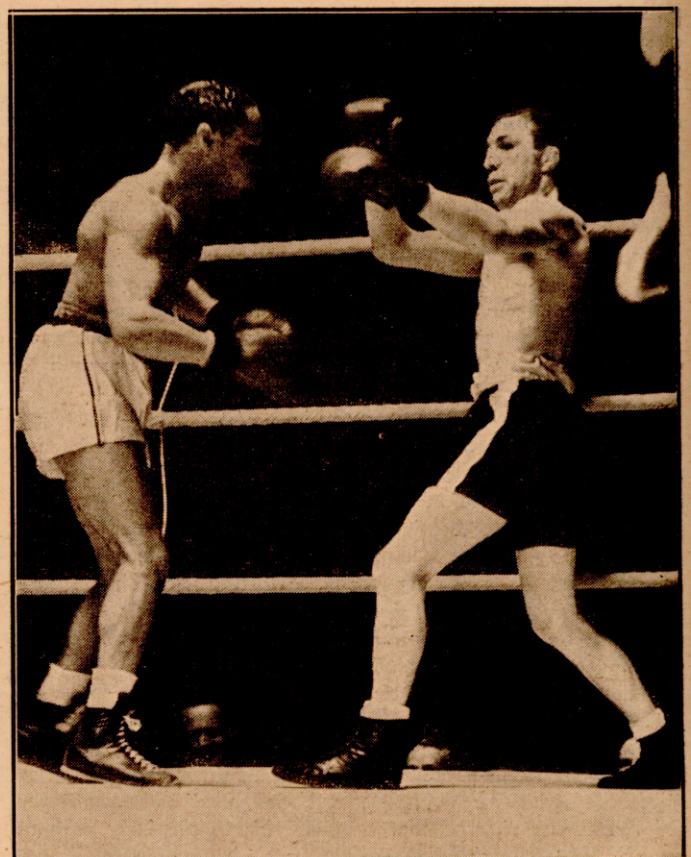
Armstrong pulling away just as Roderick is attempting to connect with a right-hand uppercut.



The ceaseless aggressiveness of the champ is demonstrated in this photo.

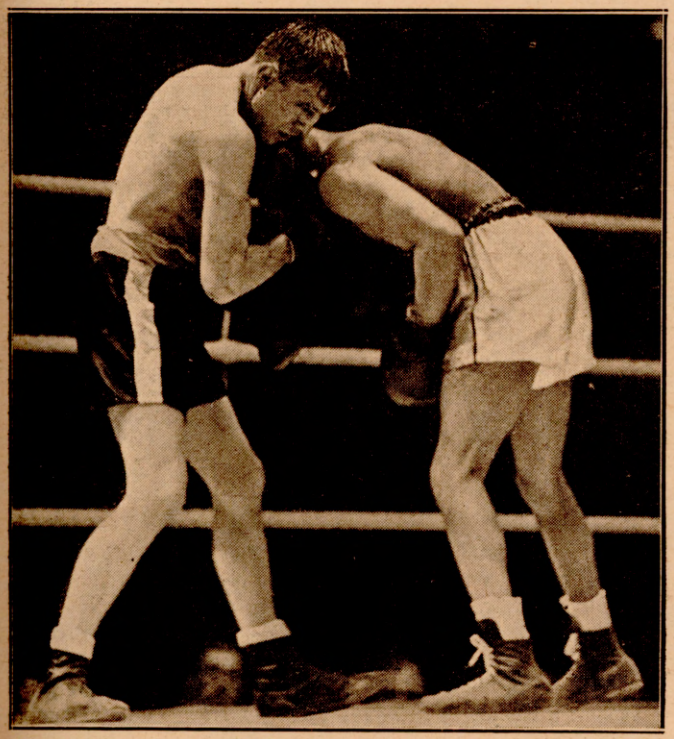


Roderick in a position to land with his uppercut, but Armstrong's chin is well protected by shoulder.

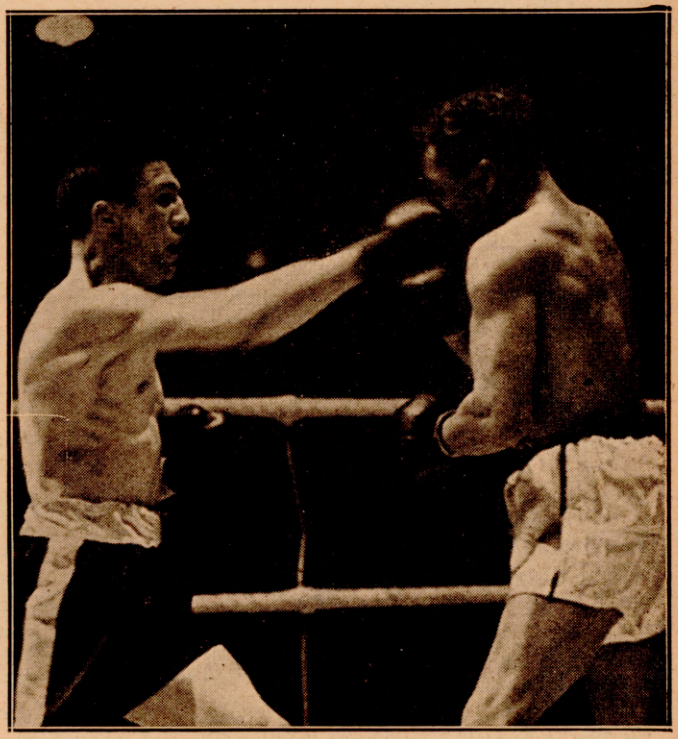


The typical English stance as exemplified by Roderick in the opening round.

Retained His Welter Title



Armstrong resting on Roderick's chest after one of his attacks. Note Roderick's tired look.



Ernie beating Henry to the punch with a straight right that lands flush on jaw.

Armstrong is being awarded a gold emblem in token of his successful defense of welterweight title. Roderick's smile denotes that the choice was proper. Harry Armstrong, trainer, is directly behind Henry, while Nel Tarleton, Roderick's manager, is between the rival fighters.

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Armstrong Proves Greatness Before the British Pastor and Paychek Gain in Fistic Spotlight Heenan-Sayers Scenes Revived in Bridgeport

THE ease with which Henry Armstrong, according to the British broadcast and newspaper reports, beat his challenger, Ernie Roderick, should for once and all time end the snickers of our British brethren regarding our American champions. Henry proved what most of our first-rate fighters can prove—that our boys are superior to the rest of the world in almost all divisions except the flyweight class.

It is indeed a pleasure to see the British sports writers admit that in Armstrong, boxing has one of the greatest little champions since the days of George Dixon, Joe Gans and Joe Walcott. Those who have belittled Homicide Hank in the European press and have dubbed him a fighter who has made headway through foul fighting, are now convinced that Henry is the fastest boy the ring has produced in many years.

While Hank occasionally has been guilty of tossing 'em below the best, he never has done so intentionally, and in most cases, the low blow has been brought on by the leaping tactics of an opponent, eager to get out of range of the body bombardment. The British who watched Armstrong beat the best welterweight in Europe will testify to the correctness of that statement.

The sort of thing Armstrong achieved could be accomplished by Joe Louis, Al Hostak, Solly Krieger, Fred Apostoli, Billy Conn, Lou Nova, Sixto Escobar, Lou Ambers, Walter Woods, Melio Bettina Charley Burley, Sammy Angott, Georgie Abrahams, Keyo Morgan, Pete Scalzo, Joey Archibald and Leo Rodak in contests with Europe's best. We have the top flight talent in America. Make no mistake about that. The only fighter in England who stands an even chance to win a crown in a battle with an American title-holder, other than in the flyweight and bantamweight divisions, is Jock McAvoy. Kane would be rated on even terms to whip Escobar in a title match.

This has been proved by the manner in which our boys have beaten British and Australian stars in bouts in America.

* * *

THE Nova-Baer battle is over, and by the time this issue is in the hands of the public, Joe Louis will have defended his title against Tony Galento. Who next? What heavyweights stand out now as possible opponents for the Brown Bomber? Scan the field and less than a handful can be plucked who might have a chance against Jolting Joe.

Bob Pastor looms as the best of the lot, with Johnny Paychek not so far behind. Bob has been on the trail of Joe for many months but can't catch up with the Detroit slugger any more than could Joe catch up with Bob in the ring. Pastor may land a fall shot at the crown, a chance he has earned by his fine work in the ring in the last ten months, and I hope he gets it.

Aside from Bob there is little to choose. If the record of a fighter is a criterion, and I believe it is a vital factor, or should be, in selecting an opponent for Louis, then Johnny Paychek, the big heavyweight from Des Moines, Iowa, the boy whose fighting pose appears on the cover of this issue of THE RING, deserves as much consideration as anyone. His record so far outclasses that of Galento, Jack Roper, Harry Thomas or Nathan Mann, boys who have been given the opportunity to get a pocketful of dough at the public's expense though it was known in advance they didn't fit in a match with the champion, that I pick him to make a better showing than any of the others. He should be used by Mike Jacobs in a star attraction in New York.

Paychek is a devastating hitter, though he lacks finesse. He'll probably go the way of the other opponents of Louis should they meet this year, but at least the record of Paychek speaks for itself in praise of his work. That's more than could be said of the other Louis opponents.

Paychek, since January, has knocked out Al Ettore in six rounds; won from Art Oliver in eight; won from Charley Massera in ten; knocked out Verne Trickle in two, Stan Savoldi in four, Art Oliver in five, Carl Vinciquerra in six and Frank Rowsey in five. Not impressive opposition, I'll say, but still good enough for consideration in these tough times. With such a lack of material, Mike Jacobs would do well to take Paychek in tow and give him a chance to show his wares in New York in the contender class.

* * *

THE more I see of boxing in various states, the more I conclude that New York State's commission rates so high above any other in this country that there is no comparison. I may not always agree with the Empire State body, but that does not alter the fact that its supervision of boxing is far better than that of any of its colleagues in other states. This was recently brought home to me in the handling of two important contests in New England, particularly in the Nathan Mann-Al McCoy affair at Bridgeport.

That bout, advertised as for the New England heavyweight championship, ended in a fiasco. I was amazed at the lack of proper supervision for that fight by a legalized board in control of the sport. Not in two decades have I seen such rank disregard of rules as was evidenced in that bout.

Because of improper arrangements at the ringside, seconds and hangers-on, friends of Mann, were able to pull off things that wouldn't be countenanced in any other state of the Union. I'm glad to say that Commissioner Frank Coskey took the bull by the horns and acted as quickly as he could when he realized what raw stuff was being pulled off to save Mann from a knockout, but it was a case of the cart before the horse, as the precautions should have been taken before the bout started. The commissioner could not be bulldozed. He stopped the fight.

Mann's handlers were so bent on saving him that they dumped a pail of water over him to revive him when he was helpless on the canvas, then someone identified with the entourage, seeing the count nearing the finishing point, leaped forward, pulled Mann's left leg out of the ring as he was hanging helplessly against the ropes in his own corner, and thus got an extra count for Nathan.

But that was not all. On the fourth down, as Benny Leonard was sending McCoy to a neutral corner, and it looked as if Mann were through, one of his men rushed to the corner, pulled the gong and ended the round fifty seconds short.

* * *

LEONARD, not aware of the deception, sent the men to their corners until the gong sounded again and the third round ostensibly got under way. But shortly after, Commissioner Coskey rushed to the ringside, leaped into the ring and ended the fight, awarding McCoy the decision on a knockout in the second

The collection of watches grows. Here we see Count Rossi, international speedboat champion and vermouth king, presenting his Gruen streamlined watch for the side of the wrist, the Gruen curvex watch, to the Nat Fleischer collection, which has grown to 93 watches, owned by famous sportsmen and boxers. Among them are those of John L. Sullivan, Harry Hill, Steve Brodie, John Morrissey, Bill Poole, Sir Harry Preston, Benny Leonard, Jim Corbett, Tommy Burns, Kid McCoy, George Kid Lavigne, Jack Dempsey, Richard K. Fox, Bob Fitzsimmons, Stanley Ketchel, Jere Dunn, Billy McGlory, William Harding, Owney Geoghegan, Francois Descamps, Georges Carpentier, Harlem Tommy Murphy, Ad Walgast, Jack Grace, The Allen, Jem Smith, Battling Nelson, Johnny Dundee, George F. Bannon, Rudy Dusek, Sandy Ferguson, Joe Walcott, Jack Johnson, Joe Gans, Sam Langford, Peter Jackson, John C. Heenan, Charlie Mitchell, Tex Rickard, George Bothner, Jem Driscoll, Owen Moran, Johnny Wilson, Marvin Hart and others. The Gruen watch is the latest development of wrist watches for sportsmen.

round. He blamed Leonard for not stopping the fight in the second when Mann was being aided and again when the gong was pulled. But Leonard had no way of knowing that the bell had not ended the round.

I agree with the commissioner in ending the affair. The fight wound up in the second round even if the bell had not been rung. It should have ended on a disqualification of Mann for various reasons, as follows:

1. Because Mann was aided half a dozen times by his handlers, who revived him by tossing water over him.

2. Because Mann was aided for an additional count when his leg was pulled out of the ring by one of his men so that he could go down again for another rest.

3. Because one of Mann's men jumped into the ring after the fourth down and before the bell sounded to take a crack at McCoy for hitting Nathan in the stomach at a time when Mann was resting helplessly against the ropes in his own corner. Al had a perfect right to do what he did.

Leonard was not counting over Mann. Benny was ordering McCoy to his corner at a time when Mann was either "out on his feet" or ready to resume the battle. As no effort was made by Nathan to get into action, or by Leonard to count over him, McCoy correctly took the situation into his own hands and crashed a terrific right to the stomach that doubled up Mann. Unfortunately, Leonard, a good, capable referee, was put in the middle. Circumstances were against him. He was not to blame for the fiasco. He did the best he could under the circumstances.

For the benefit of those who have written to me asking me for my opinion, The Ring officially declares Al McCoy a winner by a knockout in the second round.

* * *

WITH this off my chest, let me give some advice to the National Boxing Association. It should adopt a rule, at least for its members, whereby in states where there is no official knockdown timer as is the case in New York, the timekeeper should also act as knockdown timer.

Thus when a man is floored, the timekeeper should start counting, as is done in New York, California, Illinois, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and other important boxing centers, thus giving the referee a chance to see that the fighter on his feet gets to a neutral corner and that there is no waste of precious seconds in getting the count under way.

The referee then could take up the count at four, as in New York, and there would be little chance for such raw stuff being pulled off as in the Mann-McCoy case. If there is a knockdown timer in addition to the referee, the third man in the ring could rush to the corner where the *(Continued on page 48)*

THUMB-NAIL SKETCHES

Melio Anthony Bettina

WAS born in Beacon, New York, on November 18, 1915. Is 5 feet, 8½ inches tall. Italian-American parentage. Good athlete at school. Comes from large family, five brothers and a sister. Started working at age of fifteen to help support them.

Liked boxing and took up the sport as an amateur. Worked as a caddy, and also as a cement mixer. Got his punching power from training on links, a good muscle developer. Taken in tow by his friend and pal, Jimmy Grippo, prestidigitator of considerable repute.

Rolled up a good record as a simon-pure. Became internationally known when he beat Tony Zale in Chicago-New York intercity tournament in 1934 in which his performance was outstanding.

Started as a welterweight but soon grew into middleweight class. When he joined the pro ranks in 1935, he was a full-fledged light-heavyweight. Won his early fights in money ranks in spectacular style.

Unable to get much action around New York, Manager Grippo, whose heart and soul are in his boy's success, took Bettina South. In Florida rings, Melio campaigned with marked success. Became the champion light-heavyweight of the South. Tunney refereed one of the fights and predicted Melio would become world champion.

Prediction came true when Bettina fought Tiger Jack Fox for New York State's world crown. Knocked out the great Tiger to win N. Y. Commission's support. John Henry Lewis ducked issue for a world championship fight.

Bettina moved west to California in 1937 and won three bouts in a row, two by knockouts. Then South again.

Returned to New York to campaign for a world championship fight. Took on all comers and won nine contests in a row to be named one of the four in New York's elimination tournament. Drew a bye and met Tiger Jack Fox in final and stopped him in ninth round. Showed aggressiveness and hard punching power in that contest. Offered big inducements for John Henry Lewis to meet him to decide supremacy, but without success. Is today the outstanding American light-heavyweight and would be a big favorite to win undisputed claim to light-heavyweight crown if given the chance. Is quiet, unassuming fellow.

Age, 23 years; weight, 174 pounds; height, 5 feet 8½ inches; reach, 74 inches; chest (normal), 39 inches; chest (expanded), 42 inches; biceps, 14 inches; forearm, 12¼ inches; waist, 32 inches; neck, 16½ inches; thigh, 22½ inches; calf, 15½ inches; ankle, 11 inches; wrist, 7¾ inches; fist, 12½ inches.

1938 RECORD—February 4, Bob Godwin, West Palm Beach, K.O. 7; March 11, Tony Celli, West Palm Beach, K.O. 2; March 25, Pat McDuff, West Palm Beach, won 10; May 5, James J. Johnson, New York City, K.O. 7; May 20, Dominick Ceccarelli, New York City, won 6; June 17, Phil Sommese, New York City, won 10; July 2, Johnny Lasinksy, Bridgeport, Conn., K.O. 5; July 26, Gene Bonin, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., K.O. 2; August 18, Buck Everett, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., K.O. 1; October 10, Basher Dean, Plainfield, N. J., won 8.

1939 RECORD—January 3, Bud Mignault, New York City, K.O. 10; January 20, Henry Cooper, New York City, won 8; February 3, Tiger Jack Fox, New York City, K.O. 9; May 15, Italo Colonello, Pittsburgh, T.K.O. 3.

RECAPITULATION—Bouts engaged in, 53; knockouts, 21; won decisions, 24; draw decisions, 2; bouts lost, 5; no decision, 1.

Billy Conn

ONE of the best light-heavyweight and heavyweight prospects developed in this country in several years. Was born in Pittsburgh, Pa., on October 8, 1917. Comes from a hardy family. Irish parentage.

Attended Sacred Heart Parochial School but preferred freedom to schooling and spent much of his time in Johnny Ray's gymnasium. Is athletically inclined. Talked Ray, former star lightweight, into permitting him to train at the gym and finally to become a fighter. His determination interested Ray. With parents' permission, Ray started Billy in fisticuffs.

Never was an amateur. First fight, a four-rounder as a pro in Fairmont, W. Va. Lost the bout to Dick Woodwer.

Drilled by Ray, he rapidly developed into a clever fighter, as was his mentor. Started as a lightweight. Grew into welter and then quickly into a middleweight, and now is a light-heavy. As a middleweight he twice beat Teddy Yarosz, defeated Babe Risko, Vince Dundee, Oscar Rankins, Eric Seelig, Young Corbett III, Solly Krieger.

Stands six feet and now scales 172 pounds. Has the famous Corbett and Tommy Loughran boxing stance. Can shoot in punches from all angles. Has two younger brothers, Frank and Jack, and two sisters. Father is a steam fitter. Enjoys watching his son box.

Conn scored his first important victory over Fritzie Zivic. Has record of disposing of two claimants to middleweight crown, Krieger and Apostoli, twice. Has a marvelous left jab. Carries powerful sting. Cannot hit hard when tossing punches, but is developing. Connects with a perfect, sharp right to the heart that is damaging.

Likes art work. Does a little painting and hopes when he retires, to follow that as a profession. Has put aside a snug sum for a rainy day.

Up to this writing, had engaged in fifty-two battles as a professional. Scored seven knockout victories, won thirty-six battles, lost eight decisions and drew in one battle. One of his losses was to Yarosz, who beat him in a return contest. Went to California in 1938 and there stopped Ray Actis in eight rounds and was acclaimed by Coast critics. Is a ringer in the ring for Jimmy Slattery when that fine Buffalo fighter made his debut in the big tent.

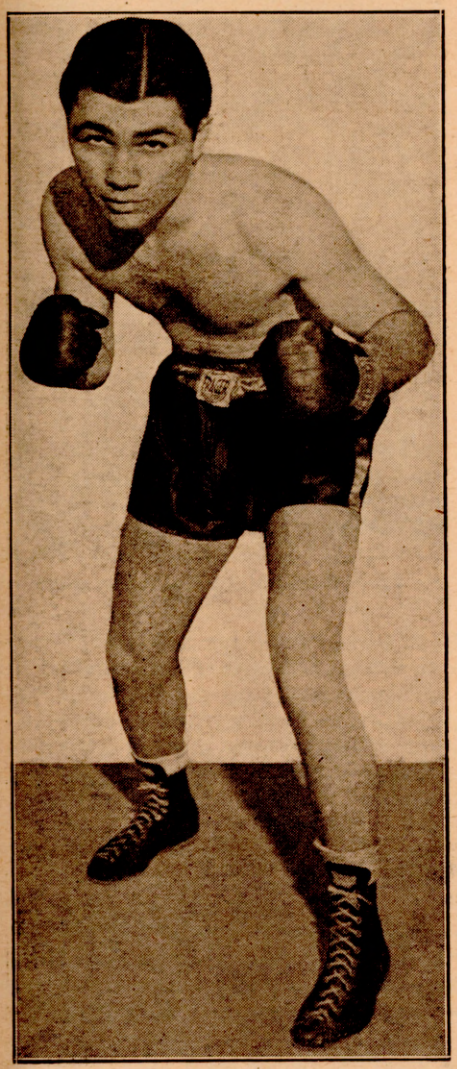
Age, 21 years; weight, 169 pounds; height, 6 feet; reach, 71 inches; chest (normal), 36 inches; chest (expanded), 38½ inches; biceps, 12½ inches; forearm, 12 inches; waist, 31½ inches; neck, 16 inches; thigh, 20 inches; calf, 14 inches; ankle, 9¾ inches; wrist, 7 inches; fist, 11 inches.

1937 RECORD—March 11, Babe Risko, Pittsburgh, won 10; May 3, Vince Dundee, Pittsburgh, won 10; May 27, Oscar Rankins, Pittsburgh, won 10; June 30, Teddy Yarosz, Pittsburgh, won 12; July 18, Ralph Chong, Pittsburgh, T.K.O. 6; August 13, Young Corbett III, San Francisco, lost 10; September 30, Teddy Yarosz, Pittsburgh, won 12; November 8, Young Corbett III, Pittsburgh, won 10; December 16, Solly Krieger, Pittsburgh, lost 10.

1938 RECORD—January 24, Honey Boy Jones, Pittsburgh, won 12; April 4, Dominick Ceccarelli, Pittsburgh, won 10; May 10, Eric Seelig, Pittsburgh, won 10; July 25, Teddy Yarosz, Pittsburgh, lost 12; September 14, Ray Actis, San Francisco, K.O. 8; October 27, Honey Boy Jones, Pittsburgh, won 10; November 28, Solly Krieger, Pittsburgh, won 12.

1939 RECORD—January 6, Fred Apostoli, New York City, won 10; February 10, Fred Apostoli, New York City, won 15; May 12, Solly Kreiger, New York City, won 12

MAKING THE GRADE



Frankie Covelli, former New Yorker, making good in Mid-West.

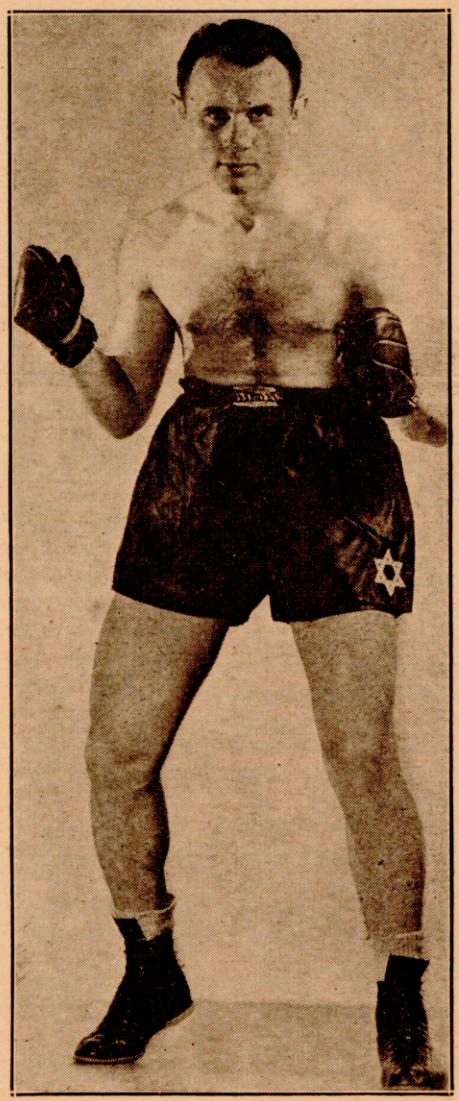
The Ring Presents to Its Readers Short Biographical Sketches of Boys Who Are Figuring in the Fistic News—Some Are Veterans, Others, New Comers Who Are Making Good

By RIGHT CROSS

He won the A.A.U. boxing championship in Washington in 1936 and went to Chicago to win the finals of the 1937 Golden Glove tournament. He has been fighting in the professional ranks for a stretch extending over eighteen months and has participated in 25 pro starts. His first ten-round contest resulted in a victory over the cagy and experienced Teddy Yarosz in Washington.

* * *

ABOUT four months ago, he celebrated his New York debut by winning over Babe Orgovan at the New York Hippodrome in an eight-round semi-final. His work was so impressive that he was restored to the star bout ranks at the same place and was pitted against Harry Balsamo, New York's hard hitting middleweight. This fight gave Abrams the chance of showing his form against top-notch opposition and he came through

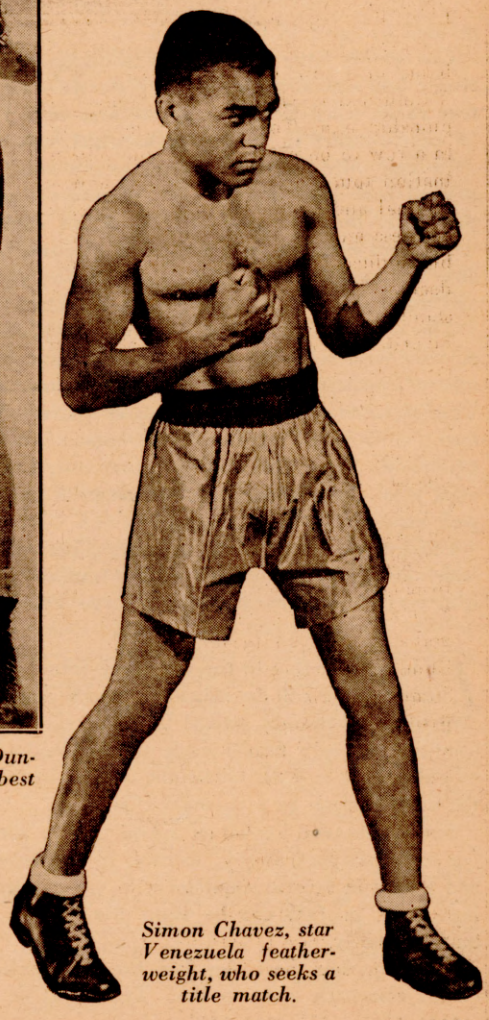


Georgie Abrams, managed by Vince Dundee. George is one of the world's best middleweights.

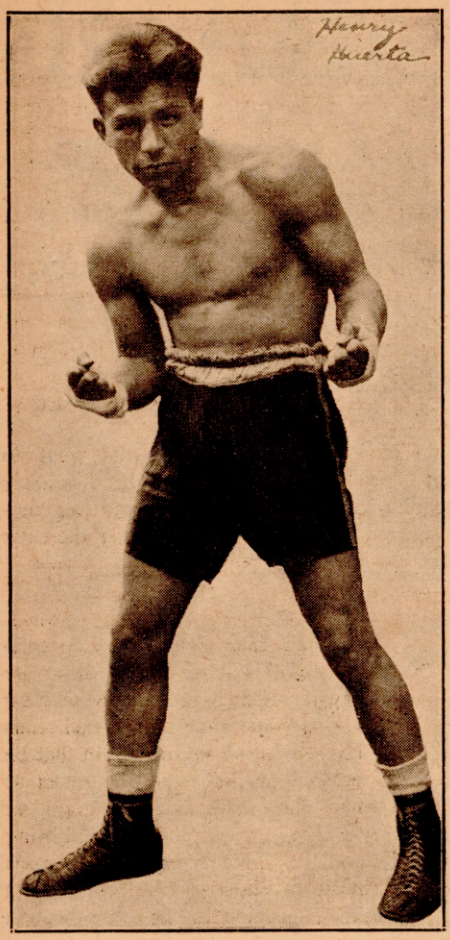
A SCRAMBLE is on for that vacated middleweight crown. Solly Krieger represents the claims of the N.B.A. for the right to preside as title-holder while Fred Apostoli is holding up the honors for the New York State Athletic Commission. The recent beatings suffered by both Apostoli and Krieger at the hands of Billy Conn have taken considerable edge from the middleweight division. Consequently it gives others the chance of pressing their claims for recognition in that particular division.

George Freedom Abrams, aspiring young middleweight from Washington, D. C., is one of them. Georgie was born a few minutes after the Armistice was signed on November 11, 1918, and to accord the newly born babe honors for the occasion, the Mayor of Roanoke, Va., where Georgie saw the light of day, acted as godfather. He gave him his middle name of Freedom, to celebrate the momentous occasion.

Georgie has had a varied and interesting career for one so young. He is a full-fledged cartoonist. He received his training at the Tri-State College at Angola, Ind. His early work was so proficient that he was offered a free scholarship at Notre Dame, an unusual event for one of Hebraic parentage.



Simon Chavez, star Venezuela featherweight, who seeks a title match.



Henry Huerta, Peoria, Illinois, Indian.

with flying colors by pounding out an overwhelmingly decisive victory. The critics saw in him, a young, strong, willing and aggressive battler who throws plenty of punches and can give as well as take a blow.

His most serious setback was suffered at the hands of Jimmy Jones, Baltimore middleweight. He was stopped in five rounds by Jones but that did not halt George. He insisted on a return match and within two weeks emerged the winner over his erstwhile conqueror by the decision route. To illustrate how confident Georgie was in his return match, he wanted to go through a winner take all basis but the Jones' camp refused to agree to those terms.

One of his bitter rivals in Washington is Steve Mamakos, a sturdy and stubborn Greek. They started their feud in the amateur ranks when Georgie won the first verdict. They engaged in an eight-rounder in the pro ranks which was won by Abrams.

In their third meeting, Abrams went through the fight with an injured back but the extent of the injury was unknown to him until after the fight was over. Mamakos came through an easy winner but with due respect to Steve, Abrams was unable to show any form whatever. He was examined after the contest was over and was found to be suffering from a broken vertebrae.

This necessitated a rest of over six months in which time Abrams went to Hot Springs to boil out and recuperate from the injury. Financial problems set in and his first mentor, Syd Fishel, was forced to seek aid from another quarter. He made arrangements with Sam Bregman, a well known Washington sportsman, who makes boxing his hobby, to turn over his interests to Bregman, who in turn assigned the managerial reins to Chris Dundee, well known New York manager.

Dundee was instrumental in starting him on the Orgovan bout which eventually led to the Balsamo bout and all indications point to a very promising future for George Freedom Abrams.

* * *

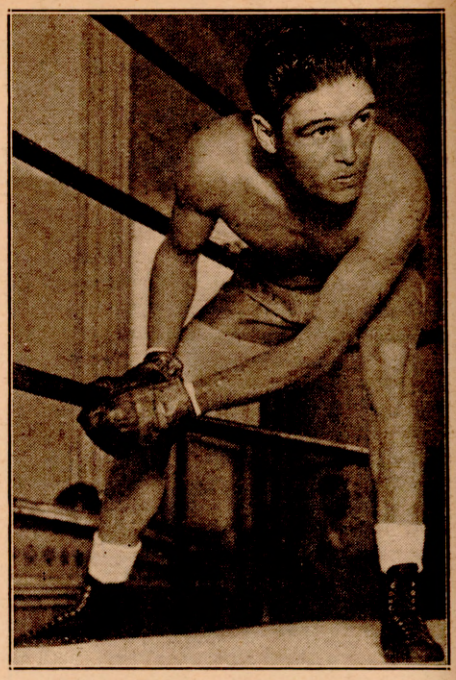
IT is possible that in the very near future a world's championship contest will be staged in South America. Justo Suarez, Argentine lightweight, gained fame several years ago as a titular aspirant and very nearly made the grade. In Venezuela at this moment there is a featherweight who is looming menacingly on the fistic horizon as a potential champion.

Simon Chauvez, known as Simon Chavez, although never making an appearance in this country, has traveled through Europe and fought in several countries with varied success. But not until his return in 1935 did he make himself felt as one who had unusual ability.

Kid Chocolate, the Cuban Bon Bon, was booked to meet Chavez on his comeback quest in 1935. There was no particular significance attached to this meeting on the Chocolate end of it, but at the end of ten rounds, Chocolate was the recipient of a thorough licking and a new star had registered.

He followed up with various victories over inconsequential foes but lately stepped into the limelight by banging out a triumph over Freddy Miller in Caracas, Venezuela. The victory over Miller, a former champion, spurred his followers to enthusiasm and they are now clamoring for a world title match.

Working in conjunction with The Ring, whose Editor acts as American representative for the leading foreign promoters, the Venezuelan promoter, with the aid of Nat Fleischer, got the services of Joey Archibald, the present title-holder, for an overweight meeting which Fleischer refereed. This fight took place in Caracas on June 25. And Nat flew down to officiate and flew back in time to see the Louis-Galento fight.



Sol Luna, Rocky Mountain lightweight star.

* * *

CAPT. W. H. PEEPLES, who put Miami Beach on the map pugilistically, is now devoting some of his time to putting Richmond, Virginia, back in the fistic limelight. In Miami, he was responsible for giving Ben Brown, the Atlanta middleweight, his opportunity, and he also developed such worthy lightweights as Tommy Speigal, Red Guggino, Norment Quarles and Yucatan Kid.

The Captain is now intent on bringing out heavier competition among the top-notchers. Right now he has the problem of Tiger Red Lewis on his hands. Lewis is a short, squatty, rough and awkward light-heavyweight who keeps on winning and is showing improvement with each contest.

His last opponent, Domenic Ceccarelli, the tough Italian, failed to give him much of a fight. Prior to that, he handled Frank Zamoris, a dangerous, hard-hitting customer, rather easily. He floored Zamoris several times and won the decision.

Red may lack the boxing finesse and skill of a Billy Conn, but he is there when it comes to giving the customers a thrill. The fans can expect most anything when Red steps into action. He can take a punch and he doesn't hesitate to mix it when the opposition is also inclined to indulge in those tactics. He may lack championship qualities but he is an honest and industrious performer and never fails to provide the fans with their share of the fun.

* * *

THERE is no question as to Sol Luna's superiority in Rocky Mountain lightweight circles. Time and again this Mexican youngster has repelled the best 135-pounders available in this region. However, the brightest souvenir in Luna's collection is a four-round kayo over the highly regarded Paul De Bello.

Born in Walsenburg, Colo., twenty-two years ago, Luna began fighting professionally about 1934. Since then, he has engaged in some seventy contests, all of which have been victories with half a dozen exceptions. After fighting under his own name for a year, Sol adopted the Jewish monicker of Levinson. Most of his more important triumphs were scored under the name of Sol Levinson. However, early this year he again began fighting as Sol Luna.

Following his win over De Bello in a Denver engagement, he made a trip to the West Coast, where he had the misfortune to forget to duck one of George Crouch's lightning wallops. As a result, he has one "K.O. by" included in his record.

Since returning to Colorado, Luna has punched out decisive victories over Celly Roybal, the "iron-man" of Mountain fisticuffs; Chuck Johnson and Vic Greening.

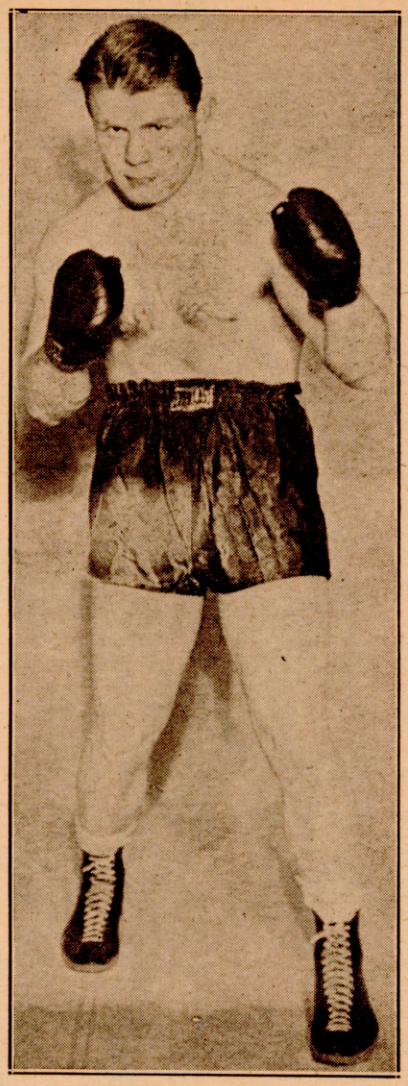
Luna is under the capable management of George Knorr, and with this veteran at the helm, Luna will no doubt go on to greater heights than have been reached by any regional lightweight since the palmy days of Alamosa's Eddie Mack. Keep an eye on this kid.

* * *

PINKIE GEORGE, who has brought Johnny Paychek to the front during the past year, has another good scrapper in Frankie Covelli, New York featherweight, who is now living with George in the Middle West. Covelli, who has been fighting some time and is considered a veteran, ended the past year with victories over Al Mancini and Willie Joyce, and then came the start of a new campaign in which he beat Umio Gen, the Japanese star, and drew with Eddie Lander, a close verdict.

Although Covelli is a veteran so far as fighting is concerned, he has come up only during the past year. Under Pinkie George he has gained a new lease of life. In all of his battles he has never been knocked out. He is a traveller of note, a number of his contests having been fought in Australia and in Mexico.

A natural 124-pounder, Covelli has had to fight lightweights in order to keep busy. He has boxed, among others, Henry Armstrong, Freddie Miller, Mike Belloise, Petey Sarron, Baby Arizmendi, Al Roth, Lew Feldman, Pete De Grasse, Varias Milling, Tony Chavez, Mickey Miller and heaps of others. A most impressive array of talent, our readers will admit.



Tiger Red Lewis, rough light-heavyweight from Richmond, Va.

* * *

FREDDIE CARUSO is a Jersey fighter who is coming along well. He was born August 3, 1913, in New Haven, Connecticut, and at the age of eight his family moved to Hoboken, New Jersey, where he attended the public schools and graduated. He entered the A. J. Demarest High School in 1926. While at high school, he became interested in boxing. He trained at Joe Jeannette's Gym and Joe, one of the greatest of all-time colored fighters, personally taught him the ropes.

At fifteen years of age, Caruso engaged in his first pro fight. He lost the decision, but that did not deter him. He kept on, and under the guidance of Bill Reppenbagen of Jersey City, manager of Irish Brady and Stanley Poreda, Freddie Caruso began to show merit by scoring many victories.

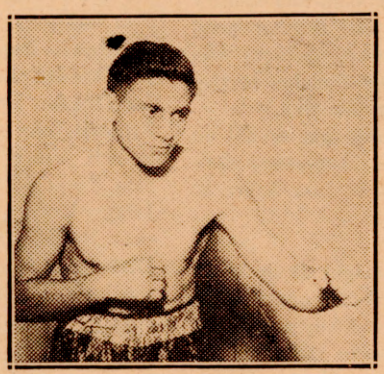
Caruso won twenty straight fights before he lost a decision to Al Diamond, then top-ranking middleweight contender, and won thirty more straight before he lost a decision to Dom Rizzo. Freddie then signed Jeannette as manager and under him defeated such men as Vince Forgione, who fought several champions. Freddie K.O.'ed Vince in seven rounds.

Freddie then beat Vince's brother, Roxie Forgione; Thys. Menger, Joey Ryan and Johnny Briggs, and beat Roscoe Manning twice. He fought Johnny Briggs again and after being down and almost out in the first round, Caruso rallied and defeated him easily.

Then Freddie went on to beat Melio Bettina, the new light-heavyweight champion of New York. That bout took place at the Braddock Arena, Jersey City, in the semi-final to the Billy Beauhuld vs. Phil Baker fight. Freddie is the only one to beat Bettina without getting a return bout. Caruso followed the Melio victory by one over Ray Miller, top ranking colored heavyweight of New Jersey, and fought Freddie Fiducia in a no-decision bout.

Caruso then came along and licked Charley Loughran, brother of Tommy Loughran; fought a draw with Ray Miller in a return bout; beat Neil Reno in Jersey City; held Willie Lewis to a draw two times; beat the highly touted Barney Villa of Albany twice; and beat Villa once, when Caruso sported a fractured rib.

Freddie won the decision over Eddie Bowe of Harlem at Rockland Palace, even though Caruso broke his left thumb in the first round. He then fought a draw with Johnny Krieger in eight rounds, but in his next bout with Buddy Ryan, a gash in Freddie's head caused a halt by the referee. That was the first time Caruso was stopped in 103 bouts. Caruso has won 89, lost 6, and fought eight draws up to this writing. Freddie holds the Hudson County middleweight championship and holds the light-heavyweight championship of New Jersey.



Freddie Caruso, New Jersey middleweight with good record.

* * *

HENRY HUERTA is known as the Aztec - Indian - Mexican flash from Peoria, Illinois. Twenty years of age, and managed by Jack Lofthouse, he is the former Golden Gloves champion of 1933-34. He has clashed with Dave Barry, Armando Sicilia, Horace Mann, Jimmy Buckler, Paul Lee, Wishy Jones, Pete Lello, Cecil Powell, Tony Mancini and numerous others.

Huerta is a combination featherweight and lightweight boxer, and is a good crowd pleaser, always giving the fans a break.

Huerta's father was born in Mexico. He is a descendant of the Aztec Indians of Mexico and was the namesake of Adolpha De La Huerta, late President of Mexico. Senor Huerta had his son receive the best education possible at school and Henry graduated with high honors. He is one boxer who likes roadwork.

At Washington, D. C., he defeated Calvin Calp, the highly touted Pennsylvanian; Billy Bradshaw, and drew with Joe Perry. He also has boxed Toby Tobias and Billy Bullock.

In the Middle West he fought such stars as Paul Lee, Harvey Woods and Pat Robinson, who has met Escobar. In February, 1939, Henry fought Johnny Gaudes at Minneapolis in a stirring ten-rounder. Gaudes is rated the bantam champ of Canada and is in line soon to box Escobar.

Huerta lost a knife-edge decision to Eddie Landers at the Marigold Gardens recently.

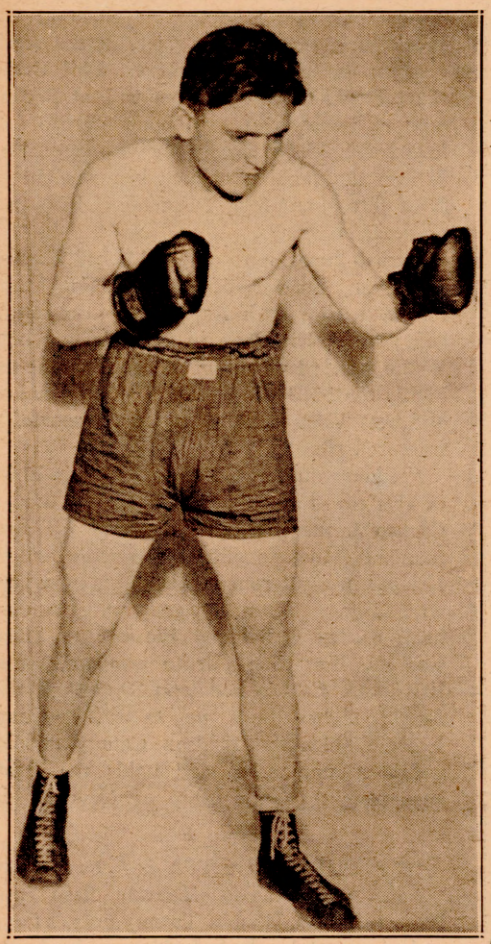
Henry Pancho Huerta, born an American twenty years ago in a little Illinois town, Chillicothe, has the ambition of his forefathers to become a great fighter.

[*Managers of fighters who are in the fistic spotlight are requested to send in good photos of their boys and a biographical sketch. If the Editor thinks the boys are deserving, he will give them the chance by using the write-up and picture.*]

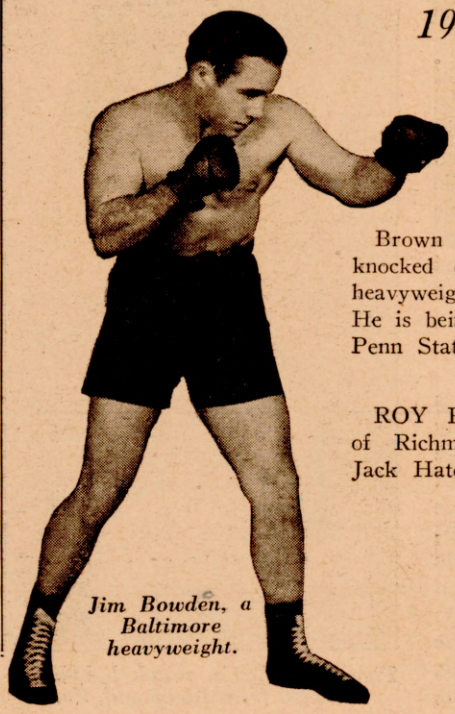
NEW FACES

By HARVEY THORNE

The Ring Presents to Its Readers Short Biographical Sketches of Boys Who Have Come Up During the Past Year and Should Do Well in 1939—Some Are Veterans, Others Novices



Jack Hatcher, Richmond, Va., former caddy, who is bantam prospect.



Jim Bowden, a Baltimore heavyweight.

FILIPINOS have been doing excellent work in the lower division in boxing for many years. Ever since little Pancho Villa came to the front to beat Jimmy Wilde for the world flyweight title, the Brown boys from the Pacific have been making great headway, especially in the flyweight, bantamweight and featherweight ranks.

At present several Filipinos are clamoring for a chance at the title in various divisions, among the leading boys being Little Dado, Little Pancho, Small Montana and Ceferino Garcia. Out in the Middle West there is still another, Ceferino Sonny Hatsme, who figures that he, too, stands a chance to win international honors if given the opportunity. He is a flyweight, and is handled by Eddie Shock. Hatsme is a clever boy, who, if he develops a punch, will be heard from as a top-flight scrapper.

Jerry Zucker, a businessman of Honolulu, who is in this country with Little Pancho, brother of Pancho Villa, has another good Filipino fighter in "Fighting Carlos" of Hawaii. Zucker, who hopes to get a bantam championship match for Pancho, is also trying to pit Carlos against the cream of the lightweights.

Both Carlos and Pancho have excellent records and should do well in this country. Pancho, in his first start in this country since his arrival from Hawaii, lost a ten-round mill to Lou Salica in California.

* * *

ARTHUR BROWN is a young heavyweight from Pittsburgh who looms as a bright prospect. As an amateur, he cut quite a figure in fisticuffs and as a pro, he looks equally as promising. He won the Pennsylvania state amateur championship in 1938; the Greater Pittsburgh title in 1938; the Golden Gloves championship and the junior A.A.U. crown last year.

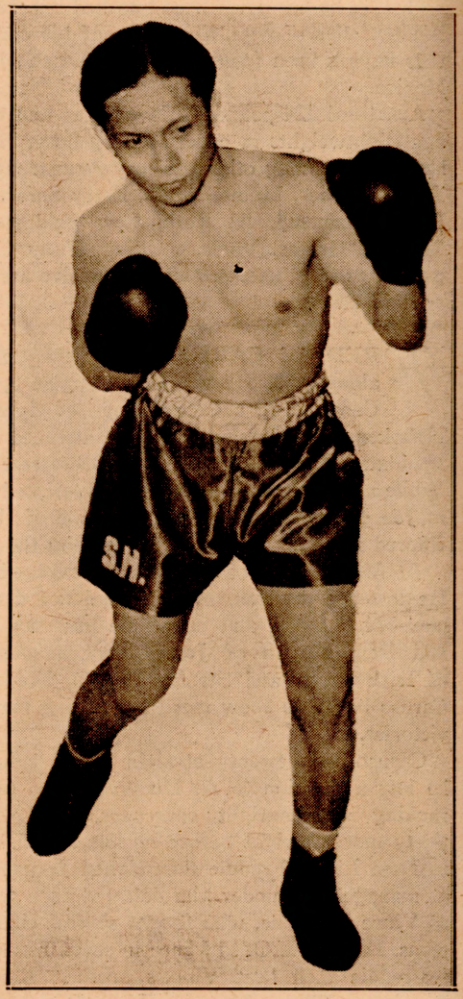
Brown is six feet tall and weighs 194 pounds. He knocked out Pittsburgh's most attractive amateur heavyweight in years, Harry Bobo, on two occasions. He is being handled by the brother of Patrick, the Penn State College heavyweight boxer.

* * *

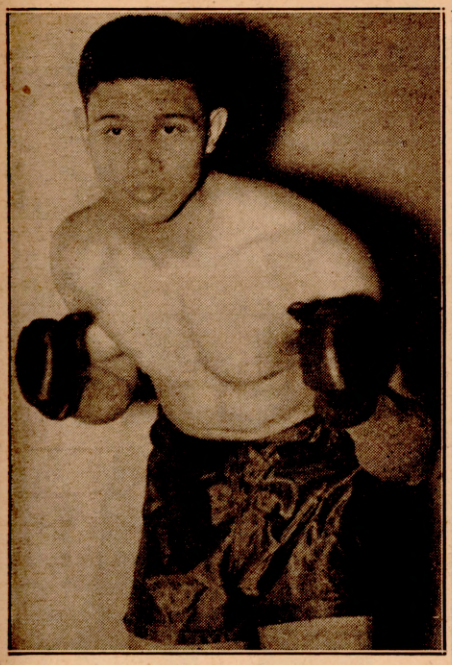
ROY PHAUP of the Richmond Athletic Club of Richmond, Virginia, has two good boys in Jack Hatcher, a bantam, and Red Tiger Lewis, a middleweight who scales around 168 pounds. Up to May 1 this year, Red engaged in twelve fights and won all but one by the kayo route, the other being a decision over Frank Zamoris.

Red has engaged in a total of 65 battles, of which he won 51 and lost 14. He has victories over such good lads as Angelo Puglisi, Jim Bowden, Texas Joe Dundee, Frank Zamoris, John Kaplovitch, Vince Depala, Floyd Carico, Johnny Duca, Clarence Betsel, Eddie Dreher, Jim Johnson, among others.

Hatcher has engaged in only sixteen bouts since turning pro. He



Ceferino "Sonny" Hatsme of Dayton, flyweight.



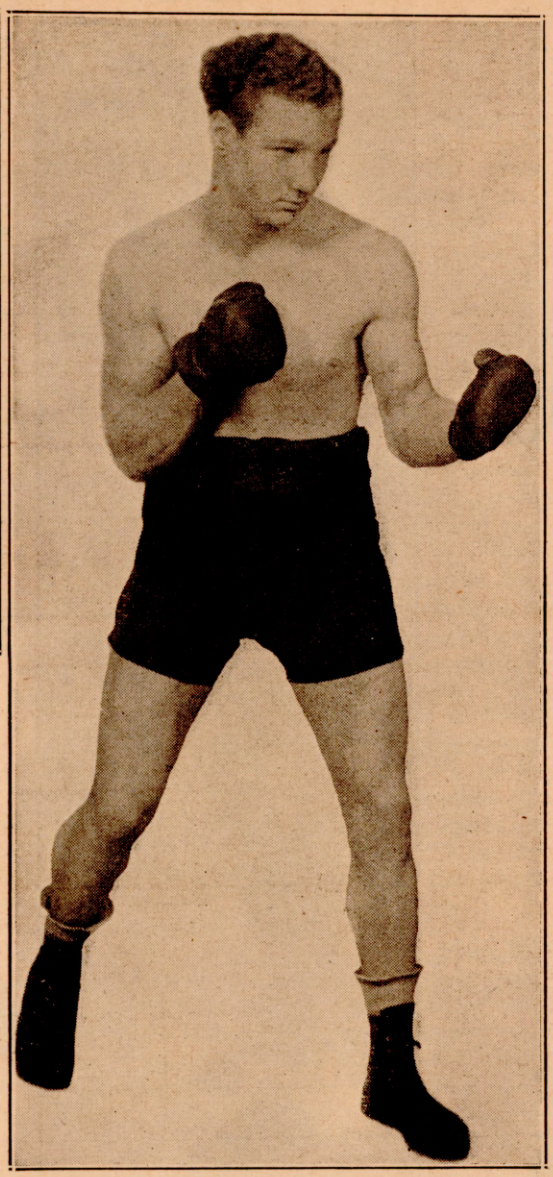
Arthur Brown, heavyweight from Pittsburgh.

was the state bantam king in 1937. He is only eighteen years old and a good prospect. He has never been on the floor and never looked better than when he won recently over Jimmy Leto of Baltimore. He hopes soon to be ready for a New York debut.

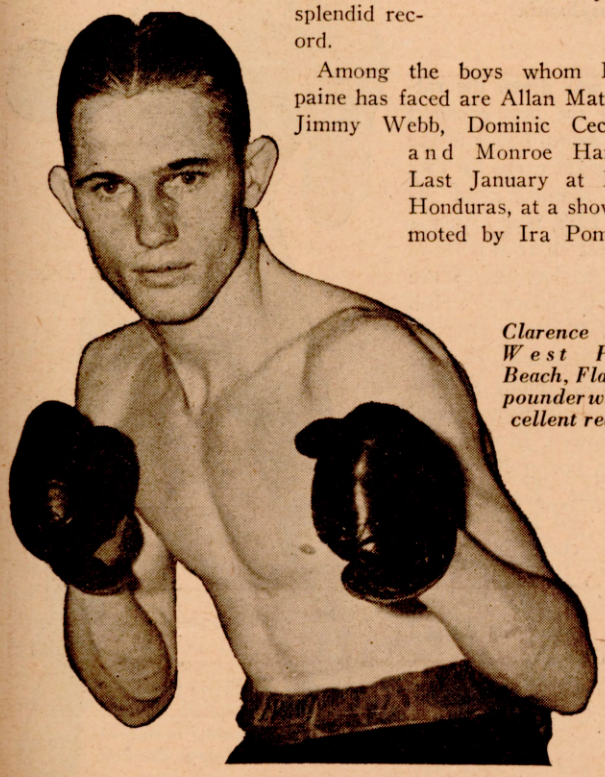
Hatcher is an ex-caddy.

* * *

ST. LOUIS, the city in which Henry Armstrong was reared, has another good youngster in its midst, Indian Benny Deathpaine, a middleweight who has had half a hundred fights and has won 28 by knockouts. He has lost only four fights — a splendid record.



Charley Gilley, Maryland lightweight.



Clarence King, West Palm Beach, Fla., 135-pounder with excellent record.

Among the boys whom Deathpaine has faced are Allan Matthews, Jimmy Webb, Dominic Ceccarelli and Monroe Harrison. Last January at Belize, Honduras, at a show promoted by Ira Pommells, though his normal weight is 146, he has fought many middleweights, among them Irish Bob Turner, Alabama Kid, Freddie Lenn, George Burnette, Pennah Ranzola and Casey Rhodes.

In the welter class, he has fought Jack Portney, Billie Burke, Speekie Price, Kid Norfolk, Honey Boy Jones, Woody Board, Charlie Burley, among others. He has engaged in a total of 110 fights.

He is 24 years old and has never been kayoed. He was born in Columbus, O., and has been living in Fairmont, W. Va., for the past eight years. He is five feet, six.

* * *

GILBERT SOBEL of Baltimore, Maryland, who handles the affairs of Jim

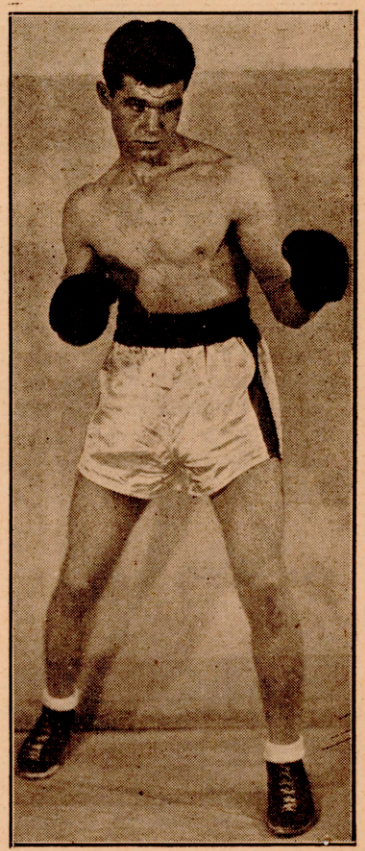
Indian Benny Deathpaine of St. Louis.

the Injun lost a close decision to Ceccarelli.

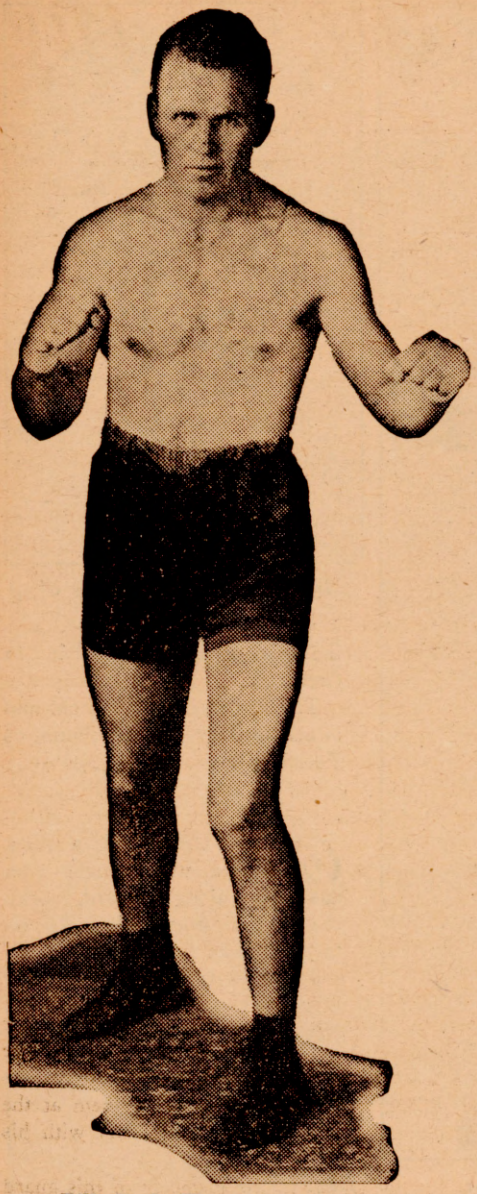
The Indian is 25 years old and is managed by Jack Lofthouse of Peoria, Illinois.

* * *

CARL TURNER is a West Virginia welterweight who has come along a hard, rocky road to gain prestige in his territory, but who thinks that his record entitles him to a fair break in the center of fistic attraction, New York and the Mid-West. Al-

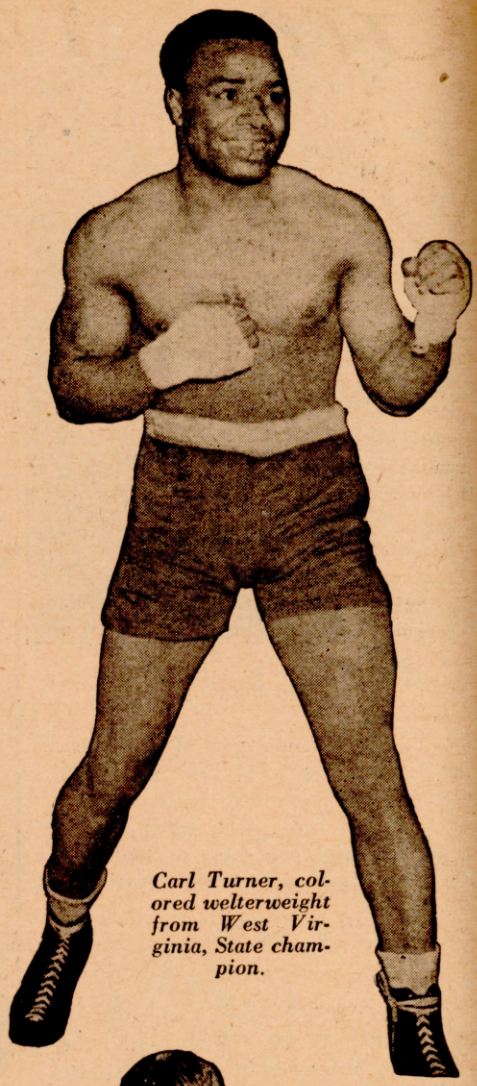


Harry Hurst, Canadian amateur lightweight king.



Billy Hyde, Wyoming and Montana middleweight.

Nick De Marco, Pennsylvania welterweight.



Carl Turner, colored welterweight from West Virginia, State champion.

Fighting Carlos of Honolulu, a 135-pounder managed by Jerry Zucker.

Bowden, Charley Gilley and Frankie Litt, has a trio of good club fighters in those boys. Bowden, who scales between 176 and 180 pounds, has just turned twenty-one years. He has engaged, up to the time this was written, in thirty-eight fights, in which he scored twenty-five knockouts, won eleven contests and lost only two. He is rated one of the best heavies in the Middle Atlantic States and hopes soon to fight for the crown of that sector.

Gilley is a lightweight. He has a large following. Like his stablemate, he has scored many knockouts. His record shows a total of twenty-three victories via the sleep producing wallop and eleven by the decision route. Two of his bouts ended in losses.

Litt is another 138-pounder who carries a good stiff punch. He has thirteen knockouts to his credit and won twenty-two decisions. Eight of his bouts resulted in losses.

These boys are open to meet any lads their weight.

* * *

CLARENCE KING, a 133-pound boxer, is a West Palm Beach, Florida, lad who is making good in his home town, where he is one of the best drawing cards. He is managed by B. T. (The Baron) Pate. He has engaged to date in thirty-five fights, losing only two decisions, one to Carl Sivers, his chief rival for state honors, and the other to Pete Sumpter, about a year ago. After losing to Sumpter, he recorded twenty-three straight wins, but had that streak stopped when he engaged Sivers and lost the nod.

He was given the rating of the best prospect of the month honor in the lightweight ranks by THE RING Magazine in its April, 1939, issue. Among the best known boys whom he has beaten are Alex Cupiano, Hub Smith, Tommy Hoover, Buck Buckalew, Frankie McKenna, Bobby Sylvester, Frankie Manetta and Dub Bowen. In defeating Bowen, young King won over the Navy lightweight and later welterweight champion. Incidentally, it was Bowen's first loss since he was honorably discharged from the Navy.

King is decidedly the boxer type and carries himself well.

(Continued on page 45)

Great Patrons of the Ring

By BILL DOHERTY Ex-heavyweight champion of Australia and middleweight champion of South Africa. Author of "In the Days of the Giants."

OVER fifty years ago in Melbourne, I had the pleasure of shaking hands with John Sholto Douglas, 8th Marquis of Queensberry, the founder of the famous rules of boxing that now bear his name—those famous rules that ushered in the great era in the noble art immortalized by the achievements of John L. Sullivan, James J. Corbett, Peter Jackson, Bob Fitzsimmons, James J. Jeffries, Tom Sharkey and many others.

The Marquis of Queensberry, though ranking in precedence next to a duke, was an enthusiastic patron of the ring and associated freely with men whose only claim to renown had been established by their skill with gloves or fists. In Melbourne at the time of which I am writing, he not only made friends with leading fighters but actually refereed one bout—a clash between Jack Burke, the "Irish Lad," and Frank Slavin, the Australian champion.

Often since my meeting with the famous English aristocrat, I have wondered at the distinguished patronage with which the boxing ring was favored in his time and before it, and at the marked lack of such patronage observable in recent times.

* * *

IN the golden days of the prize-ring as distinct from the boxing ring—the period which began a hundred years before the meeting between your humble servant and the great Marquis in Melbourne—the patronage was even more distinguished than John L. Sullivan, Peter Jackson or their comrades of the roped arena ever knew. It was such that a list of patrons or pupils of the great masters of the noble art would contain names representative of almost every old family, titled or untitled, in England, Scotland and Ireland. Nor was the patronage confined to people who were leaders in society. The great writers of the period, such as Byron, Shelley, Leigh Hunt and Hazlitt, were actively interested in the leading champions and tutors, and even those giants among novelists of the Victorian age, Dickens and Thackeray, later on wrote about fights and fighters, Thackeray in verse and Dickens with a reporter's pencil.

But it was before the time of Dickens and Thackeray, or at least before their prime, that the first golden age existed. When this wonderfully prolific period in the history of the noble art is examined it is seen to cover almost exactly the adult life of George Augustus Frederick, Prince of Wales, afterwards Prince Regent and later King George IV of England.

It is more than a coincidence that the period began and ended when it did. I have read and studied classics of the noble art and have talked long and often with people who are far deeper versed in the history of the game than I, and I am firmly convinced that George, Prince of Wales, Regent and King was the greatest patron that the prize-ring or boxing ring has ever known. It was his patronage that enabled first Mendoza, then Jackson, Belcher, Pearce, Gully, Cribb and Spring to attain to the heights of fame and fortune that they did.

* * *

IT was in connection with Mendoza's fight with Martin the Butcher in 1787, that the Prince of Wales first showed an active interest in the ring, and with characteristic enthusiasm, he showed very plainly for all to see just how his sympathies lay. He backed Mendoza with his opinion, money, the prestige of his appearance at the ringside and with handsome favors in the form of patronage and gifts, both before and after the fight, which, with effortless skill and matchless science the Jew won with ease.

Mendoza himself said of this fight: "This was the first stage battle I ever fought and I had abundant reason to be gratified over the result. The great personage (George, Prince of Wales) who patronized me on this occasion, and who had generously given me £50 before the battle, made me several presents afterward, amounting to £500, and several gentlemen who had won money over the contest were also pleased to reward my exertions in a very liberal manner."

It could not have been anything but a genuine regard for the noble art that induced George to patronize the young Hebrew as he did, because between Daniel Mendoza and George Augustus Frederick there was scarcely one human trait in common.

The Prince was a dandy, "the first gentleman in Europe," a ladykiller, a spendthrift and perhaps the hardest drinker of that age which must have been nearly the hardest drinking age that British history has known. His Royal Highness, we have been told, was such a powerful toper, that "six bottles of claret after dinner scarce made a perceptible change in his countenance."

And Mendoza?—he was abstemious, a man temperament in all things and, as a fighter, a cool and skillful scientist alike in attack and defense. He was equable in temper and temperament, capable of keeping his head and restraining his combative instincts under insults and even physical attack, and was above all a respectable family man, whose wife bore him eleven children.

There was nothing in common between the Prince of Wales and Mendoza and yet the Hebrew continued throughout his illustrious career to enjoy Royal patronage—patronage that was obviously a tribute to the Jew's matchless skill with his fists and to the glory of the noble art rather than to financial, personal or other considerations. The Prince's allowance it may be noted was £70,000 a year ($350,000) and his winnings over Mendoza's victories, though considerable, would be of little account to him.

* * *

AND the champion who followed Mendoza—Gentleman John Jackson—was the Hebrew's opposite in all but fighting skill and he, too, enjoyed for his entire career in the ring and as a teacher, the favor of George, not only as a Prince but as Regent and King as well. At the coronation of King George IV in 1820, Jackson was commissioned by the King to get together a bodyguard of pugilists and to attend with them at the ceremony, a commission that Jackson duly carried out with his customary efficiency and despatch.

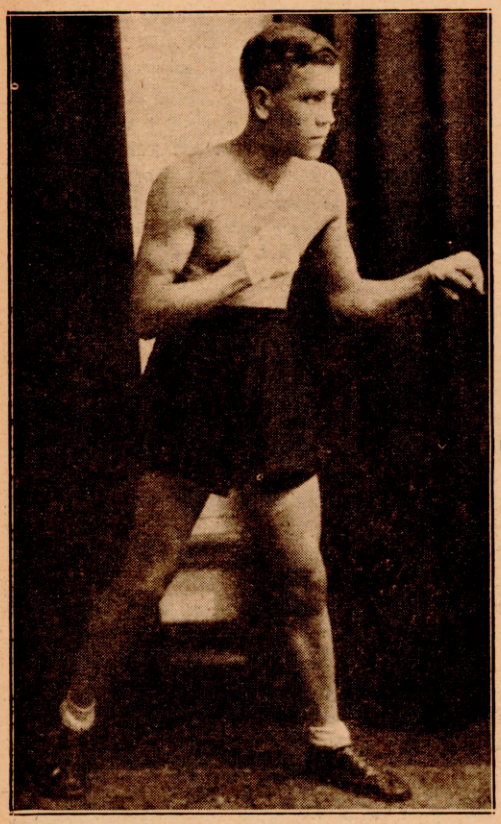
Dressed in silks and satins as pages, the members of this guard of honor must have provided one of the most striking sights on coronation day, and there has certainly never been a similar gathering at any of the five coronation ceremonies that have occurred since.

Some of the bravest of the brave, alas! had passed to their account and were not available for service—Jem Belcher was dead and so was Tom Molineaux, and Hen Pearce the Game Chicken and Tom Johnson and Big Ben Brain were gone long since—but Jackson did pretty well, as the list of names of the men on the bodyguard will show. Here they are for the edification of students of the noble art for whom a lustre still shines from the gallant band: Gentleman John Jackson, Tom Cribb, Tom Spring, Tom Belcher (mine host of the famous Castle at Holborn, and Jem's brother), Jack Carter, Tom Oliver (George Borrow saw him fight and immortalized him in "Lavengro"), Harry Holt, Peter Crawley, Dick Curtis, Tom Medley, Purcell, Phil Sampson, Bill Eales, Bill Richmond (Molineaux's friend and backer), Ben Burn, Harry Harner, Harry Lee, Tom Owen and Josh Hudson.

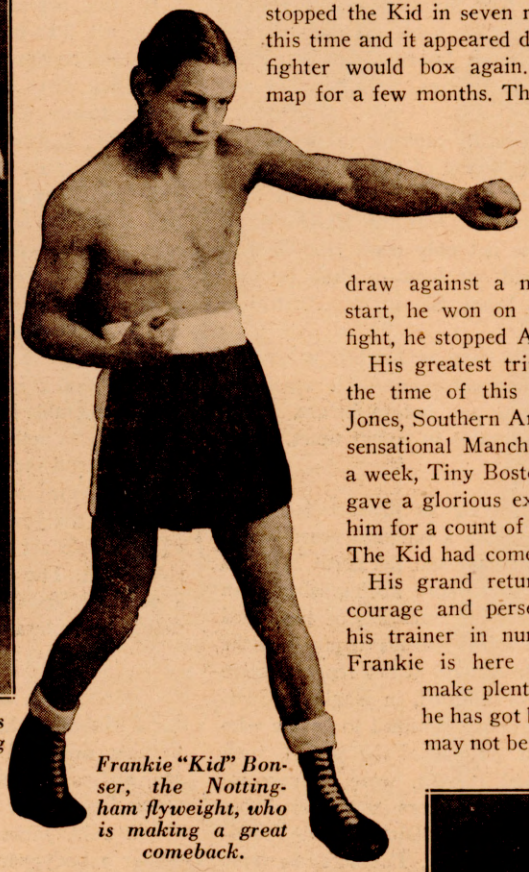
* * *

AND when Jackson retired and the championship fell to Jem Belcher, then to Hen Pearce (the Game Chicken), to John Gully and finally to Tom Cribb the royal patronage continued unabated. When Cribb fought Molineaux in 1810, a death and other misfortunes in the royal family prevented the Prince from actually being present at the fight, but he sent a special messenger to ringside with strict injunctions to note down everything of note in the course of *(Continued on page 47)*

With BRITISH



Bob Houghton of St. Helens, a bantam who is managed by Jim Turner and is a very promising British battler.



Frankie "Kid" Bonser, the Nottingham flyweight, who is making a great comeback.

ONE of the most unfortunate fighters in some respects is Frankie (Kid) Bonser, the Nottingham flyweight. Bonser is a brilliant two-fisted kid who thrashed his way through the ranks of many of the best lads in British rings and then passed temporarily out of the picture.

Frank started his career as a leather pusher at a very early age and after a few years fought his way up to the top. He had beaten, among others, lads such as Billy Nash, Joe Curran, Peter Miller, Rex Cartwright and Al Sharpe, to mention a few, and then he picked on the best in the game. Jimmy Warnock, two-time winner from Benny Lynch when the latter ruled the world's flyweights; Dick Lewis, brilliant Welsh lad; Jimmy Webster, South African kingpin, and Gaston van der Bos. All these gave way under the flailing fists of the Nottingham flyweight.

Tragedy in several forms reared its ugly head to the surface. First, Frankie's father had a serious illness which culminated in his passing away. This partially wrecked the boy's morale, but it was the events before that affected his career more so.

He was matched with Paddy Ryan in a bout for the semi-final of the Northern Area championship and was engaged in his work as a bricklayer when he dropped a brick on his right hand and broke it. This put him on the sidelines and, getting fit again, he took on Van der Bos, the Belgian champion, and beat him in a tuning-up bout.

His postponed fight with Ryan was all fixed up when Bonser's mentor took on Pierce Ellis, tough Manchester lad. Bonser might have done better had he rested. What happened is history. Frankie, suffering from a bad cold, could not cope with his hard-hitting opponent and after giving the crowd a marvellous display of courage, was flattened inside the distance.

Ellis certainly did a nice job of softening Bonser up for Ryan. When they clashed in their bout in Nottingham, the Kid was draped over the canvas in the first round. Bonser only weighed seven stone, eleven and one-half pounds for this brawl, far below his normal fighting weight.

Things went from bad to worse after this. Bonser lost six bouts on the run, the last being against Phil Milligan of Oldham, who stopped the Kid in seven rounds. Frank's father died around this time and it appeared doubtful if ever this once promising fighter would box again. Indeed, he passed off the fistic map for a few months. Then one day about two months ago, the writer was in conversation with Bonser's trainer, Bert Fletcher, and was told the news that the Kid had gone into training again.

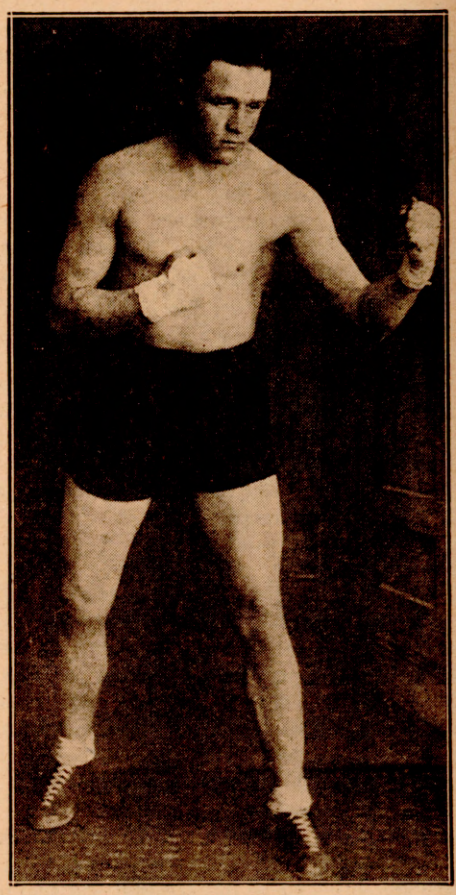
His first contest resulted in a draw against a mediocre opponent. In his second start, he won on points and in his third comeback fight, he stopped Angel Garcia in nine heats.

His greatest triumph came in his fourth bout at the time of this writing. He substituted for Eric Jones, Southern Area champion, against Billy Tansey, sensational Manchester flyweight, who had beaten in a week, Tiny Bostock and Tut Whalley, and Frankie gave a glorious exhibition to outpoint him and drop him for a count of seven in one of the closing stanzas. The Kid had come back!

His grand return is a marvellous tribute to his courage and perseverance and also to the skill of his trainer in nursing him back to fighting edge. Frankie is here to stay, barring accidents. He'll make plenty of trouble for the best now that he has got back his old-time confidence. Frank may not be a great fighter, but he is a good one.

IN recent months Scotland has lost all the titles her boxers once held. Benny Lynch dropped the world's, European and British flyweight crowns; Johnny McGrory did likewise with the British and Empire featherweight titles, and Jake Kilrain lost his welterweight championship to Ernie Roderick, Liverpool flash.

In spite of all this, there is one Scots lad who is striving to gain recognition for himself and his country in the boxing game. He is Angus McGregor of Greenock, Scotland.



Martin Miller, contender for the British cruiserweight title.

BOXERS

By GEORGE FARMER

Mac was simon-pure featherweight king of his country and represented Scotland at the Empire Games at Wembley before turning professional. Entering into the moneyed ranks, he met with ordinary success. In 1937, however, Angus had the good fortune to join up with Manager Dave Edgar and has had no cause to regret it. This was an ideal partnership and, aided by the sage advice of his mentor, McGregor came on like a house afire.

Last year he won thirty-five straight victories before losing his first battle to Phil Bevan on a technical knockout caused by a badly cut eye when well in front on points. All told, in that year Angus won thirty-eight contests out of forty, including a $500 lightweight competition open to all comers and organized by that master of British swat, Sydney Hulls. There was a most noteworthy and commendable record.

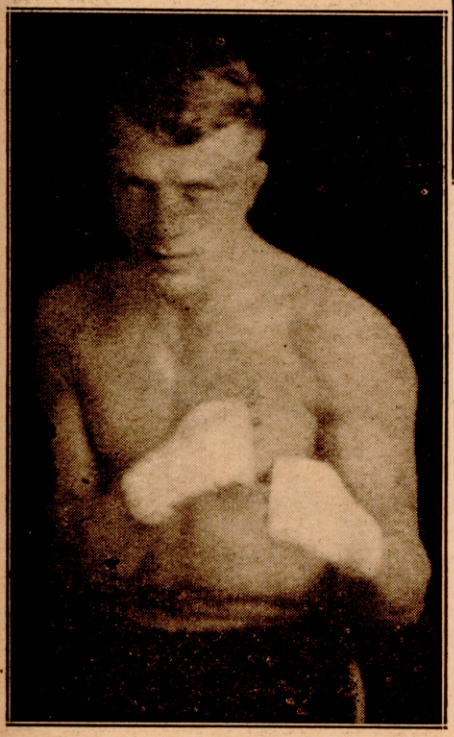
Mac attributes his present position to the care and attention of his manager, who, to use his own words, "is more like a father than a manager," a worthy expression from a worthy fighter.

The Scots lad, who, by the way, is always to be distinguished by his tartan shorts, is a natural, aggressive, two-fisted fighter who can box and slug it out with the best of them. He has victories over Mick Carney, Douglas Kestrell, and has beaten Johnny Cunningham three times.

He is a fine prospect and a natural lightweight who is not beset by weight problems. He will always give of his best and sincerely hopes to make plenty of trouble for the best lightweights in England during this year.

* * *

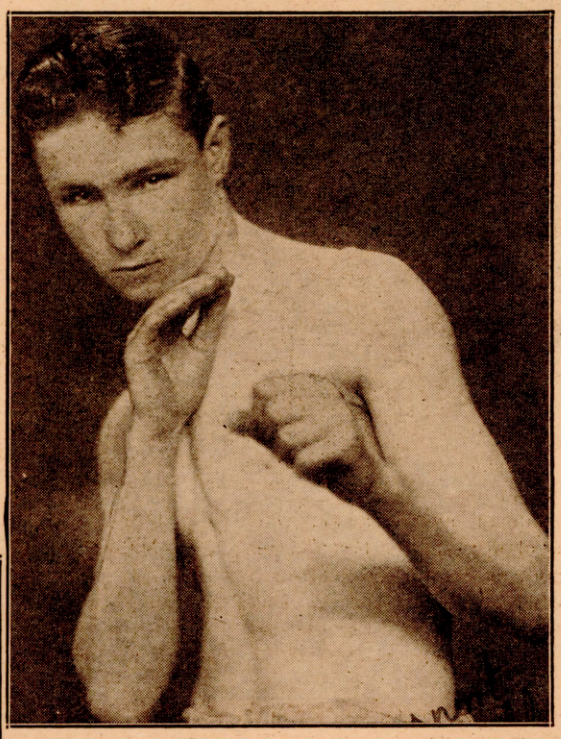
THE north of England is the stamping ground of many fine fighters. To mention a few, Jock McAvoy, Jackie Brown, Jack Carrick and Johnny King, and many others whose names and exploits are household words. Coming on up, there is another budding champion, who, although only eighteen years old, has been boxing consistently since he was nine. I give you Jimmy Stubbs, Runcorn, Cheshire, flyweight.



Jimmy Bitmead, a sturdy, two-fisted British lightweight.

This youngster first donned the padded mitts when, at the tender age previously mentioned, he was narrowly beaten in the final bout for the five stone championship of Lancashire and Cheshire. Undaunted by this setback, Jimmy tried his hand in the six stone and six stone seven pounds junior bouts in the same championships, and with great ability, carried them off. The nipper went on to participate in forty-five simon-pure battles, losing only two of them, a performance that is outstanding, taking into consideration his youthfulness.

Turning professional, Jimmy fought a great number of his fights at the famous Liverpool Stadium. He figured on lots of cards that featured the best of fighters, and at the time of writing, he had fought twenty-seven contests without a blemish on his record. In other words, he is so far undefeated as a money boxer.



Jimmy Stubbs, a fast, clever, elusive boy from North of England, who fights as a flyweight and bantam.

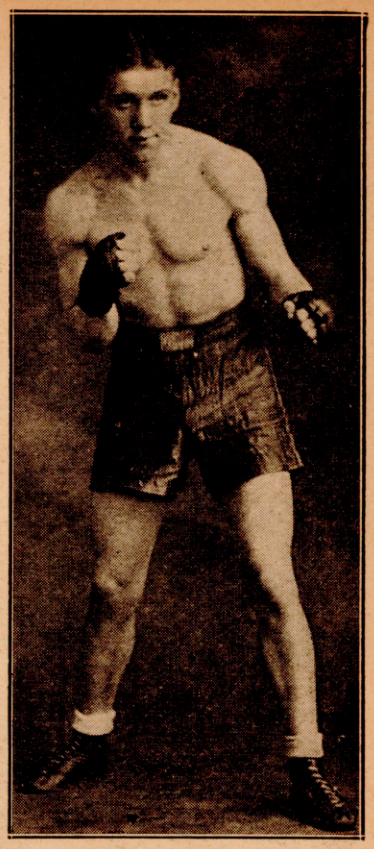
Jimmy's fine and accurate left hand has played havoc with some notable features, while his right has chopped down plenty of the opposition into dreamland. His record to date is interesting. Here it is:

Whipped Sid Gordon and Joe Bowker on points; Young Drummer, T.K.O., one round; Joe Hart, T.K.O., three rounds; Angel Garcia, twice by decisions; Billy Brennan, T.K.O.; Freddy Leach, twice, T.K.O. and points; Pedris Thomas, Kid Nicholson, Johnny Breet, Tommy Allen, Jim Curley, Kid Brooks all decisioned.

Jimmy then went on to beat Young McCann on points and in a return bout stopped him in three heats. Al Petersen, claimant to the flyweight championship of Australia, was rocked to sleep in four rounds. It took Paddy Ryan, Northern Area flyweight king, nine rounds to beat the game Aussie.

Following this, Young Procter and Joe Alexander were whipped via points decisions. Alf Hughes was stopped in two stanzas, and Bert Jackson, Robert Crochard of France, Johnny Boom and Jacky Badhams were all put in their places with points wins for this eighteen years old sensation.

Jimmy can make the flyweight poundage although he usually tips the beam at eight stone two pounds. He is a fast, elusive and clever lad who can box and punch, whichever the occasion demands. He is managed and trained by his father, James Stubbs, Sr., so papa has something to be very proud of. Fans are advised to watch this boy—he'll really go places.



Dan McAllister of Belfast, featherweight contender.

Who Was the Greatest

GOING through a deskful of time-yellowed newspaper clippings the other day, I came across a manuscript which bore the signature of John L. Sullivan. It was one of an original set of articles which were widely syndicated through the daily press years after John had resigned his crown to James J. Corbett. To be exact, it was in 1908, when Sullivan was making a theatrical tour of the country.

He was still active then, although he had put on considerable poundage since that fateful day at New Orleans in 1892, when he was counted out in the twenty-first round before the young Californian. Active enough to step around briskly in boxing exhibitions, and registering as a big drawing card still, although the fight fans were well aware that he would never again tempt Dame Fortune in the ring.

I preserved the manuscript for purely sentimental reasons. Today it seems timely to republish John L.'s views on the then existing boxing situation. You may or may not agree with his comments, especially when applied to present fighting conditions.

But let one thing be remembered! Sullivan did not employ a "ghost writer!"

The "ghosting" method was not in vogue at that time. John L. was far from being the drunken, illiterate person that so many folks fancied him to be. He was no Gene Tunney, with a craving to shine as a Shakespearean student. He had no literary aspirations. But he had as good a public school education as the average American youth of his day, and don't forget that Uncle Sam's educational system, then, as now, could favorably compare with the best training given children in foreign lands.

* * *

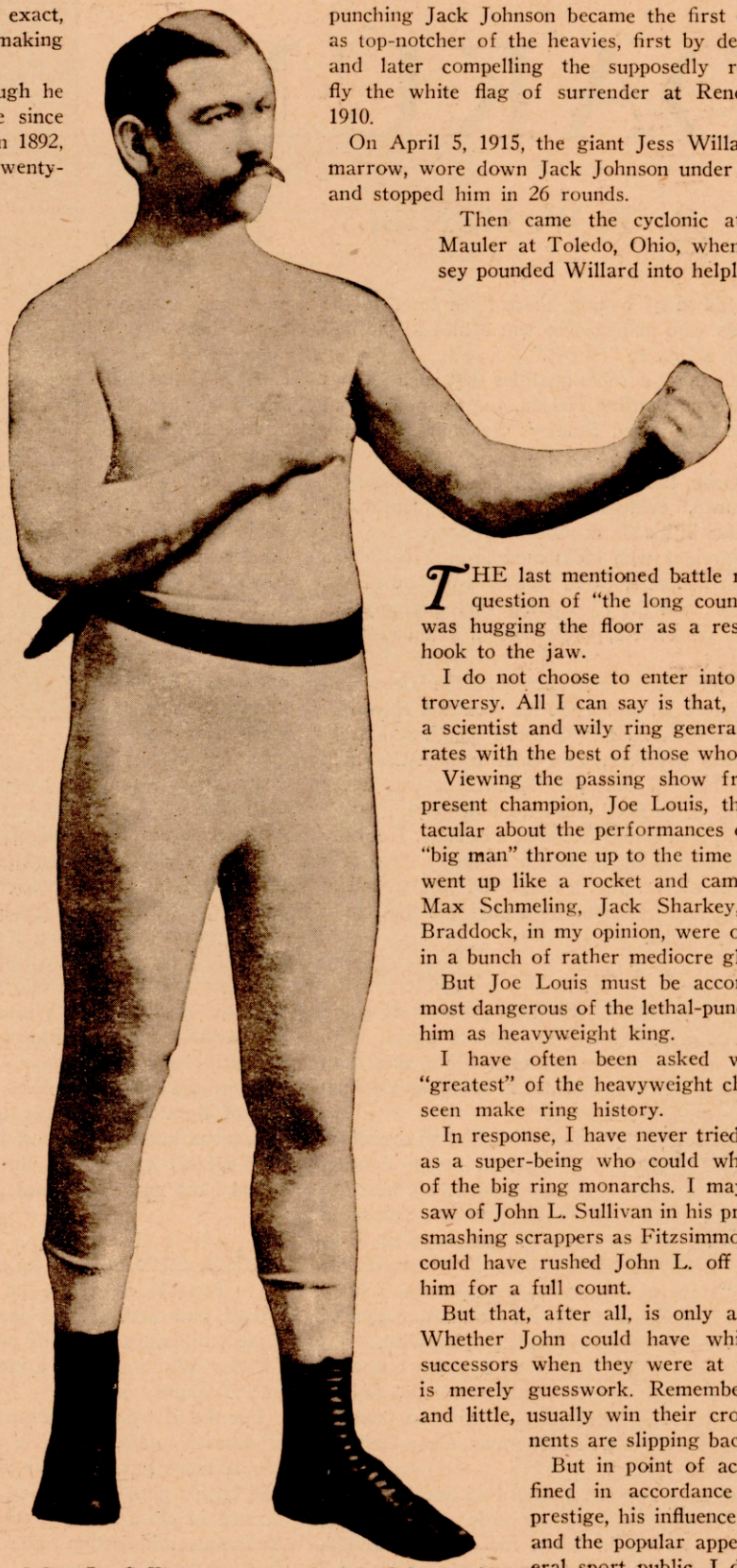
MY experience as an onlooker in the fighting game dates back to the days of bare-knuckle men and of the skin-tight glove scrappers who fought to a finish under the new Marquis of Queensberry rules which replaced the tactics of the old London Ring. To be exact, I sat at the ringside for a fight for the first time in 1869 and I've been doing it ever since at all big contests.

During my career as a sport critic many proud heavyweight champions have fought, lost and passed into oblivion. Sullivan succumbed to Corbett, the latter sank to his knees, victim of a belly-punch, as Bob Fitzsimmons smashed "Pompadour Jim" with what the adjective-seeking experts of that day saw fit to advertise as the "solar plexus" wallop.

Fitz met his Waterloo when that formidable husky from the Coast, Jim Jeffries, beat the freckled wonder from Australia into submission. And as time marched on, the lithe, deadly-punching Jack Johnson became the first colored boxer to reign as top-notcher of the heavies, first by defeating Tommy Burns, and later compelling the supposedly rejuvenated Jeffries to fly the white flag of surrender at Reno, Nevada, on July 4, 1910.

On April 5, 1915, the giant Jess Willard, lean-trained-to-the-marrow, wore down Jack Johnson under a flaming Havana sun and stopped him in 26 rounds.

Then came the cyclonic attack of the Manassa Mauler at Toledo, Ohio, when the fiery Jack Dempsey pounded Willard into helplessness in three rounds. And in accordance with the inevitable rulings of Fate, Jack also had to bow his head in defeat when twice whipped by Gene Tunney, first at Philadelphia, and again in Chicago.



John L. Sullivan, most colorful fighter of all time.

* * *

THE last mentioned battle naturally brings up the question of "the long count" given when Tunney was hugging the floor as a result of a Dempsey left hook to the jaw.

I do not choose to enter into the "long count" controversy. All I can say is that, from the standpoint of a scientist and wily ring general, Dempsey's conqueror rates with the best of those who wore the royal purple.

Viewing the passing show from Tunney up to the present champion, Joe Louis, there was nothing spectacular about the performances of the occupants of the "big man" throne up to the time of Louis' arrival. Baer went up like a rocket and came down like the stick. Max Schmeling, Jack Sharkey, Primo Carnera, Jim Braddock, in my opinion, were only outstanding figures in a bunch of rather mediocre glove-swingers.

But Joe Louis must be accorded a place with the most dangerous of the lethal-punch artists who preceded him as heavyweight king.

I have often been asked who I considered the "greatest" of the heavyweight champions whom I have seen make ring history.

In response, I have never tried to select any one man as a super-being who could whip the whole caboodle of the big ring monarchs. I may believe, from what I saw of John L. Sullivan in his prime, that not even such smashing scrappers as Fitzsimmons, Dempsey and Louis could have rushed John L. off his feet, and dropped him for a full count.

But that, after all, is only a matter of conjecture. Whether John could have whipped the best of his successors when they were at the top of their form, is merely guesswork. Remember, that champion, big and little, usually win their crowns when their opponents are slipping backward.

But in point of actual "greatness" as defined in accordance with Sullivan's fistic prestige, his influence on the pugilistic game, and the popular appeal he made to the general sport public, I do not hesitate to name John L. as one of the three greatest of

Champion?

A. D. Phillips, Octogenarian Sports Writer, Compares John L. Sullivan with Present Crop — Reminisces Upon Discovery of Original Manuscript of the Famous Boston Strong Boy

By A. D. PHILLIPS

(86-Years-Old Sports Contributor to THE RING)

champions, past and present, the others being Jack Dempsey and Joe Louis.

Certainly no other fighter ever succeeded in capturing the affections of the fight fans to such a degree as did John L. John L. was a hero both during his fistic career and after, while Dempsey became an idol only after he lost the title to Tunney. No man ever lived who was so universally popular during his entire career as was John L. Sullivan. Ten days after he lost to Corbett a capacity house packed old Madison Square Garden to do homage to the fallen monarch. The mighty Boston gladiator still had a host of friends. Champion or ex-champ, he was still the idol of fistiana, as is Dempsey today.

* * *

BURDENED by the ignominy of defeat, Sullivan was a morose man when he started the journey northward from New Orleans. But he regained his spirits when he found that his vast army of admirers had not deserted him.

When he reached New York he was not only minus his title, but since he had wagered every cent he had on his chances against Corbett he was dead broke. Although he had made more than $700,000 during his ten years reign as champion, he had nothing to show for it. So New York's sporting brigade came to his rescue with a benefit on September 17, 1892, which netted Sullivan $6,630.70.

To help the affair along, Jim Corbett, the new champion, appeared on the stage with Sullivan. They shook hands and Sullivan made a speech in which he praised his conqueror, and asserted that he was glad that a real American had won the title.

Sullivan was the recipient of several other benefits, among them one in Boston, and two in the Garden, following the one in which Corbett appeared. On August 31, 1895, John was pinched for cash, and a benefit was arranged at the New York sports arena that brought him only $1,500. But five years later a third Garden benefit enabled him to carry off $15,000 in gate receipts.

On that occasion, Bob Fitzsimmons, next to the beneficiary, was the star. Fitz boxed three rounds with Jeff Thorne, Tom Sharkey sparred with Jim Guilder. Then came an exhibition by Jim Jeffries and Sullivan. The Boston Strong Boy was a bit fat and gray-haired but was still able to step around lively in three rounds.

These incidents are worth mentioning as illustrations of the hold John L. had on the affections of the sports of his day. Can you imagine any modern champion who has been defeated, cashing fifteen thousand dollars at a benefit given in his honor?

Nor is this all. Sullivan, after losing the crown, made another fortune on the stage, and yet another in his later years, when he took to the lecture platform, and issued flaming defiance to King Alcohol. Having reformed himself, he was anxious to steer the rising generation along the right trail, and there is no doubt whatever that the former king of sluggers did a lot of good in this direction.

Many a wild youngster was willing to listen to, and be guided by John L., who would have ignored the preaching of any other worker in the temperance field.

* * *

LET us take a glance at Sullivan's syndicate article which he wrote when he was touring from coast to coast, giving boxing exhibitions with Charley Cutler, and which though never published, was in my possession and is now the property of my son-in-law, THE RING Editor. Says John L., in part:

"There is just as much difference between boxing today and as it was years ago, as there is between darkness and sunlight. Today it seems to be a commercial business. When I was fighting, it was a case of 'winner-take-all!' Nowadays the men insist on a good loser's end. If they keep this sort of thing up, they will kill the game.

"How many fighters today will bet $10,000 each in addition to the purse? Yet, when I fought Corbett, the purse was $25,000 and $10,000 each for a sidebet . . . . In my day, I gave every one a chance and offered $1,000 if they could stand up for four rounds, without my opponent depositing a dollar. But nowadays let a young boxer attempt to assert himself, and one of these so-called champions will tell him to go post $5,000 or get a reputation.

"My present sparring partner, Charley Cutler, I think, has as good a chance as any heavyweight to get to the top. But where is he going to get $5,000 to post as a forfeit, when he is only making $50 a week? Yet he has knocked out over 40 men in the ring during the past year!

"A real champion should not retire as did Jim Jeffries when he was only 27 years old. I suppose if I had stopped fighting when I licked Kilrain, I would have been hailed as the world's greatest fighter. But I did not stop until Nature asserted herself, and I fell through sheer exhaustion."

The Charley Cutler to whom John L. refers in the foregoing comment on the prize ring events of his day, was a Chicago heavyweight who at one time looked as though he might forge to the front and hold his own with the best of them, and is now living in Chicago.

Just as Sullivan said, Cutler had scored many knockouts, and perhaps he might have become a title-holder had boxing conditions given him anything like a fair chance to get a match with one of the leaders of the top-notch division.

* * *

BUT those were lean days financially for young scrappers who lacked backing. Cutler, standing over six feet in height, scaling around 190 in trained condition, was as sweet a looking proposition as one would wish to see as an entry for the championship stakes.

He could hit hard with both hands, could "take it" like a genuine iron man, and wasn't afraid of the best man that ever donned a glove. John L. thought he had a world-beater in the athletic person of Charley Cutler. The ex-champion's admiration of his sparring partner reached zenith proportions one night when John's show was billed for Chicago.

On that occasion Charley begged a night off from his sparring duties. He had been asked to fill in for a heavyweight named Paul Moran, who was scheduled to box Tom McAndrews at the Chicago Athletic Club. Cutler took the job and knocked out McAndrews in thirty seconds of the initial round.

Cutler had scarcely changed into street clothes when there came a hurry-up call from the Montello Club on the North Side. The Montello bout was between Joe Rickards and Jack Green, heavyweights. Green had defaulted at the last moment—hence the agitated call for help to the matchmaker of the Chicago Athletic Club.

Charley was willing. After all, his scrap with Moran had been nothing more than a sweat-workout. So over went John L.'s sparring partner to the Montello club. Rickards was waiting in the ring when Cutler climbed under the ropes. Rickards was a trifle more fortunate than Moran. That is to say, he lasted fifty seconds before Cutler crashed a right to his jaw and put him down for keeps.

And the winner managed to get over to the theatre where Sulli-

van was performing and make good as sparring partner after all! Such a thing could never happen these days, when boxing commissions rule, and fighters are nursed along as carefully as if they were pink-tea pretties!

* * *

YET, oddly enough, the same Charley Cutler was to figure in an extraordinary incident later on which must have started John L. wondering what the latter day crop of heavyweights were made of anyway.

Sullivan at that time had developed quite a stomach. Something along the lines of what novelists term—"aldermanic proportions." Yet the old boy was something of a savage when performing with his sparring partners. He always made them earn their money.

So it chanced that one night when the Sullivan show was appearing at Grand Rapids, Michigan, Charley Cutler happened to sting John with a strong left jab, and followed up with a right cross to the jaw that staggered the ex-champ. Then Sullivan went clean crazy. He rushed Cutler all over the stage. Charley, realizing that he had been a bit too zealous, tried to cover up. But Sullivan got in close.

With a grunt of satisfaction, the man who in his day was celebrated as the hardest puncher in the ring, slammed a solid right to Cutler's wind, and sent him down with a terrific swing to the jaw.

The spectators yelled enthusiastically, although most of them thought that they were witnessing a pre-arranged program. But when the curtain went down, as it did in a hurry, Charley Cutler was out cold, and had to be carried to his dressing-room.

Charley frankly admitted that he stopped a knockout bomb, and the following morning an interview with Sullivan's sparring partner appeared in the Chicago *American,* under the heading—"How it feels to be knocked out by John L.!"

For all that, Cutler might have gone far in the heavyweight ranks, but just then there was a big wrestling revival and he turned his attention to the grappling game, as a more lucrative means of making a living then competing in the boxing arena, where matches were hard to get, and the purses rather small, even among the top-notchers.

As a wrestler, he never became a champion, but was looked upon as a tough opponent for the best of the matmen. He was much in demand and in the course of time accumulated sufficient funds to go into business for himself, and prospered.

* * *

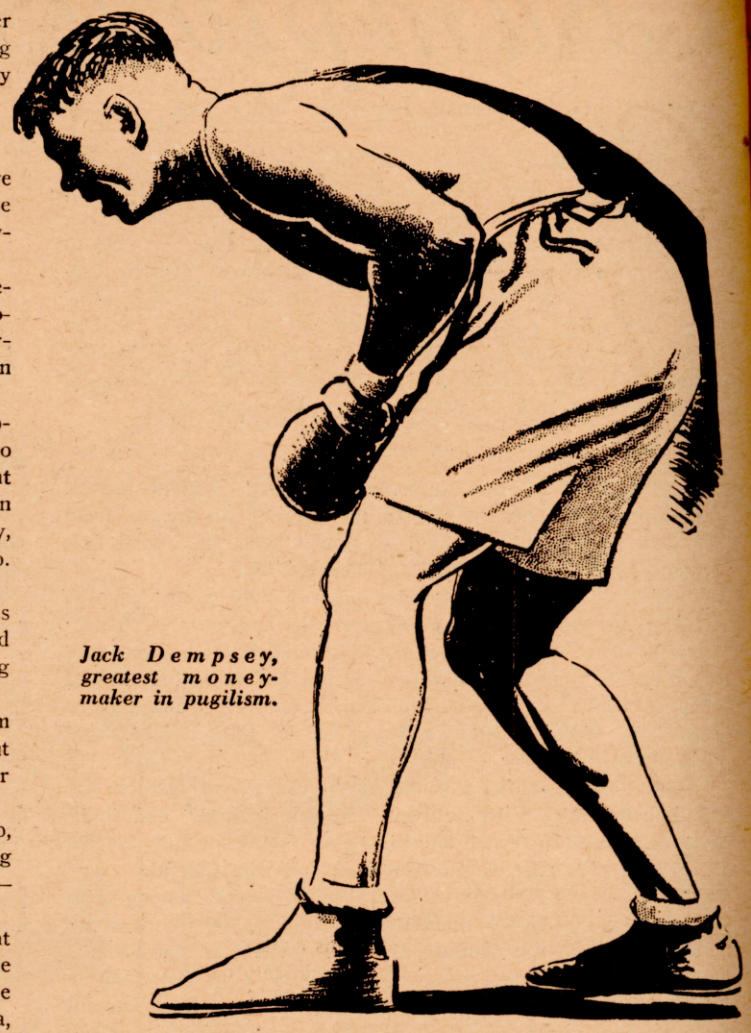
JOHN L. took great pride in his newspaper correspondence, and stipulated in his syndicate contract that the copy should be published as he wrote it. He would stand for no change in the opinions he expressed, his brainchild had to be given a free hand.

This fact furnished an amusing contrast to the literature signed by other champions who followed the Bostonian. Most of these budding authors never saw the articles to which their signatures were attached, until they appeared in the press, and sometimes didn't even take the trouble to read them then.

The "big fellow," as his admirers called him, wrote much as he fought, without any pretensions to flashy style. He was dogmatic, intolerant of what anyone else might think, but if his stuff lacked polish, it was forceful, blunt and to the point. He was particularly emphatic when it came to dwelling on the evils of drink, a subject upon which he was certainly well qualified to discourse, as he does in the following instance in the unpublished article to which I previously referred.

"When I close my present tour of the country I will have money eonugh to buy the place I want down near my old home town of Boston. And when I get it, I would like to see the man with an argument strong enough to get me away from it . . . . I will simply bid farewell to the world in general. My only acquaintance with it after that will be through the newspapers.

"Of course, I know that the old red-eye knockout, Mr. Alcohol, is punching away at a lot of fellows with homes who should be happy. And the punch is going to land good and hard on the



Jack Dempsey, greatest money-maker in pugilism.

jawpoint for some of those fellows, if they don't take a brace and back away from grog. The booze knockout is going to find a landing place on the chap who forgets his home and its requirements. One young man told me when I advised him to mend his ways and be good, that he didn't care to be lonesome! More rot!

"The theory that the man who behaves himself is awfully lonesome is plain foolish. A man can have just as much fun if he is sober and decent. Don't tell me that because a man is clean in his ways that people are going to shunt him off to lonesomeness all by himself. I won't stand for that!

"I have been around with some mighty wild gangs in my time, and often, too, when I wasn't drinking a drop. Yet I found that folks respected me just as much, even if they didn't see things exactly as I did. And respect is surely recompense for the mythical lonesomeness that many people seem to dread when they start a personal reform.

"If you can do something that is secretly the envy of your neighbor, because he hasn't the will power to accomplish the same, you've got it on him. That makes you a classy boy, whatever you may be told to the contrary. This looks to me like nine points in a ten-point game!

* * *

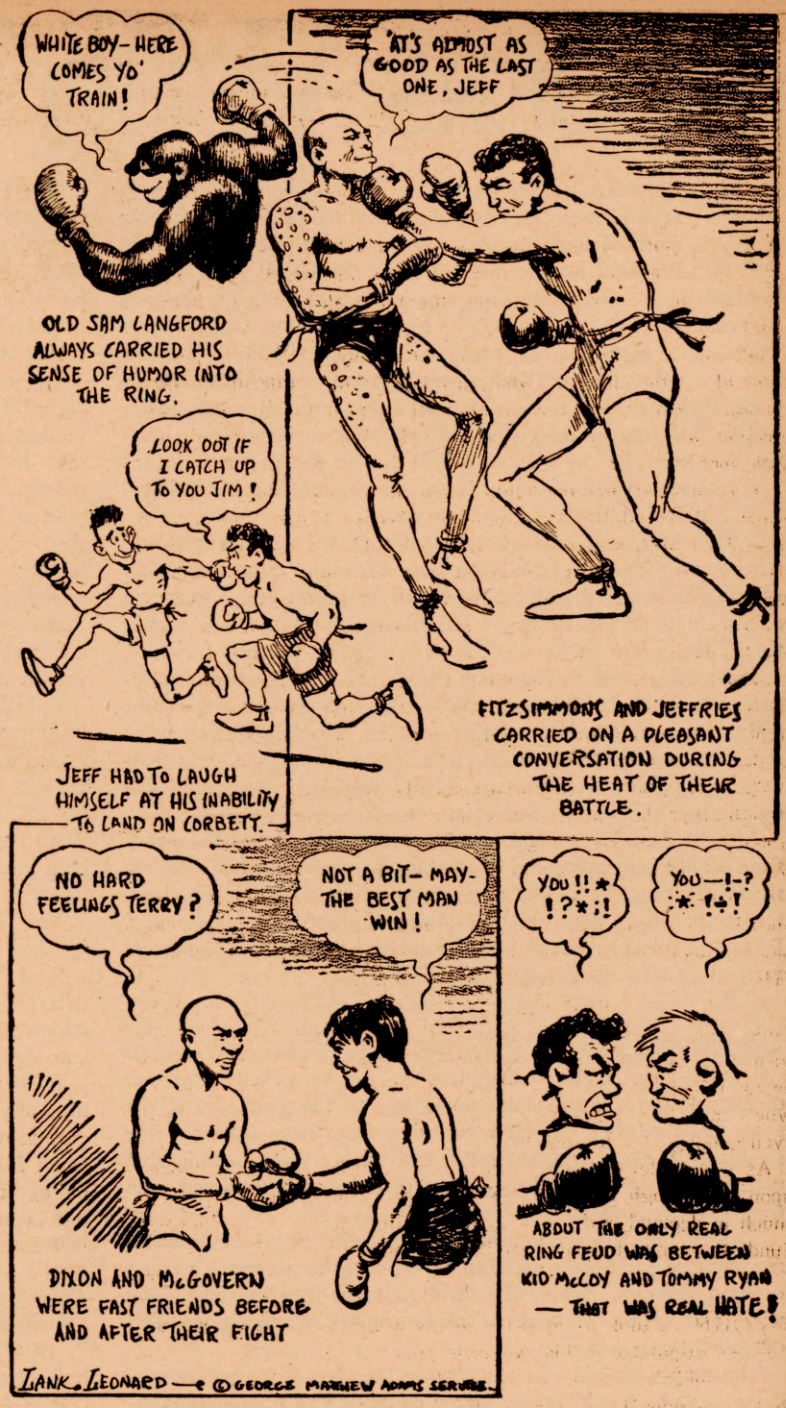
"WHEN a fighter prepares himself for battle, the first thing he does is to find an ideal spot for training quarters. So it is with the chap who is fighting the battle of life. And I'll tell you in one word that the ideal training camp for life's struggle is HOME! The best fighters are the home men. I don't mean the mollycoddles, but the fellows who really love the home atmosphere.

"I am talking to young men in this series as a plain ordinary person, and not as a fighter in the sporting acceptance of the term. That is what every man resembles anyway, in ordinary life. If you would win, you must fight. Develop the home taste! That's the idea that wins over *(Continued on page 45)*

Ring Contestants Friendly

Incidents in Famous Battles Prove That There is Good Feeling in the Ring Even After Grudge Battles Are Settled

By MURRAY LEWIN



RECENTLY in San Juan, Puerto Rico, Sixto Escobar, world bantamweight champion, successfully defended his crown against Kayo Morgan in what was billed, and correctly so, as a grudge battle. There was a bitter feeling existing between this pair of gamecocks due to an occurrence in Detroit, where, after their previous non-title affair, Sixto crashed his right against the jaw of Morgan in the dressing room in retaliation for what he declared was an insult he received in the ring. After the fight was over, the two shook hands and Morgan congratulated Sixto on his success.

Yet time and again we hear of legislators and members of the church urging the repeal of boxing laws because of the brutality of the sport. Only recently I read an article in a mid-western newspaper in which a member of the state legislature asked for the repeal of the law legalizing boxing on the ground that not only is the sport brutal, but that it develops a viciousness in those who follow it and makes the boys hotheaded, ill-tempered and generally obnoxious to the average citizen.

What folly? What finer sport is there than boxing? I wonder if this legislator had ever had a pair of gloves on his hands? Every time I read or hear of such rot, I recall the plea of the late President Roosevelt when he was Governor of New York. A delegation of blue law agitators had gone to Albany to urge that Theodore Roosevelt support a bill that would place the ban on boxing and make those engaged in it, subject to arrest, fine and imprisonment.

"Gentlemen," said the Governor in reply to the plea, "I am opposed to your plea. I have found a keen pleasure in boxing. I have followed it since my college days, boxed in school, boxed when I was Police Commissioner and do so as a recreation now. Prof. Cooper, my teacher, is my sparring partner and I am extremely fond of the sport.

"I have urged my boys to take up boxing and I know of nothing better than to have every mother urge her boy to do the same. If we taught boxing in our schools and colleges, there would be less bullies standing on street corners insulting our future mothers and less rowdies assaulting the helpless. No gentlemen, your cause, is lost."

What Governor Roosevelt then said, holds good today. The sport was the savior of the Allies during the World War. Our boys and the British lads, followers of boxing, were the sturdiest users of the bayonets and the reason for their success, was that the strategy used in bayonet action so closely resembled that in boxing.

* * *

PUGILISTS who know their business do not become hotheaded in the ring. It doesn't pay to lose one's temper when under a hot fire of jabs and swings. The pugilist who cannot keep cool and good-natured under the most trying circumstances seldom reaches the top of the heap.

Nine pugilists out of ten make boxing a business in which personal feelings do not enter into bouts and there is no animus between the men. Many of the most important fights, no matter how sensational and gruelling, have bristled with friendly remarks. Regardless of the viciousness of a fight, when the smoke of the battle is over, all is serene. Friendly feelings again prevail.

It was in the Jeffries-Fitzsimmons battle that there were frequent displays of good nature. When the men shook hands, Jeffries said:

"Bob, I'm going to win! But I know I'll have a hard time!"

"If you can win, old man," was Fitz's reply, "you are entitled to all the glory the public will shower upon you."

When Fitzsimmons was floored in the *(Continued on page 44)*

LOSERS WHO THRIVED *on*

THE mining gentleman from Wales, Tommy Farr, who recently won his first fight out of six when he decisively defeated Red Burman, who in the contest previously in Madison Square Garden, took Tommy's measure, has been the target for many quips because despite his many defeats, he retained his drawing power as a gate attraction. Offhand you might agree with the fun makers after reflecting that Thomas was first licked by Joe Louis, dropped a decision to Jimmy Braddock, took a licking from Max Baer in their return engagement, lost to Lou Nova to give that Californian an opportunity to gain the select bracket as a heavyweight titular challenger and then lost to Burman before sailing back home where Tommy defeated Red Burman and stopped Larry Gains.

Particularly, one heard the veterans of the game expressing their scorn the night of the Nova-Farr affair and commenting that old-time fans would never have stood for an oft-beaten scrapper as the Briton being repeatedly foisted upon them as a star attraction. Yet the fact remains that Farr is a stellar figure in fisticuffs.

But somehow when you come to think of it, the joke isn't altogether on Farr. If he has emerged rather frequently on the short end, he was well paid for losing on each occasion, getting more in fact than for many of the battles he fought to win the championship of England. And neither Louis, Braddock, Baer or Nova could drop him for the full count.

A fight crowd loves gameness, and Farr demonstrated every time he ducked under the ropes that gameness was his middle name. He can take it like a real battler, and keep coming back for more. That's why he's still a drawing card in this country. In fact, I think he would be a far better opponent for Joe Louis next September than any other challenger.

* * *

THERE'S no getting away from the truth of the old adage—"Distance lends enchantment to the view!" The glamor of long dead years surrounds the doings of the gladiators of the past, manufactured legends concerning them have taken on the semblance of facts, with the result that we are given to somewhat underestimating the leather-pushers of today, as contrasted with their predecessors.

This isn't an attempt to belittle the vanished ring heroes, whose merits were sufficiently great to entitle them to a certain amount of hero worship. But listing them as super-men in comparison with, and at the expense of modern glove manipulators, just doesn't make good sense.

The chap with lots of endurance and a glutton for punishment has always been a lucrative source of income to promoters. Battling Nelson, for instance, was a chopping block for most of his opponents, many of whom broke their hearts and hands pounding away at his adamatine jaws and oaken ribs. He wasn't even a stunning kayo puncher, but slugged away steadily, absorbing every punch that passed his guard without flinching, until the other fellow collapsed under the tireless bombardment.

Unscientific, easily outpointed, he yet went on to win the world's lightweight championship and in the years that elapsed before he did so, the number of his admirers increased steadily. That is to say—they admired his marvelous ability for "standing the gaff," and loved the thrill they got out of wondering whether some sledge-hammer walloper might knock him cold at last.

A scrapper didn't have to be a consistent winner to rate as a favorite performer with the fans during the "good old days" the vets like to schmoose about. From the early nineties up to the time when Jeffries was champion, was a period historically famous for its great heavyweight battles. The names of principals in these Homeric combats have come down to us written in letters of gold.

Yet it is surprising to note how frequently defeats were chalked up against many of these demi-gods of pugilism, without however, seeming to injure their subsequent drawing powers.

Jim Corbett is remembered as the most sensationally clever heavyweight of his time, perhaps he was the cleverest of all time. Yet Corbett didn't achieve much in the straight victory line after he won the world's title from John L. Sullivan in 1892. Knocking out Charlie Mitchell in his first title defense was a comparatively easy task, for Mitchell was long past his prime and scaled less than 150 pounds.

Jim next stopped Peter Courtney in six rounds to make a record for Edison's newly invented Kinetescope, which showed motion pictures in miniature form. Courtney was a false alarm who had previously been flopped by Peter Maher in three rounds.

In a four-rounder with Tom Sharkey at San Francisco, the then champion was roughed badly around the ring by the tough sailor, and nearly out on his feet at the end, but a draw was declared. It is only fair to state that Corbett was not in fighting shape and altogether unprepared to engage in what was virtually a mixed wrestling-boxing bout, for Sharkey fought like a longshoreman on a Saturday night jamboree.

In his second title defense, Corbett was kayoed by Fitzsimmons in fourteen rounds. But when he met Tom Sharkey in New York a year and nine months later, the house was jammed to capacity. He lost that one on a foul. The Sharkey fight took place November 22, 1898, and Jim stayed in retirement until May 11, 1900. Then he tackled champion Jeffries at Coney Island. Jeffries won by a knockout in twenty-three rounds, but up until then it looked like a point victory for Corbett.

Jim was still a big drawing card, and he and Kid McCoy "packed 'em in" when they put on what was really a "barney" at a New York club, with McCoy taking the knock artistically in five rounds. There was a lot of scandal as an aftermath, but nevertheless, regardless of scandal, regardless of his defeats, Corbett was signed to meet Jeffries a second time.

Jeffries kayoed him in nine rounds, and Corbett retired permanently from the ring.

Fitzsimmons' services were constantly in demand for many years following his two knockouts by Jeffries. It was not until old age cramped his sinews that Bob faded as a star and took the full count before Philadelphia Jack O'Brien, Jack Johnson and Bill Lang.

* * *

JIM JEFFRIES was the only heavyweight champion of the early Queensberry era to retire without having a single defeat marked against him, and except for his disastrous comeback against Johnson, his record didn't have a stain on it.

It is customary for boxing writers to refer to that period as offering fistic talent which cannot be matched in excellence today. Well, let us consider the cases of three outstanding heavies outside of the champions who were then constantly starred in important battles, Joe Choynski, Peter Maher and Gus Ruhlin.

From the start of his fighting career in 1884 until he retired permanently in 1904, Choynski was beaten four times by Jim Corbett, knocked out twice by Joe Goddard, knocked out by Peter Maher, lost a decision to Kid McCoy in 20 rounds and later was kayoed by the Kid in four frames. He was also knocked out by Tom Sharkey, Joe Walcott, Kid Carter and Nick Burley. But so long as he stayed in active service, Joe never had any trouble in obtaining matches.

Peter Maher, the Irish heavyweight champion, came to this country in 1892 and quit the ring in 1905. During that time he was kayoed twice by Fitzsimmons, twice by Joe Goddard, lost to Choynski in six rounds and was kayoed by the latter in two frames. He also suffered knockouts at the hands of Gus Ruhlin, Kid Carter, George Gardner, Jack Munroe, Jack Williams, Fred Cooley and Joe Butler.

But no matter how often Peter took the count, ring patrons always assembled in force to see him perform. They knew he could hit like a trip-hammer with his powerful right, there was ever a chance that he would land that devastating punch, and to give him

DEFEAT

By
GEORGE T. PARDY

due credit, he often did, a fact that offset the melancholy fact that his record was studded with decisive defeats.

Gus Ruhlin, who was fighting from 1896 to 1905, has a less uneven record than Maher, but was beaten by Yank Kenny, Joe Kennedy and kayoed by Tom Sharkey, Fitzsimmons and Jeffries. Yet Gus remained a staunch favorite with the fans to the close of his career.

* * *

IN view of the foregoing facts, the big fellows of the present generation don't show up so badly in comparison with the fighting giants of the past. Nor does it appear amazing that defeats suffered by Farr, Max Baer, Gunnar Barlund and other well-known heavies have not eliminated the losers as likely drawing cards.

Even John Henry Lewis, knocked out by Heavyweight Champion Joe Louis in a bout for the world's title, dropped decisions to Maxie Rosenbloom, Jim Braddock, Abe Feldman, Emilio Martinez and Isadore Gastanaga, but what of it? That's a mere nothing compared with the setbacks given some of the old-timers.

In one respect our present heavyweight champion, Joe Louis, stands head and shoulders over all his predecessors on the throne—the frequency with which he has defended his title within an exceedingly limited period of time.

Joe became cock of the roost by whipping Braddock, June 22, 1937, beat Tommy Farr in a little over two months later, and in 1938 risked his new honors three times, kayoing Nathan Mann, Harry Thomas and his former conqueror, Max Schmeling. That broke all the heavyweight title defense records!

Most of the preceding heavyweight kings allowed a year or more to pass before defending their titles, and not a single one of them would have dreamed of duplicating Louis' exploit.

Louis started as a professional in 1934, and up to date has registered 45 ring victories, with only one defeat, sustained in his first battle with Schmeling. That's a four-year record also that none of his predecessors came within a mile of establishing.

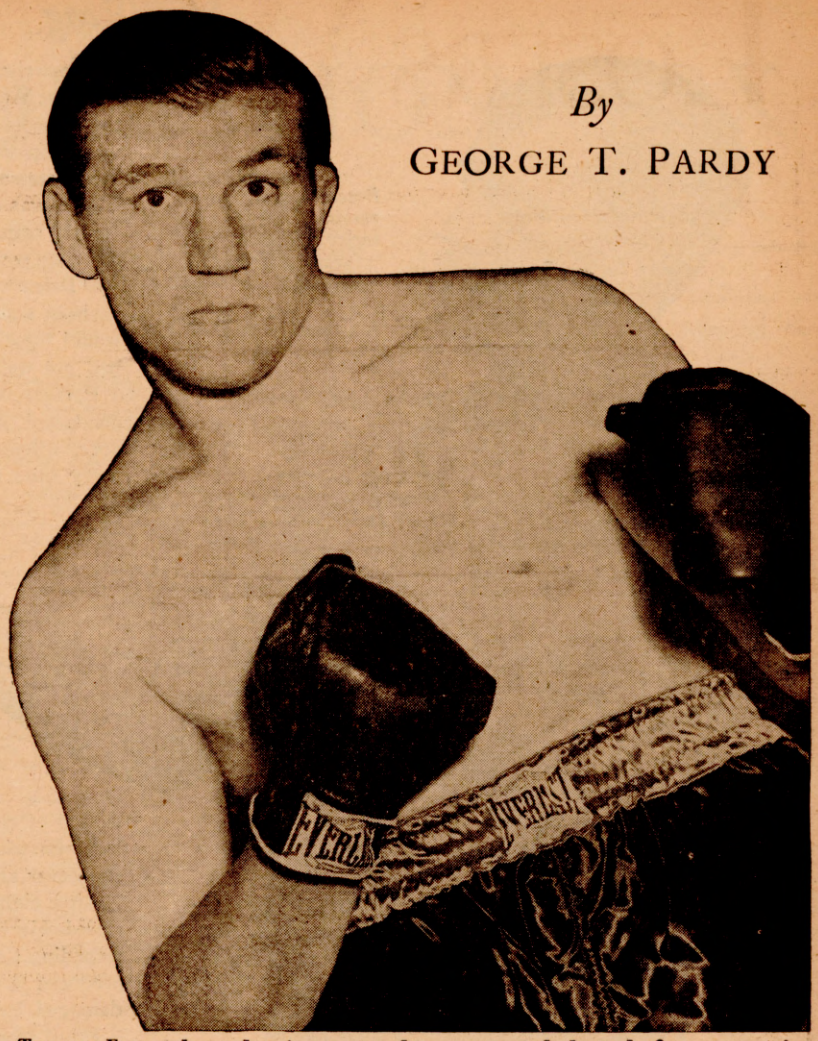
In 18 years, Jim Corbett fought 34 battles. Jeffries, during 14 years of ring service, which included the period of retirement from which he emerged for a disastrous comeback against Johnson, only engaged in 21 contests. Fitzsimmons is credited with 55 battles. But he started at the age of eighteen and covered a stretch of 34 years, fighting for the last time when he was at least 52 years old.

* * *

FROM Jeffries to Braddock no heavyweight champion ever fought as often as did Joe Louis during those four hectic years of activity. At the present time, Louis is supreme in the heavyweight grade, and seems likely to maintain his top-notch status for a long while to come.

If Lou Nova, who did everything to Tommy Farr but stop him, keeps on at his present gait, he may develop into a worthy opponent for the "Brown Bomber." The 23-year-old youngster from Alameda, California, showed surprisingly good form in what was only his twenty-sixth professional battle. It was the first time that he had gone fifteen rounds, and his inexperience in traveling a long route was evident in that he didn't pace himself as discreetly as a veteran would have done.

But he won in good style, thereby confounding even such notable critics as Messrs. Gene Tunney, Jack Dempsey, both of whom said prior to the engagement that Nova's manager was rushing the youth along too fast.



Tommy Farr, whose drawing power has not waned through five consecutive defeats in this country. He would be a fit opponent for Joe Louis this summer.

As a matter of fact, Lou Nova today appears to be as far advanced along the scrapping trail as were Max Schmeling, Jack Sharkey and Gene Tunney at similar periods of their fighting careers.

The mauling Farr took in that 14th round will not soon be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Nova was throwing punches from all angles and most of them were landing. Farr, rocking on his feet, looked as if he would go down for keeps most any second. He was groggy, cut up, bleeding, and many of the spectators momentarily expected the referee to call a halt to the slaughter.

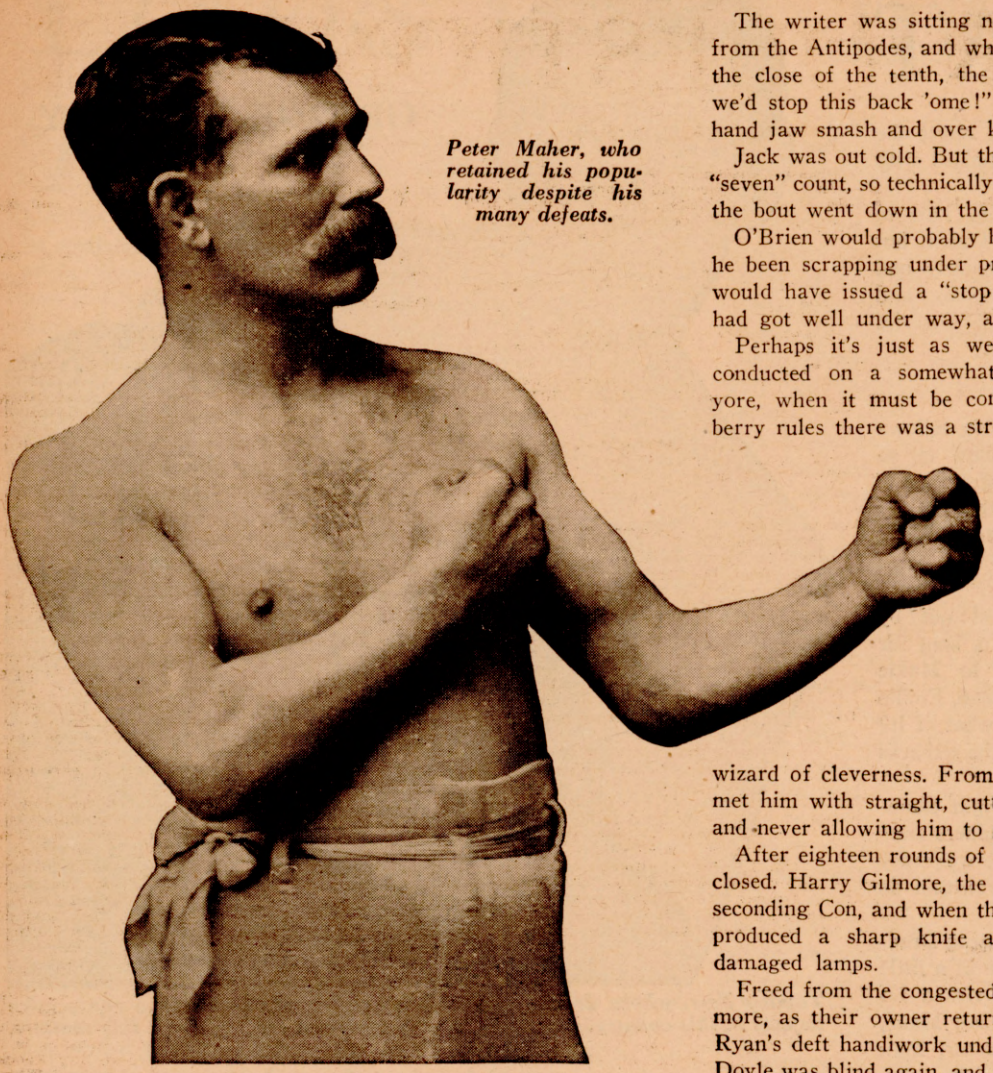
But he didn't and Farr stayed the limit, a fact which gave universal satisfaction. It's seldom that a fight crowd wants to see a referee step in and stop the proceedings. That's done pretty often nowadays, and plenty of ultra-humane folk approve of such action. But the dyed-in-the-wool fan votes for letting matters go to a knockout every time.

* * *

THAT'S one thing in which the old-timers were different. Unless a battle had reached a stage in which one of the principals was so badly damaged that it looked like a case of sheer murder, there was no interference in the interest of peace by the third man in the ring.

So long as an apparently beaten man could swing a glove he was allowed to keep on trying, and sometimes he put one over with such pulverizing effect that the seeming victor was slammed into temporary oblivion. Many a famous battle might have ended differently had the referee been cursed with an excess load of sympathy.

Jim Jeffries, for example, was a ghastly sight during the closing rounds of his second battle with Fitzsimmons. The latter, milling on the retreat, plastered the big fellow's face with slicing, jarring rights and lefts as Jeffries kept pressing onward. One of Jeff's



Peter Maher, who retained his popularity despite his many defeats.

eyes was completely closed, and the other was fast closing. Both cheeks were split to the bone, a wide cut gaped on his chin and his lips were swollen hideously.

His whole countenance was a crimson mask, and Fitz's gloves were soaked in his opponent's blood. Yet Jeffries kept coming on, doggedly trying for a body punch. It wanted only a minute to the bell, when the champion finally got home with his ponderous right on the freckled fighter's stomach. The punch doubled Fitz up, and down swished Jeff's dreaded left hook on the jaw. Fitz dropped and was counted out.

Sixty seconds later Jeffries was actually blind. When he left the ring, his handler, Billy Delaney, had to seize the big fellow's arm and guide him to the dressing-room. Jeff's title was saved by a narrow margin that night.

Had he not landed that body punch in the eighth frame, all indications were that he could not have seen his opponent if the battle had lasted to the ninth. Or if the referee hadn't been fairly hardboiled, he might have stopped the bout and declared Fitzsimmons again champion.

* * *

DURING the present decade, many a fight has been stopped by the referee to prevent further injury to a man who wasn't half as badly mangled as was Jeffries on that eventful occasion.

There was the sensational battle between Stanley Ketchel and Philadelphia Jack O'Brien at the Pioneer Club, New York City, on March 26, 1909. During that ten-round, no-decision affair, Ketchel was jabbed, hooked and uppercut by O'Brien until he was groggy, reeling and bleeding like a stuck pig. As the late Charles F. Mathison used to say when recalling that scrap—"O'Brien was ahead by 1000 points to nothing when the ninth frame ended, and Stanley so cut up and shaky that I thought the referee would stop the brawl."

The writer was sitting next to Hugh McIntosh, the promoter from the Antipodes, and when Ketchel was reeling around toward the close of the tenth, the Australian said huskily: "Blime me, we'd stop this back 'ome!" Just then Ketchel landed that right-hand jaw smash and over keeled O'Brien.

Jack was out cold. But the bell rang as the referee reached the "seven" count, so technically there was no knockout registered, and the bout went down in the books as a "no-decision" wrangle.

O'Brien would probably have been spared that sleep potion had he been scrapping under present-day conditions, for the referee would have issued a "stop firing" order before the tenth round had got well under way, as sure as shooting.

Perhaps it's just as well after all, that modern boxing is conducted on a somewhat milder plan than in the days of yore, when it must be confessed that even under the Queensberry rules there was a strong element of brutality in the sport.

When Tommy Ryan, later welter and middleweight champion, was a lightweight, he fought Con Doyle, another Chicagoan, to a finish with skintight gloves in 1890. The bout took place in the open. Doyle was one of the hardiest scrappers that ever jumped through the ropes, a slugging fiend and chockful of gameness.

Ryan, who is still alive and hearty in California, was even then a wizard of cleverness. From the outset Doyle rushed and Tommy met him with straight, cutting lefts, keeping him at long range and never allowing him to get in too close.

After eighteen rounds of this treatment, both Doyle's eyes were closed. Harry Gilmore, the veteran ex-lightweight champion, was seconding Con, and when the latter groped to his corner, Gilmore produced a sharp knife and lanced the flesh around Doyle's damaged lamps.

Freed from the congested blood, Con's eyes did their duty once more, as their owner returned to the fray with fresh gusto. But Ryan's deft handiwork undid that of Gilmore. In the 28th frame Doyle was blind again, and this time Gilmore threw in the sponge, acknowledging defeat.

Much against Doyle's will, however. The irrepressible Con vainly begged Gilmore to get busy with his little knife again, and when the ex-king of the lightweights refused, cursed like a maniac and, grabbing a water-bottle, hurled it at Harry.

As Con couldn't see to aim properly, the bottle missed its mark. But he threatened to lick Gilmore as soon as he was fighting fit once more, and although he was prevented from going on the warpath by wiser counsellors, it was over a year before he and his erstwhile second became friendly again.

* * *

TIMES have changed a lot. We who sit in comfort under electric lights watching the glovemen do their stunts, can scarcely realize under what tough conditions fights used to take place, tough for both ring principals and patrons. The lookers-on had to go through so much trouble in order to see a bush-fight that it is no wonder they were hardened, and didn't care a Continental damn what happened in the ring so long as they got their money's worth.

Tommy Ryan went to Detroit, Michigan, to meet a boxer of that city known as Mark Shaughnessy. The fighters and patrons started out around dusk to find a place where they could settle their argument. After a long ride in hacks the party reached a spot on the shores of Lake St. Clair, where the sheriff and his law enforcers wouldn't be likely to interfere.

It was three o'clock in the morning when the gladiators donned their fingerless, skintight gloves and faced each other in a ring pitched close to the water's edge. To light the scene several large bonfires were lighted, close to the ropes, and the battle went on with the aid of the flickering flames.

Shaughnessy was a hard hitter, a short, compact, well-built fellow that bore in continually, *(Continued on page 47)*

The Ring

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Charley Stebbins, Vancouver, B. C.

Q.—Is Tommy Burns promoting fighting?

A.—I don't know. Last I heard from him he was in your territory engaged in teaching young boys how to box and handling several good lads.

Abe Schwartz, Miami, Fla.

Q.—Was Pete Herman born in Florida? What title did he hold?

A.—No, he was born in New Orleans. He was bantam king.

Vito de Benitto, Coronali

Q.—Who first invented the boxing gloves. Who first wore them and when? Who were the first two boxers to use gloves in the ring.

A.—First gloves of any kind were used by Jack Broughton at the Five Courts 1732.

Z. Cohen, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—What size gloves are used in the Joe Louis heavyweight championship fights? What is the name of the manufacturer of these gloves?

A.—They use 6 ounce gloves in heavyweight championship fights. Everlast sporting goods company makes these gloves. They make the gloves for all championship fights held in New York.

Reams Worthen, Brooklyn, New York.

Q.—Where was the Max Baer-Max Schmeling fight held?

A.—In the Yankee Stadium.

Edward McClafferty, Allentown, Pa.

Q.—When and where did Benny Leonard and Lew Tendler fight for the lightweight title?

A.—First fight held at Boyles Thirty Acres, July 27, 1922. Second bout was at the Yankee Stadium, July 23, 1923.

Mike Stratton, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Q.—Where did Luther McCarty and Arthur Pelkey fight?

A.—Calgary, Alta. Pelkey knocked out McCarty in the first round and Luther died a few minutes later.

Harry Stone, Wheeling, W. Va.

Q.—Where can an amateur receive a license to box?

A.—From the Amateur Athletic Union in your locality.

Henry Silva, Mexico City

Q.—Is there a book on the life of Jim Jeffries?

A.—There was but no longer in print. However, you'll find considerable on him in Johnston's Book, Ten and Out, price $2.50.

RING Reader, Capetown, South Africa

Q.—I am 16 years of age, my height is 5 feet 7 inches and my weight is 125 pounds. Will you please tell me what my height and weight will be when I am 21? Does running reduce weight? What is a good way to improve your hitting power?

A.—At 21 you should be about 5 feet 11 and weigh about 138 pounds. Improve your hitting by practice on pulleys, rowing, chinning and practice on the heavy bag. Get my books, "Training for Boxers" and "How to Box". You'll find plenty of exercises in those.

John Shulte, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Who were the cleverest Irish fighters in recent years?

A.—If you refer to boys whose parentage was Irish, I would say Gene Tunney. Tommy Loughran and Billy Conn.

Mark Silvers, Houston, Texas

Q.—Was there ever a Texas world champion?

A.—That query was recently asked and I said no. There was, Jack Johnson who was born in Galveston, Texas. Jack as you know was one of the greatest, if not the greatest heavyweight of modern times.

Constant Reader

Q.—Has Jarl Johnson, Norwegian heavyweight returned from abroad? What is his age and his measurements? Do you think that Johnson could beat the following: Buddy Knox, Bill Poland, Abe Simon, Eddie Blunt, Tommy Tucker and Tony Musto? What are his chances as a heavyweight prospect?

A.—Expected shortly. 24 years of age. He may hold his own with Bill Poland and Tommy Tucker but the others are more advanced. He looked very promising last season around New York.

Wesley Hall, Cannon Falls, Minn.

Q.—Will you please answer these questions? Is it true that Harry Greb, former middleweight, was totally blind in one eye? Who beat him for the title? I am 5 feet 9 inches, weigh 168 pounds and am 19 years of age. Will I ever be a heavyweight?

A.—Greb was blind during the last five years of his fighting career. Tiger Flowers. You should hit the 6 feet mark and scale about 185 pounds at maturity.

James Cunningham, Montreal, Can.

Q.—Where and when did George Dixon die?

A.—In New York City, Jan. 6, 1909. You'll find a complete story on that in my book, the "Three Colored Aces" in my Black Dynamite series.

Q.—When was he born and where?

A.—He was born on July 29, 1870 at Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Thomas Buckanan, Sydney, Australia

Q.—Was Porky Dan Flynn the same fighter as Fireman Jim Flynn?

A.—No. They were both heavyweights who fought about the same time, Dan a little later than Fireman Jim.

Andrew Fisher, St. Paul, Minn.

Q.—What was the correct name of Jake Kilrain? Where was he born? When did he fight Sullivan for the title? Who was champion at the time?

A.—John Joseph Killion, born on February 9, 1859 at Greenpoint, L. I. He was defeated by Sullivan for the American title in the last bare knuckle heavyweight championship fight at Richburg, Miss., July 8, 1889 in 75 rounds. Sullivan was the defending champion although Richard K. Fox called him the title-holder. This was not so.

William Huser, Miami, Fla.

Q.—Please give me the name and address of any living relatives of Stanley Ketchel?

A.—He has a brother living in New York City but we do not know his home address.

Bruce Jaynes, Waynesville, N. C.

Q.—How many times did Jack Dempsey defend his title and against whom? If I am 14 years of age, weigh 140 pounds and am 5 feet 11 inches tall, what should my height and weight be when I am 20 years old? Was Max Baer in shape when he fought Louis?

A.—Six times. Bill Brennan, Billy Miske, Georges Carpentier, Luis Firpo, Tom Gibbons and Gene Tunney. You should reach 6 feet 2 inches and weigh about 165 pounds at the age of 20. Not what you would call the best of condition.

"Tarzan"

Q.—I would like to know what kind of marking Max Baer wears on his trunks? I have collected many pictures of him but I have failed to make out the marking. I do know, however, it looks like a star. From what I read in THE RING I guess you believe that Joe Louis will lick Max Baer when they meet. I'll bet you a dollar to a doughnut that Maxie trims him. I do not agree that Louis punches harder than Maxie. Look how Maxie lifted Tommy Farr off the canvas with his punches. I am not looking for an argument, however.

A.—It is the insignia of The Jewish Star. It is merely a matter of opinion and you will have many followers who share your views that Maxie will turn the tables when he meets Louis again. That is what makes boxing such an interesting game to follow.

Chuck Small, Sydney, Australia

Q.—Does weight lifting help a boxer or does it tend to slow him up? I have a 6½ inch wrist and small hands and am under the impression small handed fellows can't punch hard. Is that so? Does the light bag develop your power and is a lot of wood chopping any good? How can I increase my wrist, fist, weight? Does a punch hall increase the muscle?

A.—I am against its use by a fighter. It is no good for a boxer in training. Small wrists will not prevent you from hitting hard if you can develop co-ordination between hitting and timing properly. Tony Canzoneri has tiny hands, almost like a girl's, but his punching powers are far beyond the average. Light bag is good for the shoulder development and help accuracy in hitting. Wood chopping is splendid for strengthening the hands, wrists and shoulders. I would advise wood chopping to help you increase in all physical proportions.

Thomas Cavanaugh, Albany, N. Y.

Q.—What nationality is Bob Pastor? Is Harry Wills still alive? Did you ever hear of a lightweight boxer by the name of Frankie La Fay? Was he a top-notcher? Is Pete De Ruzza still fighting? What nationality is Ace Hudkins? Do you think Pete Lello will ever reach the top? Who would win a Max Baer-Jack Sharkey fight, both at their best? Who was the better boxer of the two? Where was Tippy Larkin born? Is Larkin his real name? Is Lou Ambers married?

A.—Pastor is of American-Hebrew and Scotch descent. Yes. La Fay was a crack lightweight about 1925. Yes. Hudkins is an American born of Scotch-Irish descent. Lello is a promising lightweight but it is difficult to predict just how far he will advance. Sharkey would have outpointed Baer. Sharkey was a much better boxer. Larkin was born in Garfield, N. J. His real name is Tony Pillitieri. No.

Charles Hefle, Cincinnati, O.

Q.—Where does Joe Choynski live?

A.—In your city but I cannot give you the address.

Frank Bona, New Orleans, La.

Q.—In what city did Bob Fitzsimmons win the world middleweight title?

A.—In New Orleans from Nonpareil Jack Dempsey in 1890.

Mark Stebbins, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—In the fight between Bob Fitzsimmons and Jim Corbett, was Corbett unconscious when he was counted out?

A.—No. He was fully aware what was taking place. He was paralyzed from the blow to the solar plexus and couldn't pull himself up for several minutes. When he arose, he was full of fight.

Harold Cobrow, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—How many times did Choynski and Gus Ruhlin fight?

A.—Once, on November 4, 1898, no decision, six rounds.

Roy Brown, Shelbyville, Tenn.

Q.—What is Frankie Klaus, the old time widdleweight, doing now? Please tell me some things about him? While not exactly a sports question I thought maybe you could help me out on it as I am very much interested in the correct answer. Why did the movie people film the story of "Jesse James," at Pineville, Missouri? I have studied the lives of these noted outlaws and I find they were reared in Clay and Jackson Counties of Missouri, the town of Pineville was never mentioned as the background of these two. Why was this? You know that James boys were great fight fans.

A.—Klaus is living in Pittsburgh and acts as an instructor and trainer of young boxing talent. He was born in Pittsburgh, December 30, 1887, and stands 5 feet 7½ in height. He is German-American. The studios have a research department that makes a specialty of being authentic and accurate in their filming of old time photos. Maybe they had more information than you did on the subject. Twentieth Century Fox Pictures made the film.

Albert E. Turay, Lakewood, Ohio

Q.—What nationality is Freddy Fiducia? Why is it that Andre Lenglet didn't go through with his fight with Walter Neusel? Whom did Lenglet fight last? Is it true that Jimmy Adamick is in training at New York? Were there any knockdowns in the recent Godoy-Lovell battle? Whom would you pick in these fights? Johnny Paychek vs. Eddie Blunt? Peter Kane vs. Sixto Escobar? Eric Boon vs. Davey Day? Gunnar Barlund vs. Henry Wacker? Arturo Godoy vs. Red Burman? Al Hostak vs. Solly Krieger? Bob Pastor vs. Max Baer? Adamick vs. Blunt? McAvoy vs. Conn? Who won the recent fight between Ron Richards and Ossie Stewart? Don't you think Richards could stop Conn?

A.—Italian-American. Lenglet enlisted for French military service and is through with the ring for the time being. Lenglet whipped Leroy Haynes on June 21, 1938, in his last ring bout. No. Adamick is not in New York. No. Paychek, Escobar, Day, Barlund, Burman, Hostak, Pastor, Blunt, Conn. Richards recently whipped Stewart. Richards is a terrific hitter but it is doubtful if he could whip Conn.

Carlos Vengta, New York City

Q.—Has a referee the right to stop a fight when one boxer has a cut over the eye, as in the recent case of Montanez, even though there is only one or two more rounds to go and there seems no danger is at hand?

A.—Yes. It is not for the fans to judge. The referee is in a far better position to judge the condition. In this case, Referee Fullam did the proper thing. He asked Dr. Walker to come into the ring and to examine the wound, thus giving Montanez every opportunity to continue if their was any chance of doing so without endangering the eye.

Charley Memel, Long Beach, Cal.

Q.—Is the belt that Jim Corbett received after his fight with John L. Sullivan still in existence?

A.—No. It was lost or stolen in Indianapolis many years ago when Corbett was appearing there in a theatrical sketch. It was never recovered.

Q.—What was the first motion picture of a fight placed before the public?

A.—The Corbett Fitzsimmons fight was the first in which motion pictures were taken of the action.

Ernest Sevier, Montreal, Can.

Q.—Would you regard Tommy Burns as a Canadian or an American. What country claims him as champion?

A.—He was Canadian born and therefore Canada has the right to the claim. When he won the title he was not an American citizen. I believe since then he has become naturalized.

Sparring Partners

SPARRING partners are not often news. They humbly do their job, and disappear from the scene, practically unnoticed and unknown.

Yet, once in a while a sparring partner will reveal something about the pug who hires him—something that makes news.

Tex Rickard learned about that. A sparmate in the camp of one of his heavyweight contenders once cost him thousands of dollars.

The scene was the training ring at Lakeside, N. J., where Tom Heeney was conditioning for his bout with Gene Tunney.

Rickard had made a lot of money, some of which he had invested in a steam yacht. One week he loaded a group of bankers, brokers and other ringside box buyers into automobiles and took them up to Speculator to see Tunney. The next week he put them on his yacht and steamed down the Jersey coast in style to attend Heeney's workout. It was probably the most luxurious transportation ever offered anyone en route to a fight camp.

Unfortunately, it took a little longer to make the trip than Rickard figured. Heeney was on edge; it was his last workout. He had been rubbed down, dressed and ready for the ring for some time, but Rickard and his guests didn't arrive.

The burly Tom grew impatient and wandered down to the ring. A few reporters were boredly watching a skinny light-heavyweight shadow-box in the ring. 'Twas some kid in training for an unimportant bout.

Heeney climbed into the ring and after a little delay he and the kid put on some big gloves and began sparring.

* * *

HEENEY was a rushing fighter. He tore in and slammed away furiously. The stripling stood him off, staying on the defense, blocking and slipping the hardest punches. Once in a while he would clinch and look around, as if expecting Rickard's party to come in, but nobody came.

By this time Heeney was getting warmed up and evidently trying to knock the lad out. He would lunge and miss, and come back madder than ever. He let fly terrific swings that the kid barely avoided. You could see the young fellow's ears getting red, too; he didn't feel like taking everything and giving nothing back.

Heeney ran in with a wild right swing. The boy stepped inside it with a straight right to the chin. The Australian stumbled and fell forward, glassy eyed. His sparmate, suddenly realizing the importance of his mistake, grabbed Heeney under the arms and waltzed him around until his knees would hold him up. Then the two men separated and exchanged light taps until the end of the round.

All of a sudden there was a great bustle at the gate. In poured the guests from the yacht. Rickard hustled up to the first row, and greeted reporters with the question: "Well, what do y' think of him? How does he look?"

The advance sale had been very light and Tex was anxious for Heeney to make a big impression. Imagine his horror when a loud-voiced gent in row one bawled out: "Hi, ya, Tex! Why didn'cha get here in time to see yer man almost get knocked out?"

"What d'ya mean?" faltered Rickard.

"Why, the training is all over. His sparring partner just battered him around the ring."

The opponent was Phil Messurio, who had Tom hanging on from a right to the chin.

The story got around. The fight didn't draw. And Rickard lost $157,000 on it.

* * *

ANOTHER sparring partner who comes to mind in the role of revealer is George Godfrey. He was in Jack Dempsey's training camp at Great Falls before the Shelby fight.

Godfrey left camp very suddenly, and it was rumored that he [illegible] Dempsey out, had given Jack a licking and looked much too good. The natural consequence, still according to rumor, was that big black George had been fired.

About three weeks before his fight with Gibbons, Dempsey was in hard training at a prohibition-closed roadhouse a mile out of town, where Kearns had built an outdoor ring and seats for spectators.

My father, who was covering the fight, went out to the roadhouse. The place was unlocked, rooms were full of sweaty training clothes, shoes, punching bags and other equipment, but there wasn't a soul in the building.

He went back through the kitchen. Still no inhabitants. Out onto the back porch. There, back turned to him, was a huge young Negro. The man's wide shoulders stuck out on either side of the chair and his powerful neck was mounted on them something like a turret on a battleship.

"Hello," said the visitor. "You must be Godfrey."

"Yassuh," said the fighter, rising slowly and turning around in a very dignified way. "Ah's Godfrey."

"Where's Dempsey?"

"He done gone out on de road. He tuk ev'body with 'm. Even," said Godfrey with some sorrow, "the cook."

"Why didn't you go along?"

"Me?" Godfrey grimaced. "Well—Ah'll show you. Look yere . . . ."

Painfully he pulled up his shirt. At first glance it looked as if he had turned white. But it was only adhesive tape, stuck on strip after strip over his left side until it was a quarter of an inch deep.

"Misto Dempsey done hit me here. Why, that man hits somethin' terrible. Them ribs sorta caved in. I though they was all busted. But the doctor, he looked at 'em and he says: 'They're not busted. All the ligaments are torn loose, that's all.'"

Godfrey shook his head sadly. "I was gonna git a thousand dollars fo' fightin' in the semi-final. That's a lotta money. But the doctor says I cain't fight fo' two or three months. Oh, me. Ain't that the worst luck?"

Poor George left camp right away. No explanations were offered for his leaving, and soon the rumors started. Godfrey was too good for Dempsey. The champ was afraid. Since that time we have been pretty suspicious about such rumors.

* * *

IN Joe Louis' camp before his last fight with Schmeling he had some remarkable sparring partners. There was a fellow named Howell, a big, clever main eventer from around Washington, D. C. There was George Nicholson, a gentleman of color from Yonkers, whose shoulders were so wide he could tuck his chin in behind one of them and hide it altogether. And there was Basher Dean.

Dean was different. There was a sort of ferocity about him. Life was a battle in which he had no intention of being second best. When the other boys were lolling about in the morning, laughing and joshing each other, he sat and glowered at the ground. His barrel chest, powerful sloping shoulders, and round thick arms which hung almost to his knees gave him a look of solid, savage strength. You would about as soon fight a tiger.

Dean's personality being what it was, there was bound to be conflict in the camp of the heavyweight king. One afternoon, during the workout, Dean stood by the ring ready to go in with Louis. There was another sparmate boxing with the champ, and taking some mighty stiff blows.

Dean began to mutter under his breath. We stretched our ears to catch the words that were unconsciously escaping him. They were hot as steam hoisting the safety-valve of an overstrained boiler.

"He ain't go' punch ME aroun'," Dean was saying. "I goin' in there to *fight,* an' I don' care what!"

At this moment the bell rang. The battered sparmate eagerly

They Often Furnish Good Material For Ballyhoo, But Sometimes, As at Tom Heeney's Camp, They Slip One Over and Can Ruin a Fight

By BOB EDGREN, JR.

stepped down out of the ring and Dean just as eagerly climbed in.

At the sound of the gong, Louis moved in deliberately, face blank except for his eyes, which concentrated coldly on Dean. Perhaps the champ could have been pardoned for starting the round slowly, as it was only one of several. Perhaps Dean was as quick as his wild look made you think he was.

At any rate the Basher threw a right like a shot out of a cannon. It came with all the power of his two hundred pounds and with every bit of twist his shoulders could put behind it. His fist landed on the side of Joe's face with a splat you could hear all over Pompton Lakes.

The champion's head flew back and twisted half way around. Without changing expression, he moved in again. Dean timed another punch just right. If there was anything he had left out of the first one, he packed it into the second. He couldn't have hit Joe any harder with a hammer.

The champ's head snapped back as if a mule had kicked him. Without changing expression in the slightest, he continued to move in. In an instant, Dean was floundering on the canvas. The thump he made when he hit the floor was another sound that was heard all over Pompton Lakes.

In his way, Dean was a revealer.

* * *

YOU'LL hear people say that Louis made his reputation fighting guys who were scared to hit him. That only one guy has tagged him, and that was Schmeling, who knocked him out. That Louis is a great puncher, sure—but can he take a punch?

Louis can take a punch. He can take an *awful* punch. Seldom have we seen anybody land with such ferocity as Dean did. Joe showed no effect whatever.

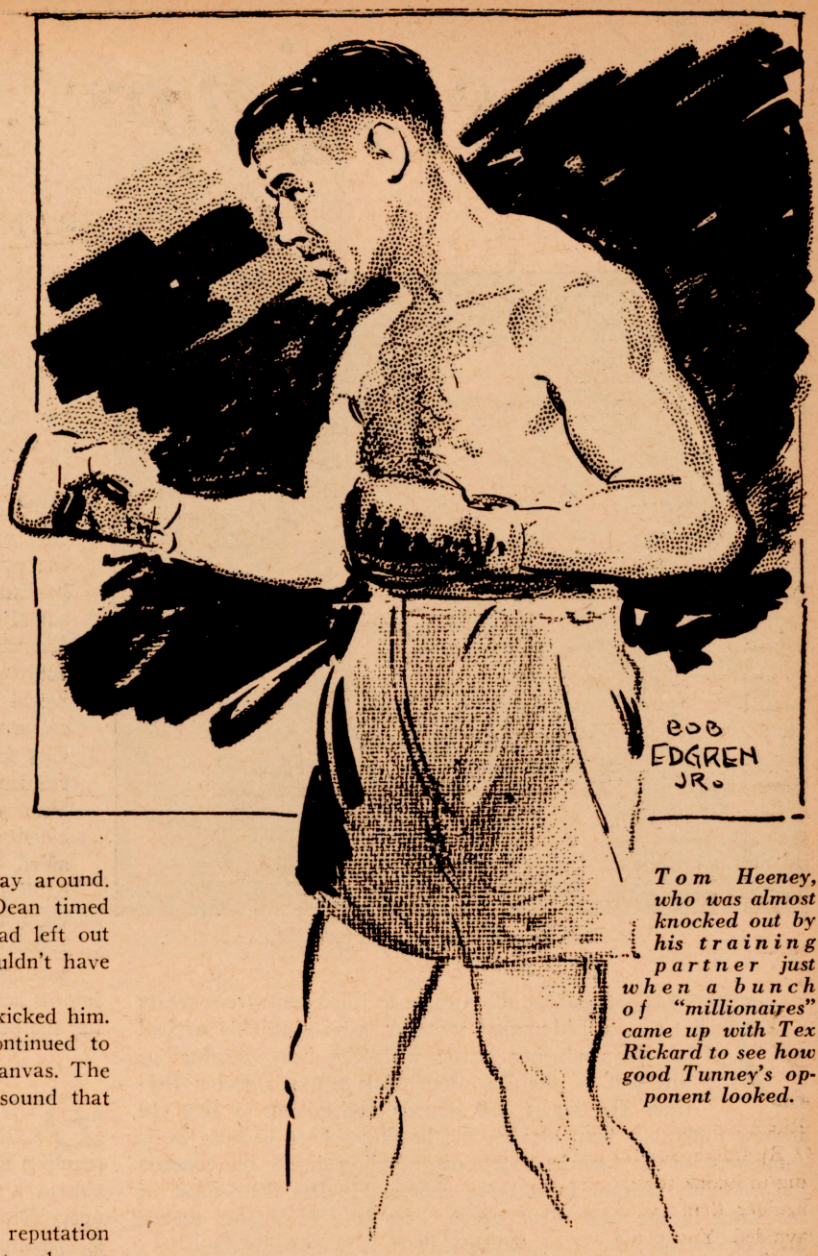
This raises the question that Joe may be easy to hit. He's not so easy to tag in a real bout, but like every other fighter, he can be hit. Corbett, cleverest and most evasive wraith of them all, was knocked right out of his championship by middleweight Fitzsimmons, with a body punch; he fought Jeffries and was knocked out by a punch on the chin; fought Jeff again and was caved in by blows which broke his ribs.

So it isn't a question of never getting hit—it's a question of taking it when you get hit. Even when he was knocked out, Louis took it, plenty of it, before he went down for the count. Fifty-three right-hand blows—somebody once said who was supposed to have counted them.

* * *

BEFORE Lou Ambers fought Armstrong for the lightweight title, he didn't seem to have much chance. Armstrong had already given welterweight king Barney Ross a bad beating, and opinion was that he had taken on the two fights in the wrong order. If he had first won the lightweight crown from Ambers, then a huge crowd would have come to the Ross fight. But having skipped Ambers and beaten Ross, there seemed little doubt that he could step down and handle Ambers as he pleased.

Before the fight, Ambers trained at Madame Bey's. His manager, Al Weill, had observed the training tactics of Ross—who for some unexplained reason worked with sparring partners that backed away from him—and had engaged only boys who were willing to charge in like Armstrong.



Tom Heeney, who was almost knocked out by his training partner just when a bunch of "millionaires" came up with Tex Rickard to see how good Tunney's opponent looked.

Among them was a little brown fellow named Corchado.

Of course, the little men are cleverer and faster than big men, so you expect to see more class among small sparring partners. But even at that, Corchado was a surprise.

He stepped in, weaving, bobbing, punching, a natural fighting man. The quickness of his moves could not be taught.

Standing next to us was Lou Brix, manager of Sixto Escobar, bantamweight champion. He looked at little Corchado and sighed.

"You know," he explained, "I first saw that little guy down in Puerto Rico three years ago. I thought he was the greatest prospect I'd ever seen. He was a born scrapper. It was as natural for him to fight as it is for a wildcat."

He stopped.

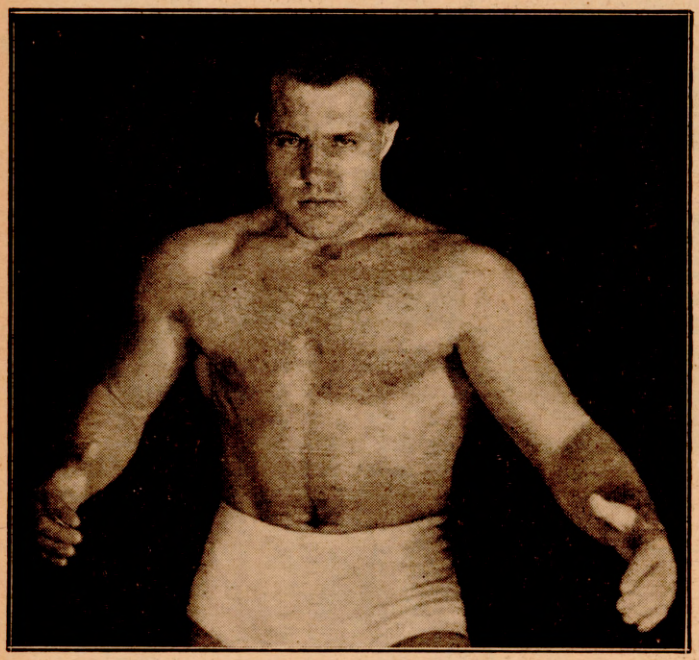
"And then what happened?"

"I took him up to New York for some fights. Blooey! went the whole scheme. The minute he arrived in Harlem he stopped training and I never was able to get him to work steadily again."

He had the stamina and the speed and was another Armstrong for just a couple of rounds. That gave Al Weill an idea. He had the kid toss punches and fight like Henry, and before long, Ambers had perfected an attack and defense that served him well against Homicide Hank. Now Lou had a chance. He lost the battle but put up a great fight.

Wrestling Pickups

By NAT FRANK



Pete Baltran, Lithuanian heavyweight.

FROM Europe there came to this country two years ago a Lithuanian wrestler, who since his arrival has been playing havoc with the heavyweights on this side of the Big Pond. His name is Peter Baltran. He scales 218 pounds and stands 5 feet, 10 inches. Peter has been making the headlines here because he is familiar with the American style of grappling due to his contests abroad with visitors from these shores. He has done most of his work in the Mid-West where there is a far better chance for big matches, the top ones, than there is in the East.

Baltran is a fearless fellow, knows his holds and can apply them with effectiveness. He can mix matters with the roughest when that style is necessary, but prefers the straight wrestling. He is rated well as a showman and contemplates invading the Eastern territory for the summer months when he figures many of his people will be visitors to the World's Fair and will come out to see him.

* * *

JUMPING JOE SAVOLDI, the one-time grid great of Notre Dame, is not the only ex-footballer of that name to leap from the football field to the wrestling mat and make good. There is his cousin, Angelo Savoldi, who decided to follow in the footsteps of his relative. Angelo was born in Naples, Italy, twenty-three years ago. As a youngster, his family moved across the Atlantic and settled in Jersey City, N. J. There, Angelo got his education and his knowledge of sports, especially football. He played as a pro.

Two years ago, the Italian youth was prevailed upon to be a wrestler. He sought out the promoter in his home town and it was there he made his first start in the tussling art. He started as a light-heavyweight. He nows weighs 210 pounds and is 5 feet, 10½ inches tall.

* * *

ENGLAND has a world traveler in Mitchell Gill, a heavyweight wrestlyer, who is touring the world and meeting with success. He left Yorkshire three years ago for Australia, and there he tackled most of the local boys, including Tom Lurich, Billy Meeske, Glen Wade, Leon Labrider, Lou Szabo, Tony Felix, Jaget Singh, Buck Sheung among others, then left for India.

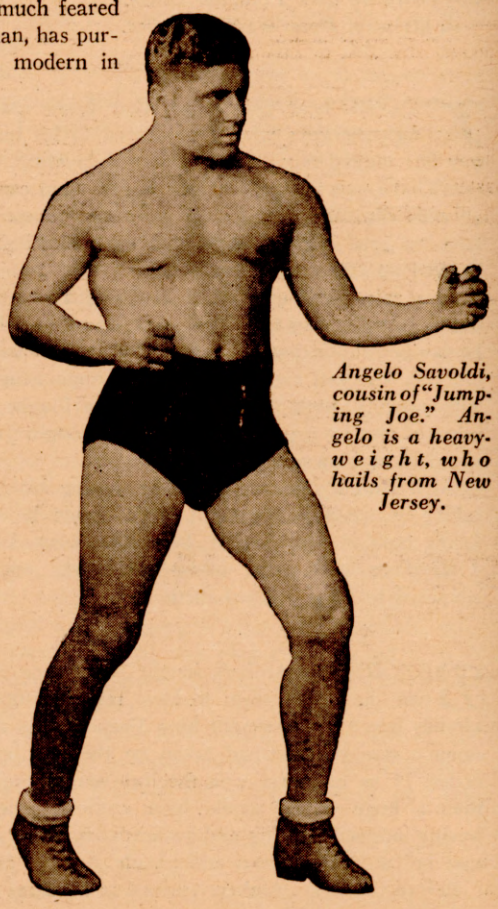
In England he also wrestled Douglas Clark, Jack Sherry, Bert Assareti and other stars. Now he is in the Orient. He has recently taken part in wrestling matches in Hurma, India, and Malaya and hopes to complete his tour with matches in the Philippines, Japan and Hawaii.

* * *

TONY COLESANO, the speedy and popular Italian wrestling idol from Springfield, Mass., recently became the proud daddy of twin daughters . . . . Yvon Robert, the handsome French-Canadian, is now back in his home surroundings after a highly successful tour of Europe. The Canuck will center his mat activities along the Atlantic Seaboard during the summer months . . . . Ed "Spike" Howard, world famous blood donor, strongman extraordinary and ex-wrestler, was recently tendered a banquet in New York City in honor of his 900th blood transfusion. Howard is a resident of Philadelphia and enrolled on the books of the Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission as an inspector. Incidentally, the son of the writer is one of the fortunates to be aided by Howard's life fluid . . . . The four famous Garibaldi brothers are grappling in various parts of the country. Gino, the eldest, is doing his bone bending around the Great Lakes regions; Chick, the baby member of the family, is tossing torsos around the Metropolitan area; Ralph is centering his activities around the Middle West; while Tony is answering the bell all along the Pacific Coast.

* * *

DYNAMITE JOE COX, the much feared mauling Missourian, has purchased a trailer, modern in every detail, and is passing the summer season near Wildwood, N. J. The gripster from the "Show Me State" has been "mowing them down" in Texas and the Southern States for the past few months . . . . Death overtook another athlete recently when Tom Sawyer, a highly promising youngster hailing out of San Francisco, passed away as a result of injuries in mat competition. Sawyer came to New York to get the attention of the best in



Angelo Savoldi, cousin of "Jumping Joe." Angelo is a heavyweight, who hails from New Jersey.

the medical and surgical field but it did him no good . . . . It seems as though Sawyer let too much time elapse before deciding to consult the major medical men . . . . Prior to the death of Sawyer, Eli Fischer, ex-grid great of Rutgers University, died as a result of mat injuries. This calamity took place in the South and the body was shipped to Brooklyn for burial . . . . With the outdoor season not yet over, the mat promoters are readying up for a contemplated busy 1939–1940 fall and winter indoor season. The impresarios are "feeling out" the top-notchers in the game regarding terms for bone bending chores at their clubs . . . . Joe Dusek, youngest member of the Riot Squad of Bonebendom, is back in this part of the country after an absence all during the winter season. Ever since Joe became the daddy of a baby girl, his first born, the Bad Bohemian didn't care to wrestle very far from his home, Omaha . . . . Abe Coleman, the Sawed-Off Shotgun of Gripdom, continues to bask in the spotlight as one of the outstanding wrestlers in the profession. The Hebrew Mite, who invented the dropkick, is one of the most sought after pachyderms in the business.

* * *

THE contemplated world tour of the Four Duseks has been postponed due to the unsettled conditions in Europe. In the meantime the Big Four will be bending torsos nightly in various sections of the United States and Canada. They are billed for appearances in Houston, Los Angeles, St. Louis, San Francisco, Spokane, Seattle, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, Washington, Chattanooga, Buffalo and Kansas City.

* * *

Irish Jack Kennedy, Dallas, Texas, star, is a popular wrestler. The Irish luminary has managed to hold the spotlight by his mastery. The Lone Star Stater, who recently returned here after a highly successful tour of the South Sea Islands, is in demand.

* * *

Henry Kulkavich, the fiery Hastings, N. Y., Polish matman, is a fellow with a "thousand faces." Kulkavich is the Lon Chaney of the bone-bending art. Here is a showman extraordinary.

* * *

Frank Bronowicz, the Polish veteran, is still managing to show the newcomers that he is eligible to be listed with the top-notchers of the art. The squint-eyed master has tussled with the best in the game for the past twelve years. Bronowicz is one boy who can always be relied upon to make things interesting for the very best in the business.

* * *

The forearm smashing champion of the world is a title that can properly be bestowed upon "Dead-Pan" Stanley Pinto. To this rugged Nebraskan goes the credit of scoring most of his victories via the "knockout pin route." His wicked forearm thrusts knock his foes into insensibility.

* * *

Eddie Newman, cartoonist-wrestler, has established himself as a ranking star among the so-called "bad-men" of the profession. The Hungarian Hebrew has been going great guns the past year and the promoters were keen enough to recognize the fact that he is a showman of the first water, even though the fans don't approve of his unruly methods to attain his conquests.

* * *

Cliff Olson has gone into serious training to get himself back into fighting trim. When right, Olsen can hold his own with the best.

* * *

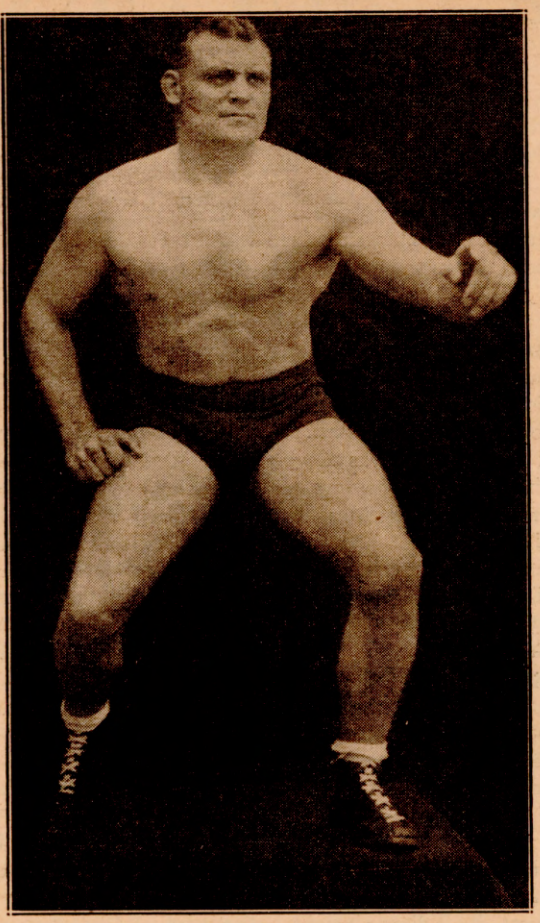
Eddie Cook, the Cedar Rapids, Ia., bruiser, has become the trial horse of the bone-bending trade. If any boy of promise has any hopes for advancement, he must show that he has the "it" by taking on the Iowan. And this same Eddie Cook has managed to knock the dreams out of the heads of numerous future wrestling greats.

* * *

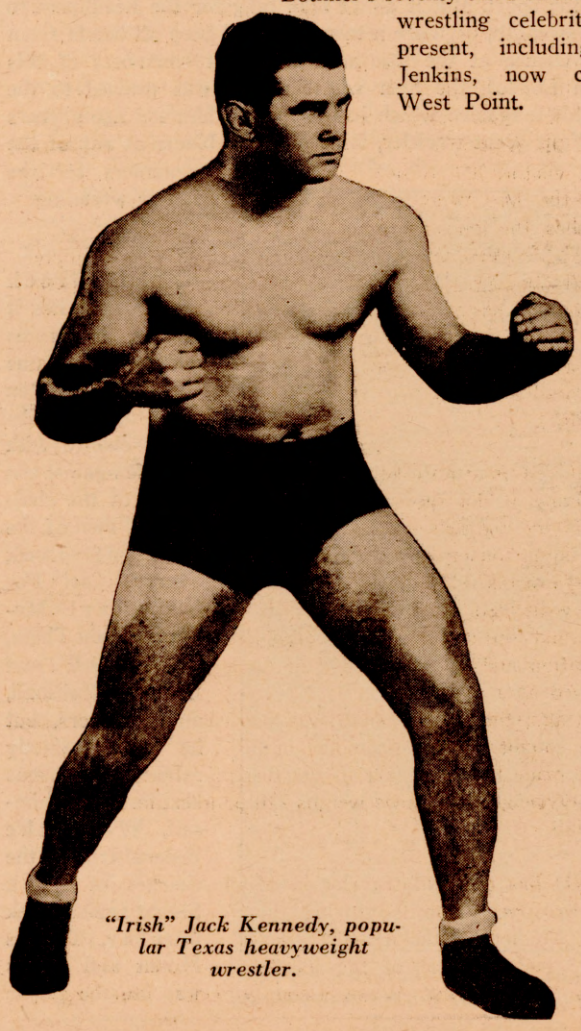
Steve Bartes of Athens is the latest Greek to start wrestling here. He shows promise of developing into a headliner. George Kondylis, mustached Greek, in addition to matching holds with the cream of the profession with marked success, is acting as Bartes' trainer and adviser.

* * *

At the recent dinner given to George Bothner by the Referees' and Judges' Club of New York on the occasion of Bothner's seventy-third birthday, many wrestling celebrities were present, including Tom Jenkins, now coach at West Point.



Mitchell Gill, the world traveler from England.



"Irish" Jack Kennedy, popular Texas heavyweight wrestler.

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By "THE MATMAN"

WRESTLING, the sport that drew thousands into the arenas only a few years back in America, is probably the poorest attended of any branch of sport in the United States. And all because of the internal squabbles, the desire of promoters to hog it all, the failure of the stars of matdom to meet their obligations by competing honestly against the cream of the talent—the real, honest-to-goodness contenders—and the monopolistic hold that a few men, the Wrestling Trust of America, have on the game. It wasn't like this always. Even in the days when Jack Curley was supposedly the ruler, the majority of matches were on the level; champion and challenger engaging in nip-and-tuck tussles in which the better man was returned the victor.

Not so today, however. Monopoly has broken the heart of wrestling, just as monopoly in boxing is soon going to break the heart of boxing and place it in the same class with the mat sport. If promoters in wrestling, and likewise in boxing, were to give the fans the best of matches, forgetting for a time their controlling interest in the contestants, both sports would come back with a bang. This is particularly true in wrestling in which, as my good friend Dan Parker has so often said, phony matches in which champion and challenger belong to the same stable, often sparring partners being used as the contender, have soured the public on wrestling.

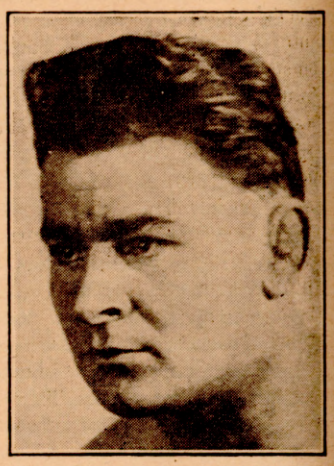
When THE RING stood out for one champion heavyweight, and through its efforts saved the title for such men as Jim Browning, Dick Shikat, Jim Londos and several others, its Editor thought that the crown wearer thus recognized would go the limit on behalf of the sport. But it didn't take long for the headliners to pool their strength, organize a monopoly and keep all hands from getting a chance at the title who were not "members of this club." Jim Londos, the man whose ability was praised to the skies by this magazine which has supported him for many years as a top-flight great wrestler, is as much to blame as any of the promoters for the fall of wrestling.

Ben Sherman, American heavyweight, who has a splendid record in European wrestling.

* * *

THE Greek Adonis has it in his hands to make the mat game click as it did ten years ago by taking a chance with his title against the cream of the challengers, men of the type of Jack Sherry, Carl Pojello, Earl McCready, Lou Thesz, John Pesek and Everette Marshall, among others, but he has steadfastly refused for reasons best known to himself. When the Federal trial of the charges of Dick Shikat against Jack Curley, Toots Mondt and others was on, the public saw plenty of dirty linen washed. If the men at the head of the wrestling sport in America are not careful, another trial of a more serious nature might soon take place through an investigation of the Federal Government. The game needs a good house-cleaning and will get it. Both boxing and wrestling are now being closely scrutinized by the Federal legislators. Both need considerable cleaning.

Let's save the sport by making the field of competition a wide open one. Wrestling can be saved. Will those in control take the bull by the horns or will they wait until it is too late?



Henri De Glane, Canadian heavyweight, who continues his fine work abroad.

In New York the District Attorney is investigating wrestling. In California, the state legislators are investigating it. In other states a corporal's guard attends the shows. In Philadelphia, the rawest stunts are pulled off. Wake up, you promoters. What a pity there is no one capable of drilling common sense into those at the helm.

In New York, Jack Pfeffer continues to carry out his nightly programs without the aid of Londos or those allied with him. The sock that one of the rival camp's matmen took at him recently while Jack was having dinner in a restaurant, has added to the turmoil. The wrestler, held for a trial in Special Sessions, denies the charge, but the fact remains that with District Attorney Dewey taking an interest, there is a feeling of uneasiness going the rounds.

Pfeffer continues to use his own troupe as he cannot obtain any of the men from the other leading lights. He seems to be shunned by all, yet he is the most prosperous of the promoters.

* * *

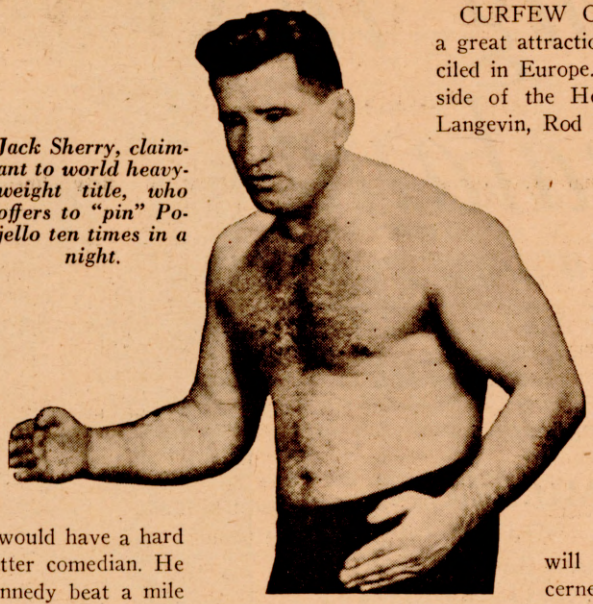
THE mat sport in California, due to the recent wrestling cleanup, is definitely dog-housed. One almost has to belong to the Secret Service to discover who is on the card from week to week, due to the fact that the newspapers are completely ignoring the sport. No more pretzel-like photos adorn our sports sheets, showing us how Sandor Zoe squeezed Bronco Jones into submission with his favorite octopus fling. There is even talk whizzing around that the sport will be entirely abolished from the state.

However, the fact remains that each week big crowds trek out to Jack Daro's emporium of agony and seem to leave the place with contentment dripping from their pans. Investigation or no investigation, they still want their wrestling. Encouraged by these obvious signs of loyalty to the muscle-massaging game by local fans, Daro has planned an international tournament. This tourney, he says, will determine the one and only champeen of the world, which is a novelty in itself.

Among those who Daro promises will appear are Jimmy Londos, Dean Detton, Sandor Szabo, Hans Steinke and "Tarzan" White. About this "Tarzan" White fellow. Despite the fact that the lad made his debut in January of this year, he has already captured the stony hearts of the wrestling public. "Tarzan" is a sturdy youngster of some twenty odd summers. He is built somewhat on the Londos proportions. His wrestling skill, though not extraordinary, is firmly enforced by his effective flying tackle which he executes neatly. This, combined with his youth, his

sturdiness and his fast thinking, has careened him skyward with little or no delay. He has, to date, met and defeated all comers.

During the lull on the Pacific Coast, wrestling is not entirely at a standstill. Such outstanding fellows as Sandor Szabo, Nick Lutze, Dick Raines, El Pulpo, Hans Steinke, Hardboiled (affectionately known as Egg) Haggerty, Jim Henry and others are keeping the sport from fading. Of course comedy stuff still holds the spotlight. Take for instance, the chunky Dick Raines. I think the movie industry—much less the wrestling—would have a hard time presenting to the public a better comedian. He has Oliver Hardy and Edgar Kennedy beat a mile for getting all-fired mad and blowing up. From the minute he ambles into the ring, hurling smothered retorts to his hissing public, he has the fans torn between laughing at his infuriated awkward attempts at revenge and booing his meanness. He's a great showman, Dick Raines.



Jack Sherry, claimant to world heavyweight title, who offers to "pin" Pojello ten times in a night.

Meanwhile the "hero" type in California is well represented. Outstanding in this group of glamor guys on the Coast is Edward Payson. Of course Sandor Szabo is definitely in this category, too, and can always be counted on for a fine wrestling exhibition. Bob Gregory is another of the noble youths, Nick Lutze, Flash Gorden and a few others. As a majority, however, the roughians rule.

The "horror boys" are well represented. The Masked Marvel (recently unveiled and who proved to be Goon Henry); the Black Panther, whose teacher and severest critic is Count Rossi, and Wee Willie Davis figure in that category. The Green Hornet, as well as a huge Filipino entitled Panteleon Manlapig, are others. For a bit of Continental dash, there is a Hindu with a waxed mustache, Emir Budi, on the Coast.

* * *

EUROPEAN wrestling highlights, by Charles "Spider" Mascall, follow: Just before the current season at the Palais des Sports, Paris, closed, Yvon Robert, the Canadian from Montreal, featured in a headline mat joust with Felix Miquet of France. The bout was fast and furious with Miquet gaining the deciding honors when Robert was injured. Supporting this excellent tussle saw Bonnie Alan Muir, the Australian, defeat Krassvine, the Russian, and Henri Deglane throw Ivar Martinsen of Denmark.

Later in the month at Algiers, Morocco, Henri Deglane finished in an even verdict with Felix Miquet in a bout for the heavyweight championship of France, with Deglane as the acknowledged holder. The contest went one hour.

* * *

Benny Sherman, billed out of Fairbanks, Alaska, has been unbeaten in Paris at this writing. He has run up a record of some sixteen successive wins against some of the best light-heavyweights in Europe. Sherman has been appearing at the L'Elysee-Montmartre, Paris.

* * *

Karl Pojello, the Lithuanian mat master, has been challenging Jack Sherry, styled the world's champion in England. As yet they have not come to blows—except verbal ones. Sherry has offered to "pin Pojello ten times in one night" Karl has accepted and everyone is waiting for the match to come off either in Paris or Antwerp, Belgium. Immigration laws make it impossible, except by a special permit, for the clash to take place in England. Sherry and Pojello are great favorites here and there is no doubt such a match would draw well.

CURFEW CHATTER—New York's World Fair is a great attraction for many an American wrestler domiciled in Europe. Among the mat crew that have left this side of the Herring Pond to see it are Bob "Legs" Langevin, Rod Fenton, Leo Lefebvre, the giant French-Canadian, who has been trouping in European rings for more than four years; Johnny Demchuk, Russian man of a million holds, and the Canadian, Herbie Parks. Wrestling followers abroad will certainly miss them.

The British Wrestling Board of Control, gradually growing in power, bulletins us that there will be no wrestling in fish, ice-cream or further demonstrations of mud-bath wrestling at any hall licensed by them. This is a good step in the right direction, for the sooner promoters eliminate all this tomfoolery from the grip game, it will be more profitable for all those concerned . . . . Ali the Wicked, a drawing card throughout North England, is preparing to roll up his famous "magic carpet" and depart for the United States. But he'll be back in Europe for the winter season . . . . According to latest reports, Earl McCready has left South Africa and is bound for Australia. Earl has had a good session in the Cape Colony, but Australians really appreciate his style of mat working. And so they should. He's a real wrestler if there ever was one.

Milo Steinborn is on a tour of Central Europe. As these news items go to press he is turning back opponents in a tournament being run in Budapest, Hungary . . . . "Professor" William Klein, the old strongman, and one of Hackenschmidt's many foes, now runs a gymnasium in London.

Although the international unrest has caused the departure of the many Canadian and American wrestlers from Europe, there are still quite a few competing in England. Jack McLaughlan, slick Canadian, is headlining in London, Liverpool and the North of England, as are Mike Demitre, Whipper Billy Watson, Karl Pojello, Tiger Daula, Johnny Dallas, the Chicago Hercules; Carl Van Wurden, Bengal Engblom, the "Tigerman," and Rajah Ranjit, the Hindu, who has been competing in a tournament in Budapest.

Fazal Mahomed, the giant East Indian, passed through Cairo, Egypt, on his way to India. It is understood that he will spend a little time in India and then go on to Australia.

Last minute reports rumor that Jimmy Londos will wrestle in Greece sometime in July. Later, he will appear in Cairo.

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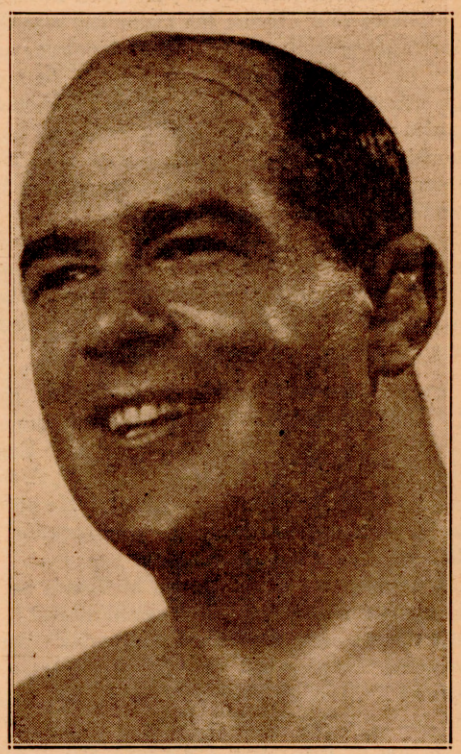
WRESTLING NEWS FROM HAWAII:—The arrival of the

(Cont. on page 43)



Carl Pojello, who is hot on the trail of Jack Sherry, in Europe.

With British Boxers

(Continued from page 26)

MARTIN MILLER was born Marina Lukavitch twenty-three years ago in a small village in Lithuania. Little then did the villagers think that in Marina they had what is now considered one of the foremost contenders for the British cruiserweight title.

His parents left for England when Marina was but one year old, and settled in Widnes, which is in Lancashire. When Marina was old enough, he attended the Widnes Lane School, where he first achieved prominence as a rugby footballer of great promise. He was exceptionally fast, and was a master of the flying tackle and the masters and boys alike used to call him "Flyer" Lukavitch. He achieved his first ambition when he was chosen to captain the school team.

His entry into boxing was but an accident. His brother, who boxed under the name of Charlie Brown, was a useful middleweight and was slated to meet Dave Sullivan. Then, unfortunately, something happened to stop young Charlie from fighting. Marina decided to substitute, and with a terrific right hook, he K.O.'ed Sullivan in the first round, forty-five seconds old. He decided then on a boxing career and changed his name to Martin Miller, one he thought would look better on the bills.

In his seventh pro start, he was put against Tommy Reddington of Salford, and was unfortunate to lose on points. Reddington is now in line for a shot at the heavyweight championship of England.

Miller was not deterred by this, and now, as a cruiserweight, he has made such rapid progress that he is being considered to meet Len Harvey for this title.

Miller does not drink nor smoke. He still plays rugby football, from which he could not be separated by a steam shovel. His two ambitions are to be selected to play for England at Twickenham, and to win the cruiserweight championship of England, ambitions which little Marina Lukavitch of Lithuania looks like realizing.

Ring Contestants Friendly

(Continued from page 31)

second round, he remarked as he staggered to his feet, "Jeff, that was a beaut!"

It was in the Corbett-Jeffries go that the crowd began to laugh at the Champion because of his inability to reach the pompadour boxer. Jeffries looked chagrined, but laughingly said: "I can't get you now, Jim, but maybe I will later."

"When you do, Jeff, I'll know it," was Corbett's response, and he spoke by the card.

Probably no two fighters ever entered a ring better friends than McGovern and Dixon. Terry was always an admirer of the little heavyweight, and as they came to the center of the ring for the referee's instructions, Dixon said: "Terry, no hard feelings!"

"Not a bit, George! May the best boy win!"

As Dixon's mentor, Tom O'Rourke, threw up the sponge, the new featherweight champion was the first to console the fallen boxer.

"George," said McGovern, "you did the best you could and I love you! I hope I didn't hurt much, but it was a stiff go, wasn't it?"

Dixon's eyes filled with tears as he mumbled a reply and shook Terry's hand with a grip that meant more than words.

Fitzsimmons was one of the best natured fighters in the ring. He may have felt bitter at times, but he seldom showed his feelings. When he tackled Corbett at Carson, many onlookers expected to see Fitz lose his temper because of the known existence of bad blood between the men, but Robert was cool and good natured, even when he was down in the sixth round. Fitz apparently enjoyed a good hot go, in which he was a factor, and the more his opponent fought, the better he liked it. The Cornishman said after his mix-up with Ruhlin in the old Madison Square Garden:

"There's the kind of man I'd prefer to meet all the time. He's strong, game and withal a good fellow. He took no mean advantages and fought fair."

For a time there was quite a lot of feeling between "Mysterious Billy" Smith and Joe Walcott. They had frequent "jawing" matches in private and threatened to do all sorts of things to each other. In one of their battles both were roughing it. The crowd was delighted because these pugilists were recognized as anything but "parlor boxers." Walcott was in the act of butting Smith with his head when the "Mysterious" fighter yelled to the referee.

"Mr. White, see that foul?"

"Oh!" grunted Walcott, "OH! Oh! Just look at what's talkin'! Oh! Oh!" Whereupon, both pugilists burst out laughing.

Kid McCoy and Tommy Ryan were enemies after Ryan was knocked out by the Kid at Maspeth. They met in the ring twice after that mill and on each occasion both lost their heads. This is one of the few cases among first rate boxers where pugilists carried their differences into the ring.

To show what friendly feelings between fighters mean, it is often the case that a victor promptly engages his defeated foe as a sparring partner. In many instances a pugilist who is winning easily appeals to the referee to save the other man from an unnecessary beating. McGovern did this several times.

Fighters seldom abuse each other verbally while inside the ropes, and for that matter, do very little talking. There have been numerous 25 round contests during which the participants did not speak a word. A skilful man tries to beat an opponent as decisively as possible. He makes a study of his job and proceeds to hit blows that will bring about the desired result in the shortest time. If he lands a knockout blow it is purely a matter of business. There is no desire to injure a fellow pugilist so that he cannot recover in a few moments.

Pugilists nowadays school themselves to behave with decorum. It is not often that a star fighter indulges in a rough and tumble fight in the street. This is remarkable when it is remembered that most of them think, talk and read of fights at all hours of the day.

Nova Makes the Grade

(Continued from page 3)

The Nova who fought Baer was a reminder in many respects to the Gene Tunney who fought Harry Greb for the American light-heavyweight championship the first time back in 1922 and lost to the Pittsburgh Windmill. Gene on that occasion flashed a beautiful jab as did Nova, but he, like Lou, lacked hitting power and was quite crude in spots. But the Gene who fought Greb the return engagement a year later, after he had been schooled in the finer points of boxing, was so far improved that he carried off the honors and with it his first crown.

Lou Nova has it in him to gain a high spot in pugilism but he must not be rushed into a meeting with a devastating puncher like Joe Louis. It is asking too much of a young man who has just gained the fistic spotlight.

* * *

HAD Baer been able to crash his great right hand more frequently against Nova's chin than was the case in their Yankee Stadium mill, I doubt that Nova would have been able to stand the test. Baer, the great right-hand puncher of a few years back, the terrific clouter who downed Schaaf, Schmeling and other talented ringmen, could not go the pace. His bolt had been shot after three rounds and thereafter, it was a case of a chance shot with him.

The surprise came in the tactics of Nova, rather than in the downfall of Baer. Lou, contrary to the instructions of his mentors, elected to fight his opponent in two styles—the scientific and the mixing. When Livermore Max cornered Lou and cut loose with a barrage of lefts and rights to the chin, Nova stood his ground and exchanged blow for blow. On several occasions, as already told, Lou found himself in a mighty tough spot, with defeat staring him in the face, and when he realized his predicament, he quickly shifted to scientific boxing to get him out of the hole and he succeeded.

He traded punches when Max wanted it, and then following instructions from Braddock, he started to circle his man as did Jimmy when he won the title from Baer. With that movement he completely befuddled Max. Then came the carnage, with Lou peppering Baer with a straight left, crossing his right, crashing his left to Max's optic and mouth to swell the former and to bring the gore from the latter. He caught Max with a beautiful right that closed the left eye and thereafter, round after round until the finish, he played a tattoo on those bruised parts as often as opportunity knocked. In the end, with rivulets of blood coming from Baer's nose and mouth, enough to make him gasp for breath, the referee was forced to intervene.

There was no complaint of Fullam's action. In fact, the gathering had expected it at any moment after the ninth round.

Baer showed the folly of inactivity. He met his Waterloo as did Jack Dempsey after his long layoff, and as will all other fighters who take things easy waiting for one big shot. That's why I say that the present system of control of star boxers by one firm is a detriment to boxing.

Who Was the Greatest?

(Continued from page 30)

all the knockout punches ever devised and executed. The knockout punch simply cannot invade the happy home!

"In every place I have visited, in every country I have toured, this truth has been impressed on me. Perhaps I studied the question closely because there was born in me a love of home.

"If I hadn't become a scrapper, I would have made an ideal home-man. And then I would have been invulnerable to Fate's knockout punch. The simple life is great, and whenever possible it should be taken up. It's the real thing. I could tell you about many men who dodged misfortune by hiding behind the walls of a nice home just in time.

"There is something about the home influence that takes the sting out of Fortune's knockout wallops. And there is no such softening influence in the wide world than the arrival of a little stranger in the home of a young couple. In fact you can sum it all up by saying that the man with a good home who knows how to take care of it, comes as close to being knockout-proof in life's battle as it is possible to be on this old earth!"

* * *

THOSE who are only familiar with John L. Sullivan's career as recorded in fistic annals, and the stories handed down regarding his wasteful generosity, his drinking bouts and the many wild adventures into which his convivial habits led him, may be surprised at finding him in a moralist role, as in the foregoing extracts.

But whatever mistakes John L. may have made, nobody ever accused him of being insincere. He meant every word he wrote, and drew for inspiration on a lifetime of hectic experiences.

Boxers of today are on the whole a very discreet set, especially when compared with the rough, tough sluggers of Sullivan's palmy days. The old-time hard-drinking, beer-guzzling, boisterous prize-fighter has vanished into oblivion. The modern athlete must and does behave himself, if he hopes to win fame and dollars. There is only one fighter of that type still around, Tony Galento, but Joe Louis will soon put Tony in his place.

But I think I am not in error in attributing to the Boston Strong Boy a quality of "greatness" that none of his successors attained. What other fighter ever had such an influence on the fistic game? Remember that it was John L.'s knockout exploits with the padded mitts and his final refusal to participate in any more bare-knuckle battles that made the gloves and Marquis of Queensberry rules popular, and did away with the brutality of the old London Ring. Just think of it—the bruiser insisting on aiding his fellow men!

That alone, was an achievement guaranteed to make his name live in pugilism. Add to that his intense magnetism, his drawing power as an entertainer which lasted long after he quit the roped arena, and who can deny his right to be rated as the most colorful personality among the long line of champion heavyweight gladiators?

JOE LOUIS is a truly great fighter. He rates one of the best of all time. He certainly is a socker such as we have not seen since the palmy days of Jack Dempsey. But I believe that had Joe fought Sullivan when the Boston Boy was at the height of his career, before he started to hit the booze and enjoy his wine, women and song, Sullivan would have emerged the victor.

Jack Dempsey was a tremendously powerful hitter. I doubt that Sullivan hit any harder than did Manassa Jack, but Dempsey never saw the day during his fighting career that he was as popular with the masses as was the Boston Strong Boy. Jack was colorful, but he was outshone by Sullivan.

Dempsey was a magnet. He drew record gates, but let us not forget that Jack lived in an era of commercialism while as Sullivan pointed out, in his time, a fighter had to bet on himself and the winner got all. There were no giant stadiums nor could the public in John L.'s date, be enticed to come out by the thousands for any fight regardless of the contestants. The reason was obvious—the sport was illegal and those watching it were as frequently arrested as were those engaging in it.

Jack Johnson was another great fighter, in my opinion, the best all-around gladiator of modern times. By that I mean that no fighter, past or present, combined all the elements of the sports in his ring work as did Johnson. He was a great feinter, the best in the business; a clever fighter, a sharp shooting jabber and possessed the finest uppercut of any man I ever saw in the ring.

But he couldn't come within blocks of John L. when it came to hitting. That is where Sullivan had it on his rivals.

Jeffries and Fitz were mighty fine fighters, the latter, in particular. He, like Johnson, possessed everything. He could hit, was clever and was fast, but he didn't have the appeal of Sullivan, nor did Jeff, and that's why I place Sullivan above both. You had to live in Sullivan's time to appreciate him.

New Faces

(Continued from page 22)

CEFERINO SONNY HATSME is a young Filipino flyweight who is fighting in the Middle West with success. He is managed by Eddie Shock, who thinks he has a bright prospect in the Brown boy. Hatsme is now living in Dayton, Ohio, and calls himself the Mid-West flyweight king. There are several boys who dispute this claim, but Sonny defies them to have it out with him in the ring to settle the matter of supremacy.

Hatsme has just turned twenty, is well built, fast and, like all Filipinos, is a clever boy.

* * *

SOME years ago there was a good welterweight fighting around New York, Cuddy De Marco, and he had a brother, Freddy, who likewise was pretty good at handling himself in the squared circle. Now there is a third member of the De Marco family in the field, Nick, a nephew of Cuddy and Fred, fighting out of Uniontown, Pennsylvania.

Nick is twenty-six years of age and is a good, two-fisted battler. He scales around 145 and is a good crowd pleaser.

* * *

IN Billy Hyde, Wyoming and Montana have a middleweight who is a pleasing fighter. Billy, at this writing, holds the middleweight and light-heavyweight championship of Wyoming and Montana and has been doing pretty well. His record shows many victories over the best boys in the Middle West and has earned for him a place in the fistic spotlight. Here are a few of the many boys with whom he has clashed:

Baxter Calmes, K.O., 5; Jack Dillon, K.O., 3; Kid Rich, K.O., 3; Jimmy Beans, K.O., 7; George Fritz, K.O., 5; Cowboy Art Dula, K.O., 7; George Taylor, K.O., 8; Sailor Joe Gans, K.O., 6; Wild Man Lou Cozzins, K.O.; Cowboy Bob Spratt, K.O.; Dick Hergett, decision; Al Iron Man Webster, decision; Jimmie O'Brien, K.O.; Herman Kanuo, decision; Clinton Hoag, draw; Sailor Red Barbour, decision; Beecher Halford, decision; Johnnie Moran, decision; Kid Sastamoinen, K.O.; Young Loughran, decision; Earl Palmer, decision; Kenny Boyce, decision; Eddie Dunn, K.O.; Bob Hamilton, K.O.

* * *

DOWN in Tennessee they have a colored boy who is making considerable headway. He is known as Kid Lester, the Memphis Terror. Lester is a welterweight with a sock.

Naturally, being in the South, he has not had an opportunity to mingle with the best lads in his division, but he is clamoring for recognition and may soon get his chance in New York during the summer months when plenty of new talent will be used at the popular priced shows. Lester may never reach the championship stage, but he can fight.

* * *

UP in Montreal, Canada, they're raving about their curly-haired young Canadian amateur lightweight champion, Harry Hurst, who has been thrilling them lately with the most sensational punching prowess displayed there by a lightweight since the palmy days of Al Foreman some ten years ago, when the latter, who wore the British Empire and the Canadian lightweight crowns until he retired, financially independent, was belting them out in rapid succession. The Foreman name is coupled with Hurst's ring activities, since Maurice, who handled his famous brother, is also Hurst's pilot. Hurst is a promising boy.

In 1937 he punched his way to the Canadian lightweight crown and the right to represent Canada at the Empire Games in Australia early in 1938. He got to the finals, losing a close decision. The Games had come off a year too soon for Hurst, whose main asset then was a slashing, busy left hook. Then Maurice Foreman, who perceived the possibilities in the lad, took him in hand last fall. Hurst won the lightweight title in both the Golden Gloves and Canadian amateur championships at the Forum in April. He kayoed three opponents in a round apiece and battered two others severely to capture the Golden Gloves. He also stole the show in the Canadian championships by scoring two straight knockouts.

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

JUST a line to say how much we in Ceylon appreciate your efforts to give fans the world over the latest news and pictures of big fights. You have, doubtless, the pleasure of knowing that your services to boxing are recognized and admired throughout the world.

It will always be a vexed question as to who were the greatest heavyweights of all time, but in my opinion, there is not the slightest doubt that the great Peter Jackson was the noblest Roman of them all. Black Prince Peter's character was on a par with his skill and he was a wholly admirable figure in every way. Peter was sorely troubled by an injury to his ankle when he fought Corbett, who must at that time have been at his best, and was an old and weary warrior, already in consumption, when Jeffries defeated him. Then would follow in order Jack Johnson, Joe Louis, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jim Corbett and Gene Tunney. Johnson was a wizard, a master of science with a defense second to none. Fitz was the most extraordinary fighter of the Golden Age of Boxing.

Corbett and Tunney were much of a type, being highly skilled boxers with great fighting hearts and brains, with a punch that was quite adequate, having regard to their style of milling.

Though I admire Jack Dempsey immensely, I cannot list him with the men I have mentioned. He was lucky to come along when he did, for I cannot for the life of me see that he ever beat anyone good. Tunney at his best would have mastered him anywhere and at any time. Jack had a great fighting heart, but lacked skill and finesse in proportion. Nor, in spite of what people say, do I believe he could punch like Joe Louis.

Though I am aware that my views may arouse friendly controversy, I send you this letter for what it is worth, with the request that you be good enough to publish it in THE RING. Wishing your magazine every success for many years to come.

H. E. B. DE MEL,
Colombo.

* * *

A FEW weeks ago I received my copies of "Black Dynamite." Well, Nat, the four volumes are great, but the last one, on Jack Johnson, Sam McVey, Joe Jeannette, etc., is simply your best effort. My heartiest congratulations. I hope that every reader of this publication will see fit to get that book and the other three. They are a fine addition to any library.

They take me back many years to the days when I watched these great ringmen in action. Your description of the battles, your human interest stories about these men, your picture painting of them, is all that can be desired. Particularly was I interested in the story of Andy Bowen, whom I knew well. I'd probably maim anyone who dared to take these books from me—that's how much I cherish all.

Johnson, McVey, Bowen, Peter Jackson, Dixon, Gans, Walcott, Langford—what a great array of names in fisticuffs! Between the stories you have written in book form and those in your mighty magazine, THE RING, we get all the human side of great pugilists—their character, their fights, their eccentricities, boxing romance and boxing history. More power to you and your pen, Nat Fleischer. Thanks a lot for heaps of pleasure derived from your work by an ardent, veteran enthusiast of boxing.

HARLEY GILLETY,
Oakman, Alabama.

* * *

BEFORE I endeavor to write something pertinent, I wish to state I am one of THE RING'S most consistent readers. May I compliment you on your splendid magazine, the best of its kind in the world. Living in such a remote section of the country as Wyoming, my opinion may not be valid, but I have gleaned enough information from your magazine to pass as a better than average fight fan. I realize that it is an impossibility to rate the greatest battlers of all time, but I do believe it possible to name the greatest—not classifying them. May I add my list to an already variable string? The five greatest heavyweights of all time I would say are:

John L. Sullivan, Bob Fitzsimmons, Jack Johnson, Jack Dempsey and Joe Louis.

What an array of fight talent!

FRITZ HARTMAN,
Laramie, Wyoming.

* * *

YOU are, far and away, one of the best boxing experts in the world. Undoubtedly you know a good man when you see one, as is shown by your praise of that sterling fighter, Jock McAvoy. Many other "experts" seem to have forgotten Jock and also the fact that he is the man who can beat Lewis or Apostoli. I certainly am glad to see that someone knows a champ when they see one.

But I can't understand your going off the deep end saying Louis, because he annihilated John Henry, could master the Jack Dempsey of Willard, Carpentier and Firpo fame.

History repeats itself. It was the same thing before the initial Schmeling-Louis massacre. Experts called Joe unbeatable—superman—mightiest heavyweight of all times. Then when Maxie fought the one good fight of his life and drubbed him, a myth was exploded. Louis was not a super man. Now, because Joe has slapped down Schmeling (he was an old man by the time Louis decided he'd fight him again) and John Henry, he is again being dubbed the super man.

Some "experts" kick and yell that Dempsey murdered a light light-heavyweight in Carpentier. Don't look now, but Joe outweighed John by a mere twenty pounds. Anyway, Carpentier wasn't afraid, but did his best to make a fight of it.

Any ordinary man could cut down a fellow who is twenty pounds lighter and afraid to take a punch at him for fear of getting him sore. If a man did that, he would be called some such thing as a bully. Joe did the same thing, so why term him a super fighter? Anyone can look good against a punching bag that is unable to fight back. Lewis wasn't unable to fight back—the thing is, he didn't even bother trying.

Everyone has to admit that Joe Louis is a very good fighter. But you'll have to admit that the man who tops Joe must be a weaver, fast, and carry T.N.T. Such a fighter would keep the shuffling Joe unable to get set and would smack him around plenty from all angles. Jack Dempsey answers that description.

GEORGE HOYLE,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

I HAVE been a reader of THE RING for years, but I cannot recall your having produced better issues than your last ten. You certainly keep boxing alive. Hats off to you, sir.

In a recent issue, you expressed amazement at an article by Denis O'Sullivan in the *Daily Mirror* criticizing American sportsmanship, and I wish to congratulate you on your reply. If that amazes you, Mr. Fleischer, I would not advise you to come over here and see many fights. You would collapse on hearing some of the decisions.

We Britishers grow up with the idea that Americans are rotten sportsmen and that they are inhumanly prejudiced against colored people. Both are untrue. Colored Colonials like myself, who come to this country for our professions, soon discover that the people here are prejudiced, not in America. We cannot get going in England as our race does in America where the colored folk have proved their ability as ringmen.

R. A. PEAT,
Aberdeen, Scotland.

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

Losers Who Thrived on Defeat

(Continued from page 34)

disdaining to take a backward step. He was short on science but long on pluck, and carried the fight to Ryan from the beginning. But Ryan's straight left, and precise right counters, varied with an occasional stunning uppercut was too strong a combination for Mark to overcome.

As in Doyle's case, Shaughnessy's eyes were lanced by his seconds, when Ryan "put the shutters up," but despite his gameness, Mark was knocked out in the forty-sixth round. The dawn had arrived then, the principals having been in the ring for two hours and twenty-four minutes, with Queensberry rules governing the battle.

* * *

THERE may have been lots of fun for those who liked that sort of fun, but it's a cinch that no fighter of today in his right mind would care to swap scrapping conditions for those of the outdoor, to-a-finish era. And neither would the patrons, not even the reminiscent codgers who grow pathetic over the vanished glories of the past. They like their personal comforts too darned well.

No doubt the Spartan conditions under which they fought made hardy chaps out of the old-time maulers, but who is to say if the modern boys were compelled to take to the open, dodge sheriffs and police, and do their stuff in primitive surroundings, that they would not rise to the occasion and battle as grimly as the milling coves of those far distant days?

The late Jack McAuliffe, who retired undefeated as world's lightweight champion, fought under London Prize Ring Rules with bare knuckles, and later with skintight and five-ounce gloves, when Queensberry rules came into vogue. He was one veteran who did not regret the passing of the rough-house days of fighting, nor did he condemn the performers of this age as unworthy of being classed with the old ring stars.

As was but natural, he was inclined to list the men who were fighting when he was in his prime as having established a standard of superiority hard to reach. Yet he never claimed that modern fighters were incapable of attaining such heights. On the contrary, he had many favorites among the latter-day boxers.

Jack was wont to assert that Jimmy McLarnin, as a welter champion, and Tony Canzoneri, as a lightweight king, were fit to rank with the best of the old-timers. He had nothing but praise for Gene Tunney as a good general and scientist, nor did he fail to give full credit to Jack Dempsey as a ring-tiger of the most ferocious and efficient type.

McAuliffe shared one peculiar distinction with another great old-timer, Jimmy Barry, the one-time world's bantam champion. Neither man ever had a decision given against him, or lost a single battle during their respective careers, and both retired undefeated. That is something no other fighter in the world achieved!

* * *

JIMMY McLARNIN has retired, Canzoneri is past his peak, although attempting a comeback, but in Henry Armstrong, modern fistiana possesses a *rara avis* such as the old-timers never numbered in their ranks. When that colored phenomenon captured and held triple honors in the shape of the feather, light and welterweight crowns, he performed a feat for which there was absolutely no precedent.

That is to say, nobody ever held three titles at the same time. Bob Fitzsimmons was a three-crown specimen, being recognized as middleweight, heavyweight and light-heavyweight champion. But Bob had ceased to be a middleweight when he whipped Jim Corbett for the heavyweight title, and won light-heavyweight honors after Jeffries had deprived him of the heavyweight sceptre.

Whenever a colored featherweight of more than ordinary caliber has come to the front it was inevitable that a comparison should be made between him and George Dixon. No higher praise could be lavished than the comment—"He looks like a second Dixon!" But until Armstrong's arrival no colored boy ever attained that high mark of excellence.

At one time it looks as though Kid Chocolate might fill the bill. But the Kid flivvered, as everybody knows. Dixon was undoubtedly the best feather of his generation, white or black or brown. Like Armstrong, George thought nothing of giving away weight, and beat many a lightweight of good standing. He was long past his prime when McGovern put the kayo on him.

But Dixon wisely drew the line at lightweights. Great as was the little colored marvel, the late Tom O'Rourke, his manager, would never have sent him against a welterweight. No featherweight ever tackled such gigantic odds as Armstrong did.

For a long time the legend persisted that "Young" Griffo, when boxing at the featherweight limit in Australia, fought an eight-round draw with middleweight Dan Creedon. This, however, was merely a press agent invention put forth to boost Griffo when the latter first arrived in America.

* * *

GRIFFO made no bones about taking on lightweights when he was many pounds lighter than the 133 mark then set for that division, but that was as far as he ventured. The erratic Australian once told me that it was true that he boxed Creedon—but not in the ring.

The fact was that they were working out in a gymnasium. They sparred several rounds, and Dan, annoyed at his failure to land on Griff, cut loose in earnest and a pretty hot tussle followed. Creedon finally put a crushing right on Griffo's head and gave him the celebrated "tin" ear which was such a prominent ornament of the featherweight's makeup. That was all there was to it!

"I may be a nut," said Griffo, "but I was never looney enough to think of fighting Dan in the ring. "'E would have fair murdered me, an' no fatal h'error!"

Armstrong isn't a knockout puncher, and in that one respect Dixon was his superior. But in every other way I think he must be classed as George's equal, and something more than that, when you consider is exploit of winning three championships.

So, taking it "by and large" as the sailors say, we need fear no comparison between ring heroes of the past and our present fighting stock. In punching power, Joe Louis certainly equals, if he doesn't excel, any heavyweight champ who reigned before him. With the "Brown Bomber" and Armstrong as exhibits A in the fistic lineup, there's assuredly nothing mediocre about this boxing decade.

No "second" Ketchel has yet been developed. But there are plenty of good lads performing in the middleweight grade, and as time goes on who knows but that another "Michigan Assassin" may flash to the front? There is as sterling scrapping material to draw upon today as ever there was, and no necessity exists for wailing over vanished ring glories!

Great Patrons

(Continued from page 23)

the battle and to post off at once with a faithful account when the contest was over.

Tom Cribb's "boy," Tom Spring, who was champion next, also found royal favor and when at the height of his career sparred before the Regent at Deptford. On this historic occasion we learn that Tom Spring sparred with Ben Burn, Harry Harmer with Tom Oliver, Jack Randal (the original Nonpareil) with Jack Scroggins and Aby Belasco with Dan McCarthy. "That the Prince Regent enjoyed the show," we are told, "was evident from his repeated applause."

Following the example of the Regent and, later the King, the leading members of the aristocracy also favored Tom Spring with their close attention and active support. At one of Tom's greatest fights, that with Bill Neat in 1823, there was some talk of the match being stopped by the local authorities on the day that it was to come off in a field near the town of Andover.

Gentleman John Jackson, learning of the threat, hastily got together a deputation to the Mayor and was successful in obtaining a guarantee that there would be no interference if the proceedings were conducted in an orderly manner. It was scarcely surprising that the worthy Mayor "saw reason," for the deputation consisted of John Jackson, the Duke of Beaufort, the Marquess of Worcester, Lord Portsmouth, the Duke of Marlborough, and Lords Sefton, Yarmouth and Grantley!

Tom Spring, invincible as ever, convincingly conquered the powerful and aggressive Bill Neat and set himself more firmly than ever in the position of champion of England.

Tom Spring retired in 1825 and it is generally recognized that this year marked the beginning of the decline of the noble art from the high pinnacle that it reached in the times of Mendoza, Jackson, Belcher, Pearce, Gully and Cribb. Here again is something that is more than a coincidence.

George IV was born in 1762 and was 25 when Mendoza fought Martin under royal patronage in 1787, and he died in 1830, five years after Spring's retirement. From the year 1830, pugilism sank more and more into disrepute, a state from which it was rescued only temporarily by Tom Sayers and John C. Heenan in the 'fifties and early 'sixties. With only that short break, the ring was in comparative disgrace until finally raised again into a position of honor by the strong arm of John L. Sullivan, aided and abetted by the support of the 8th Marquis of Queensberry and his famous rules.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 15)

seconds violate the rules by tossing water over the fallen fighter, and still not lose any seconds in the official count.

Such is not the case now in Connecticut, Rhode Island and other places where the referee must do the counting all by himself. In an emergency as confronted Benny Leonard in Connecticut, a warning to Mann's seconds would have deprived McCoy of several seconds in the count over the man he dropped.

The New York rule on this point is a splendid one and should be adopted universally. The timer should be the official knockdown timekeeper where there is no provision made in the law for such an official.

* * *

LIKE Mark Twain, the great American author, Owen Moran, famous British fighter, had the distinction of reading his obituary in England and American newsapers recently. An Owen Moran was killed in a motorcycle accident in Bolton, England, and the report was broadcast throughout the world through news agencies of the passing of one of the best featherweights of all time.

Weeks after the report, I received letters from Johnny Sharpe, our London correspondent, and Moran, telling me that the story of Pal's death was "premature." Moran got a great kick out of the many nice things said about him, and good humored fellow that he is, he had a merry laugh at the expense of those who were so sympathetic.

The American friends of Moran were delighted to hear that he is still enjoying his health. Hale and hearty, Owen Moran is working for one of England's biggest bookmakers and still keeps up an active interest in the sport in which Owen gained international fame. Who the Owen Moran is who was killed remains a mystery.

* * *

THE recent performances of Bob Pastor against Roscoe Toles in Detroit and Freddie Fiducia in Newark, in which the New York State champion won all but two of ten rounds, proves that The Ring's rating of Bob, despite his setback of last year at the hands of Gus Dorazio is a correct one. Pastor belongs in the position of challenger for the world heavyweight crown. He has demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt, by his honest efforts in the ring and his splendid physical condition, that he, not John Henry Lewis, Jack should have been awarded the post given to those fighters.

Granted that we and others severely criticized Bob for his "sprint" performance the last time he engaged Joe Louis in a bout, there is no reason for continuing to hold that against him considering the exceptionally poor calibre of heavyweights who are asked to furnish the opposition to Louis. New York's Boxing Commission for many years has ruled with an iron hand in forcing champions to face opponents who, in the opinion of the Empire State moguls, deserved a chance at the crown. But what has the New York Commission done to help its own crowned New York State champion? Not a thing! He has been ignored, kicked around, forced to fight in the sticks to make a living, when as a matter of record, he is more entitled to a title shot than any of those who have been signed by Mike Jacobs in the last year.

It is about time that New Yorkers did what Californians have so often done—show some pride. The New York Commission should be forced to show its hand in the Pastor case. Why is he being discriminated against? What is the reason for the commission ignoring his challenge, yet accepting that of mediocre fighters, men who at least, taken any way you care to, are not one iota better, and in most cases far inferior, to Bob Pastor, the New York State heavyweight king, who must go elsewhere to obtain fights?

Let's call a halt, Messrs. Commissioners. Bob Pastor is your man. Why not offer him the same protection you give to outsiders?

* * *

A FEW weeks ago, when the third volume of my Black Dynamite series, "The Three Colored Aces," appeared, the story of a great Negro battler of the early nineties, Andy Bowen, furnished part of the biographical sketches incorporated in that book. In the tale of his career, one that stood out prominently in the romantic era of boxing, his outstanding battle was that with Jack Burke, with whom he fought for seven hours and twenty minutes in the longest bare-knuckle contest on record—a mill that went 110 rounds. It was a bout that took place on April 6, 1893, and when the smoke of battle was over and two tired, helpless individuals stood toe-to-toe, trying desperately but uselessly to continue the affair to a finish, the referee put a halt to the bout by calling off all wagers and declaring the bout "con-contest."

Shortly after, one of the principals, Bowen, was killed in a thrilling contest with George Kid Lavigne, also full described in my book, while the other hero of the long-distance engagement, after a few more encounters with the bare knuckles, retired. He went up north, settled down in Mount Carmel, Pennsylvania, and there he lived to the ripe old age of 79, an honored citizen of his community. On May 16 last, John "Jack Burke" passed into the Great Beyond.

On that same day passed another venerable figure in that same state—Tommy Reilly, famous referee, who handled the first Tunney-Dempsey fight in Philadelphia, a contest that to this day holds the record for attendance, 118,736 paid admissions. Reilly, who was christened Frank O'Rourke, died of a heart attack at the age of 62. He was a noted ring official and teacher of boxing.

* * *

AT Pompton Lakes, New Jersey on June 13, The Ring Editor, before a large gathering of newspapermen, camp visitors and other guests, presented to Joe Louis, a beautiful silver and gold medal, voted to him by more than 150 scribes participating in this publication's "Most Valuable Ring Award for 1938," for being the outstanding fighter of the year. His knockout feat of Max Schmeling was deemed the biggest event. The votes cast brought on a deadlock between Jolting Joe and Henry Armstrong, and I cast the deciding ballot for the Bomber.

This is the fourth trophy Louis has received from this publication.

At the same time, Henry Armstrong, was given two beautiful belts by The Ring, one for winning the welterweight title and the other, for being the only fighter in ring history to hold three world championships at one time. The welterweight belt is a five panel one, with Henry's picture in the center panel with two American flags embossed over Hank's head.

As our readers are aware, the presentation of world championship belts by The Ring started in 1922 when Tex Rickard discontinued giving them, and has been kept up since. Armstrong's awards make the eighty-fourth and eighty-fifth given by me.

* * *

RECENTLY I inserted a few lines asking some kind soul in Ireland to send me a shillelagh for my museum, and to date I have received three beautiful ones. The most gorgeous shillelagh I have ever seen was sent to me by Spider Kelly, British Empire featherweight champion. It is a huge piece, weighing many pounds, and has a silver plate attached which reads:

"Presented to Nat Fleischer for the World's Fair Ring's Fight Museum, by Spider Kelly, Londonderry, England, Irish, British and Empire featherweight champion."

This gift has created a heap of interest in my office, where it is now on display. It was brought to me by Henry Armstrong, to whom Kelly turned it over for delivery to this office.

Another was presented to the collection by Tommy Ingles of Belfast, Ireland, an amateur champion. It, like that of Kelly, is a beautiful stick, not so big and broad, but a beauty, nevertheless.

Still a third came from Jack Doyle, famous Irish heavyweight. It was sent by him to Jim Kelly, New York newspaperman, who turned it over to our collection. In addition, I have received two beautiful blackthorn sticks, one that was the property of Jem Burke, the fighter.

I have received many letters from readers telling me that others are on the way, and when I receive all, The Ring Museum will have a unique display of Irish shillelaghs.

I am deeply grateful to my friends abroad for their interest in my work. Their quick response shows how widely read The Ring is. Such kind thoughts are what makes life worth while and makes our arduous task a happy one. Again I thank my contributors for their presents, all of which are placed on display in The Ring collection.

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FANFARE FROM MISSOURI

By ROBERT D. DANA

TONY GALENTO, in a recent issue of the *Saturday Evening Post*, is quoted as saying that after his fiasco with Otis Thomas, Referee Walter Heisner came into his dressing room and apologized for calling 'em wrong. Tony's remarks are about as accurate as were his punches on that occasion. Not only did Heisner NOT apologize, but he didn't even enter Tony's boudoir. I know because I was there. Furthermore, Walter did not call them wrong. His decision was most correct. The author of the article also erred when he said that Joe Jacobs was not in atendance at St. Louis. The be-stogied loudspeaker was there, lock, stock and barrel. Tony, of course, being the barrel. Pity that a high class publication like the *Saturday Evening Post* doesn't check up on such incorrect statements.

The European Golden Glove team was here and America is still fairly safe for democracy. Indeed, if the eight amateurs that were paraded before us represent the flower of the Old World, Mr. Whiskers is wasting a lot of the taxpayers' money on battleships.

Egisto Peire, Italian lightweight; the Swedish welter, Eric Ogren; and Anton Raadik, middleweight from Estonia, were fine performers; the rest were just short of pathetic. Ollie Lehtinen, Finland, might have looked better had he remained in the flyweight division and away from Marty Dames. The biggest bust was the diminutive Irishman, Paddy Dowdall. Paddy popped off a lot but has yet to pop Leon Haire, who won every heat.

The Europeans won five out of eight matches and would have taken six had it not been for Peire's low punching. Had the sponsors, however, picked the best possible team, we might well have walked off with the meet. Three of the boys selected did not even appear in St. Louis Golden Glove competition, though our team was billed as the St. Louis Champions. In fact, Lou Wallace, appointed as the tournament's outstanding performer, didn't even get a call. Art Cooper, lightweight, thought by some as the city's top amateur fighter at any weight, was replaced by a fighter from Gillespie, Illinois. Art, who whipped Al Nettlow at Chicago in 1935, committed the sin of being born black. The only explanation that has been offered for the above was that it was done to help the gate. That is a fine amateur spirit!

NUDGES AND NUGGETS— The California investigation was not necessary to bring out what everyone has always known about the business of wrestling, as Nat Fleischer pointed out last month. It did, nevertheless, bare a lot of things that everyone did not know about sports writers, i.e., a certain type of sports writer . . . . The last wrestling show was called off because of the lack of an advance sale . . . . The Italian light-heavy that gave Herman West such a going over looked like a world-beater for two rounds but he really looked like he wanted to be out of there in the third . . . . Chas. Williams was the biggest local disappointment. Charley dropped Lazzari right off the bat and never threw another punch thereafter . . . . We'd like to have seen Mose Rooks in that spot and Reddick in the third round with Nardeechia. Jas. is a slow starter but he is murder in that last session. Milton Jones showed that he has plenty of what it takes when he fought back after being hurt with the Estonian . . . . And they say Jimmy Reeves ruined that fellow in Chicago . . . . Reeves, from Cleveland, stopped West in two rounds in the Nationals at San Francisco . . . . Bill McGoogan of the *Post* thought Leon Haire the best boy on the program . . . . so did Mr. Slaughter and "Mitch" . . . . Five Slaughterers journeyed to Chicago. Four came back with their shields, one on it . . . . It was Haire by a kayo and Cooper via decision . . . . Howard Porter put up a courageous battle against that Swede, but the latter was just out of Howard's class . . . . likewise Phil Brown . . . . Charley Pian, boxing inspector, thought it would be undignified for the American Legion to sponsor a boxing show . . . . Later he made a speech in favor of Tom Packs promoting a wrestling exhibition for the same cause.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

BOB PASTOR, New York's former collegian, loomed as a possible title contender when he defeated "Rough Roscoe" Toles in 10 rounds at the Olympia. Pastor fought a very smart fight with Toles, feinting him and outmaneuvering him at every turn. Roscoe was in there plugging all the time, but he didn't have the cleverness of the New Yorker, and finished a rather poor second.

Johnny Whiters, clouting colored boy from Pontiac, dropped Eddie Cleary three times to win the semi-final. Walter Stanfield, Ypsilanti middleweight, outpointed Clem Richards and Spike Franks won over Bob LaMar.

Tommy Pallatin, South Bend, Ind., welter, punched out a decision over Frank Egan in a headliner for Walter Sharp at Fairview. Eddie Scott copped the nod over Joe Pluta; Pepito Santini defeated Ben McIntosh; Eddie Moran decisioned John Kardas; and Jack Mathews stopped Frank Olsiway.

Dave Clark turned in a good win when he came through with a hair line verdict over Al Gainer at Pittsburgh. Clark seems to be headed for big things in the light-heavyweight division.

Dave Knight and George Temple are still running semi-monthly shows at the Dearborn Arena, and drawing better houses every time out. Their outstanding card seems to be Joe Sutka, Wyandotte middleweight, who is champion of Michigan. He trounced the veteran Frankie Misko, stopping him in the fourth round of a scheduled ten-round title bout. Then two weeks later he turned back the challenge of Billy Bengal, Dearborn kayo king, to cop a clean cut decision over the hard socking Bengal.

In other bouts at Dearborn, Speedy Johnson beat Mansfield Driskell but lost to George Riley. Buddy Waterman stopped John Kardas and lost to the rough going Walter Stanfield. Joe Nadeau kayoed Al Martel and Dave Scott. Eddie Scott scored handily over Henry Green and Jack Mathews drew with Eddie Moran.

Larry Cisneros, tough lightweight from Denver, outpointed Johnny Christmas in a Fairview main bout. Cisneros has a good record numbering among his victims Lloyd Pine, Jackie Simmons, Ralph Barnett, and Johnny Green.

Pepito Santini stopped Benny McIntosh; Howdy Mason beat Willie Williams; Bill Noeske outscored Walter Darze; Spike Franks stopped Buddy Michel, and Ted Barnes stopped Eddie Moran.

Walter Sharp's biggest house of the year at Fairview Gardens resulted when he put in Joe Sutka and Clem Richards in a headliner, which saw Richards hopelessly outclassed and fortunate to last the 10 rounds. Sutka scored a nine-count knockdown in the fifth.

In preliminary skirmishes Ed Sedliar beat Henry Green, Frank Egan stopped Oliver Johnson, Bill Noeske drew with Walter Darze, and Tony Koss edged John Kardas.

Young Kid McCoy, Johnny MacIntyre's classy 140-pounder, turned in the outstanding win of his career when he boxed nicely to take seven of eight rounds in his Fairview headliner with Larry Cisneros, hard hitting Denver Mexican. McCoy looked great in whipping Cisneros, and should be ready for the leaders soon.

Eddie Kozole, former amateur champion, stopped Johnny Green of Toledo in the second round. He is undefeated since turning pro. Billy Noeske stopped Johnny Zaly in the sixth round.

Seen at the Dearborn Arena's semi-monthly boxing shows:—Joe Mazgai, former rough, tough welterweight of this section, now works with Johnny McIntyre's fighters. Clarence Rosen former bantamweight headliner who fought four champions, now a popular referee. Worked the Sutka-Misko state middleweight title bout. Pee Wee Wilson is another former bantam star seen at that arena. Doc Casey, former top line referee and also a familiar figure in the corner at Max Schmeling's fights, now dressing room inspector for the boxing commission.

Orville Drouillard, Windsor's blond bomber, stopped Jimmy Harper in the fifth round of a headliner at Windsor. Eddie Scott stopped Red Barry of Halifax, N. S., in the fourth round, when Barry suffered a badly cut eye.

SMOKE RINGS FROM PITTSBURGH

By RAY M. TODD

JAKE MINTZ opened his Hickey Park Bowl with a double wind-up as his attraction, in which Wesley Ramey of Grand Rapids, Mich., again proved to be just too good for our little pride from Millvale, Emil Josephs. Ramey floored the local boy in the second round, but only for a one count. In the other 10-rounder, Johnny (Bandit) Romero, the Mexican light-heavyweight southpaw of California, stopped Harry English, veteran ebony-hued battler of Toledo, Ohio, in the second round.

Preliminary results—Freddie Lenn won by T.K.O. in second round over Tony Costa . . . . Minnie DeMorre won as he pleased from Eddie Tuscher in a six-rounder, and Willie Polan defeated Jack Glazier, a stablemate of Ramey, in the four-round opener.

Billy Nitchey, Charleroi light-heavy, who is undefeated in his comeback at this writing, won the decision over Rudy Stiller of Buffalo at the latter's home town. It was his seventh straight win. Keep it up Billy! And we'll have you in there with this guy they call Conn.

Buff Mellinger, McKeesport heavyweight, who is doing well these days around Louisville, won by T.K.O. in the ninth round over the veteran Art Sykes of Elmira, N. Y., at Cincinnati, Ohio.

Melio Bettina, who is recognized in New York as the light-heavyweight champion of the world, made his local debut, easily whipping Italo Colonello. The referee stopped the mill between the second and third round. The only advantage Colonello had was weight. At 196 pounds, he outweighed the champ by 19 pounds. The house grossed $4,258 at Duquesne Garden. In the semi-final, Lou Berg of Soho beat Sonny Martin of McDonald. The referee stopped the affair after 1 minute and 8 seconds had elapsed in the fourth round. Berg weighed 218 pounds to the colored boy's 179. Carmen Notch won the unanimous decision over Tommy Bland of Toronto, Canada, in eight rounds. The opener saw Mac Verge beat little Eddie Tuscher of the Northside. They are featherweights.

Fritzie Zivic, who hadn't been beaten since he made a comeback several months ago, lost a close 10-rounder to Kenny LaSalle in the latter's home town, Houston, Tex. The judges disagreed and the referee cast his ballot in favor of the Texan. Fritzie weighed 146 pounds, one pound less than his opponent.

Tommy Spiegal, another local boy who hadn't been beaten in a long time, met defeat at the hands of Norment Quarles of Richmond, Va., in an eight-rounder at New York.

At Hollidays Cove,, W. Va., in the 10-round main bout, Ray Sharkey of Cleveland, O., drew with Chet O'Kelly of Akron, O. Dusky Georgie Leggins, formerly of Carnegie and now of Steubenville, O., won by kayo in the sixth round over Ralph Vacca.

JUST A JAB—Harry Bobo continues to bowl over his opponents. He stopped Harry Fulton before a capacity house in Donora . . . . Jackie Conn, the best looking prospect around at the present time, has had 10 pro fights and won them all. He is only 17 years old and weighs 160 pounds . . . . Joe Hornick, who holds the lightweight championship of West Virginia, is ready to clean up on the Pittsburgher, as he lives here now . . . . Woody Boord is on the comeback trail . . . . Henry Smith, dusky welterweight, is a product of Neider Williams . . . . Dave Clark won over Al Gainer in 10 rounds at Hickey Park, Millvale. The show grossed more than $4,000, and was the second card of the open season. Willie Polan again bested Jack Glazier.

IN THE COAL FIELDS

By JOE BRADY

DUE to the exceptional "hot weather" the past month, only one indoor fight show was staged throughout the entire Coal Regions. The card was staged in Scranton at the Town Hall. In the 10-round featured bout, Walter (Wildcat) O'Connor, ex-Coal Region welterweight monarch from Carbondale, lost a decision to Bobby Masters of Philadelphia. It was a far different O'Connor than the star who fought a few years back.

Tarzan Roy, colored clouter from Charleston, W. Va., now making Scranton his home, won his second straight fight in as many local appearances, when he beat Joe Orlosky in the six-round semi-final . . . . Hughie Glynn, County Mayo, Ireland, heavyweight, added Joe Fedz of Shenandoah to his fast growing list of kayo victims. The end came in the third round. Glynn, with Jack Downey, Coal Region heavyweight ruler, would draw the biggest outdoor gate at any Coal Region club . . . . In the other bouts on the Masters-O'Connor card, Emil Kozel, Throop middleweight, decisioned Chester Martin of Kulpmont in six rounds. It was their third meeting with Martin the victor on one occasion and Kozel emerging victorious on two . . . . In another sixer, Angelo Cali of Dunmore lost a six-round verdict to Frankie Marciente of Scranton . . . . In the four-round opener, Stanley Faust of Pittston drew with Stanley Mrak of Wilkes-Barre.

A BIT FOR ALL—Abe Adell, headman for the Anthracite A. C. of Scranton, is contemplating staging a few outdoor shows this summer at the Scranton ball park . . . . His two matches in the making thus far that would do business are "Irish" Eddie Dolan, with Holman Williams, and Jack Downey against Hughie Glynn . . . . Mike Latzo is handling the matchmaking for Adell . . . . Mickey Cannon has a great prospect in Eddie Miller, classy Philadelphian, who fights around the 165-pound mark . . . . Steve Kahley, Hazleton middleweight, reports to be in great shape and ready to fight anyone in his division . . . . Jack Downey, Scranton heavy, is driving a truck to harden himself in preparation for his forthcoming matches . . . . Tommy Ginty, old-time lightweight, is a WPA physical instructor . . . . Pete Susky, former leading middleweight contender, has been granted a referee's license . . . . Pete Latzo, former world's welterweight champion, will go in business here as a hotel proprietor . . . . Honeyboy Jones, colored middleweight contender, is back from London, England.

When in Scranton you can purchase THE RING at Spec's Bookshop, corner Linden and Wyoming Avenues. You can contact the writer by writing 518 Lackawanna Ave., Scranton, Pa.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

LOU NOVA preserved his standing as Joe Louis' leading heavyweight contender with his stirring 11-round technical knockout victory over Max Baer. On top of Nova's performance was the brilliant work recorded by Bob Pastor in taking the measure of Roscoe Toles, highly touted Detroit contender. Other important contests during the month included Melio Bettina's three-round knockout over Italo Colonello; Henry Armstrong's defeat of Ernie Roderick in England to retain his welterweight crown; Davey Day's technical knockout over Pedro Montanez; Joey Archibald's triumph in an overweight match over Joey Silva and Jackie Berg's major upset in the lightweight ranks when he whipped Tippy Larkin.

In the heavyweight ranks, Nova's kayo of Baer took the spotlight. Bob Pastor recorded victories over Roscoe Toles and Freddy Fiducia to keep his high standing. Fiducia whipped Nick Young who was also stopped by Henry Cooper in one round. Tommy Farr disposed of Larry Gaines in the fifth session. Johnny Paychek kayoed Billy Davis in three and Frank Rowsey in five heats. Al McCoy turned in a two-round knockout over Nathan Mann.

Buddy Knox disposed of Joe Zwick in one and Leroy Haynes in two rounds. Haynes was also beaten by Roy Lazer. Gunnar Barlund redeemed himself by whipping Tony Musto. Valentine Campolo scored over Arturo Godoy in South America. Chuck Crowley kayoed Al Delaney in four rounds. Bill Boyd disposed of Mario Lani in five rounds. Johnny Whiters whipped Ed Cleary.

Newsboy Millich kayoed Bob Nestell in six rounds. Manuel Abrew finished George James in the ninth round. Eduardo Primo whipped Hans Birkie and kayoed Hans Haverlick in the third. Big Boy Bray disposed of Eric Lawson in one round. Babe Ritchie kayoed Max Russ in six and King Levinsky in three. Levinsky was also beaten by J. D. Turner. Patsy Perroni whipped Eddie Simms.

Buff Mellinger kayoed Art Sykes in nine rounds. Clarence Brown whipped Frank Androff. Buck Everett finished Tommy Bensch in the 10th round in South Africa. Ernie Collins kayoed Ford Smith in six rounds. Tom Kenneally won from Henry Wacker. Elza Thompson disposed of Jorge Brescia in three rounds. Charley Hobo Williams scored over Abie Feldman. Charley Belanger whipped Young Harry Wills. Bill Wainwright scored over Don McCorkindale in England. Salvatore Ruggirello kayoed Sunny Jim McVey in the 10th round.

In the light-heavyweight class, Melio Bettina continues to set the pace with a three-round kayo over Italo Colonello. Ron Richards kayoed Syd Brown in three and trimmed Ossie Stewart. Gus Lesnevich scored over Larry Lane. Dave Clark bested Al Gainer. Frank Zamaris finished Tom Callahan in one and Wally Sears in two rounds. Sears scored over Max Marek.

Lloyd Marshall disposed of Jack Hibbard in the third and Babe Risko in the fifth. Henry Taylor scored over Tommy Tucker. Eddie Wenstob drew with Tiger Warrington. George Fitch whipped Bob Smith. Billy Nitchey scored over Rudy Stiller while Ralph De John kayoed Bobby Yannes in five rounds. Red Lewis whipped Domenic Ceccarelli. Al Zappala defeated Buddy Ryan. Al Globe kayoed Al Reiss in four.

Ken Overlin made some strides in the middleweight ranks. He turned in victories over Erich Seelig and Harvey Massey. Massey, in turn, scored over Tony Cisco and Johnny Romero. Romero disposed of Harry English in two rounds. Tony Cisco drew with Bobby Jones. Jock McAvoy, who still holds the British middleweight title, whipped Ginger Sadd at the 160-pound limit.

Lou Brouillard won from Henry Chmielewski. Ben Hood kayoed Billy Hood in two rounds and drew with Al Bernard. Bobby Pacho scored over Glen Lee and Herman Graves. Nate Bolden disposed of Matt Cameric in two and Milo Theodorescu in four. Tony Zale whipped Babe Orgovan. Amado Azar scored over Kid Tunero and Ignacio Ara in Buenos Airies. Frankie Hughes kayoed Gabriel Rogha in seven rounds.

Armstrong, by retaining the welterweight crown against Ernie Roderick on British soil, gained additional world acclaim. Fritzie Zivic turned the tables on Kenny La Salle and whipped Al Traino. Sammy Luftspring whipped Johnny McHale. Holman Williams finished Ralph Gizzy in four rounds. Steve Mamakos, who proved that he is a legitimate welterweight, defeated Ralph Zannelli. Jimmy Leto kayoed Tommy Bland in three rounds. Carlo Orlandi defeated Cleto Locatelli in Italy.

Leonard Del Genio stopped Eddie Cool in seven rounds. Al Manfredo scored over Johnny Stevens and Johnny Durso. Jackie Berg surprised the fistic world in beating Tippy Larkin. Al Davis trimmed Eddie Brink. Maxie Berger scored over Red Guggino. Leon Zorrita whipped Kid Azteca. Henry Woods scored over Jimmy Garrison. Milt Aron won from Bobby Britton. Bobby Masters scored over Wildcat O'Connor. Johnny Barbara won over Augie Arellano while Eddie McGeever bested Tony Motisi. Mike Piskin kayoed Frankie Williams in eight. Paul Cortlyn finished Julio Izquierda in the first round.

Among the lightweights, Lou Ambers continued to maintain his winning stride. He stopped Paul Junior in eight rounds. Davey Day was credited with a technical knockout over Pedro Montanez in eight sessions. Wesley Ramey scored over Leonard Del Genio and Emil Joseph. Tony Chavez stopped Mike Belloise in seven rounds. Paul De Bello whipped Frankie Wallace and Ambrose Logan. George Zengaras scored over Billy Maher and Tommy Cross.

Billy Beauhuld lost to Billy White, whipped Tommy Speigal while Speigal drew with Lew Feldman. Nick Camarata drew with Jimmy Tygh and Tony Canzoneri. Tony was beaten by Harris Blake. Jackie Wilson, Pacific Coast lightweight, disposed of Young Peter Jackson in four and Henry Woods in six. Johnny Bellus scored over Julio Gonzales and kayoed Johnny Rohrig in three rounds. Bob Montgomery stopped Norment Quarles in four rounds.

Aldo Spoldi kayoed Joe Boscarino in four rounds. Eddie Zivic was beaten by Jimmy Christy and was kayoed by Willie Russell in four rounds. Jimmy Garrison scored over George Crouch. Johnny Mack occasioned a minor upset when he kayoed Mickey Farber in five rounds. Eddie Marcus drew with Baby Arizmendi and kayoed Soldier Ed Stanley in four rounds. Bernie Friedkin and Johnny Rinaldi split two decisions. Cleo McNeal kayoed Dick Demeray in eight rounds.

Irving Eldridge stopped Pat Foley in two rounds. Wishy Jones scored over Joe Green. Ritchie Fontaine drew with Lucius Fleet. Joey Fontana stopped Pete Mascia in three rounds. Laurie Stevens, making a comeback, whipped Micky Barton in South Africa. Johnny McGrory won on a foul from Hal Cartwright in nine rounds.

Lou Fortuna won from Maxie Fisher. Orville Brouillard finished Jimmy Harper in five. Julie Kogen won from Victor Troise, George Pepe and kayoed Tony Marteliano in four rounds. Tony drew with Maurice Arnault. Benny Sharkey whipped Johnny Jones and kayoed Jim Travers in three rounds. Irish Kelly Craven scored over Tommy Rawson. Freddy Camuso whipped Steve Halaiko. Ronnie James kayoed Jack Carrick in seven rounds. Pat Kissinger finished Joey Richards in the third.

Featherweight Champion Joey Archibald scored over Joey Silva in an overweight meeting; then left for Venezuela to fight Simon Chavez. Leo Rodak whipped Jimmy Perrin and Al Mancini. Mancini was also beaten by Harry Jeffra. Pete Scalzo defeated Emil Joseph. Dave Castilloux won the Canadian lightweight title from Joey Bagnato. Jackie Wilson won on a foul from Joe Velasco in eight. Velasco was also beaten by Spider Roach.

Chalky Wright whipped George Daly and kayoed Kid Tanner in one round. Billy Passan won from Al Reid and Willie Roach. Nel Tarleton defeated Spider Kelly. Ginger Stewart won over Maurice Holtzer. Young Rightmire whipped Frankie Covelli. Juan Zurita bested Kid Hatcher. Vincenzo Dell Orto defeated Sammy Garcia.

Dick Corbett whipped Joe Connolly. Henry Moreno won from Frank Farrington and kayoed Harry Fields in three rounds. Young Gildo kayoed Stan Smith in the fourth. Armanda Sicilia won over Tony Costa and was stopped by Jimmy Gilligan in the seventh. Pablo Dano whipped Ray Sharkey. Jackie Rankin scored over Dan McAllister. Len Beynon triumphed over Jake Carr. Allie Stolz whipped Bobby Ruffin.

Peter Kane was the most prominent bantamweight to engage in action. He whipped El Houssaine in Paris. Lou Salica scored over Little Pancho. Kid Tanner drew with Frank Parkes. Robert Bourdet won over Fortunato Ortega. Tommy Forte kayoed Ted Christie in one round.

Doug Bygrave disposed of Pat Palmer in seven rounds. Pancho Villa kayoed Jimmy Lacoume in three rounds. Billy Tansey defeated Phil Milligan. Luis Fernandez scored a knockout over Raymond Cadoret. Johnny Holt whipped Jim Hayes on a foul in five rounds. Jackie Brown scored over Teddy O'Neill. Dally Moran won the Australian bantamweight title by beating Joe Kerwick.

Little Dado, America's leading flyweight, kayoed Bobby Wright in eight and Tommy Cobb in nine rounds. Tiny Bostock kayoed Young Chocolate in eight rounds. Jackie Jurich scored over Manuel Ortiz. Paddy Ryan disposed of Fortunato Ortega in seven rounds. Jackie Paterson defeated Raoul Degryse and drew with Valentin Anglemann. Al McCoy won from Al Petersen. Hugh Cameron scored over Johnny Boom.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Les Johnson, England.
Bantamweight—El Houssaine, Morocco.
Featherweight—Henry Ferrara, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Lightweight—Chester Rico, New York City.
Welterweight—Solly Gerstler, New York City.
Middleweight—Art Lind, Duluth, Minn.
Light-heavyweight—Red Lewis, Norfolk, Va.
Heavyweight—Johnny Sionas, Fairview, N. J.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for the month ending June 13:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Joe Louis	World's Champion John Henry Lewis	Title Vacant	World's Champion Henry Armstrong
1—Lou Nova	Melio Bettina	Fred Apostoli	Fritzie Zivic
2—Bob Pastor	Billy Conn	Solly Krieger	Charley Burley
3—Tony Galento	Ron Richards	Ceferino Garcia	Ernie Roderick
4—Tommy Farr	Len Harvey	Al Hostak	Sammy Luftspring
5—Roscoe Toles	Gus Lesnevich	Walter Woods	Pedro Montanez
6—Johnny Paychek	Jock McAvoy	Teddy Yarosz	Kenny La Salle
7—Red Burman	Tiger Jack Fox	Ken Overlin	Holman Williams
8—Al McCoy	Adolf Heuser	Erich Seelig	Steve Mamakos
9—Buddy Knox	Dave Clark	Ossie Stewart	Freddy Dixon
10—Gunnar Barlund	Frank Zamaris	Georgie Abrams	Jimmy Leto

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Henry Armstrong	World's Champion Joey Archibald	World's Champion Sixto Escobar	Title Vacant
1—Lou Ambers	Leo Rodak	George Pace	Little Dado
2—Davey Day	Pete Scalzo	K. O. Morgan	Tiny Bostock
3—Sammy Angott	Dave Castilloux	Peter Kane	Enrico Urbinati
4—Wesley Ramey	Jackie Wilson	Lou Salica	Jackie Jurich
5—Tony Chavez	Chalky Wright	Tommy Burns	Small Montana
6—Tippy Larkin	Simon Chavez	Little Pancho	Paddy Ryan
7—Nick Peters	Joey Silva	Kui Kong Young	Jackie Paterson
8—Paul De Bello	Harry Jeffra	Aurel Toma	Pierre Louis
9—Eric Boon	Johnny Brown	Baby Yack	Raoul Degryse
10—George Zengaras	Billy Passan	Kid Tanner	Young Gonzales

IN CHICAGO
With GENE ENGEL

BILL RAND, sport enterpriser, presented an all-star fistic card at the Chicago Stadium, instead of his usual rendezvous, White City Boxing Club. With the able assistance of Promoter Sam Abruscato, Tony Musto, Chicago's Blue Island "Baby Tank" pride, was pitted with Gunnar Barlund, a leading heavyweight contender from Finland, in the headliner.

Barlund, Paul Damski's entry, received the nod at the end of 10 rounds. Tony did all the forcing, but the officials couldn't see it that way. At times Musto's looping left and right hands missed the mark, but the Gunnar didn't retaliate with any counters. Musto received a cut over his left optic in the third, which wasn't reopened until the ninth. Barlund concentrated his attack to the head.

In the 10-round feature that ranked next to the topliner, Ken Overlin, cagy Decatur boxer, utilized a left hand coupled with trigger rights to offset Eric Seelig's walking-in attack and gained the decision at the end of 10 rounds. The German middleweight refugee, Seelig, received a nasty gash over his left eyebrow in the second, which Ken promptly took advantage of.

In the third 10-round attraction, Nate Bolden, ebony-hued sharpshooter from Chicago's south side, subdued Milo Theodurescu, champion of Rumania, in the fourth round with a left hook to the solar plexus.

The preliminaries involved Alex Kettles, South Bend behemoth, a knockout winner over Lloyd Clements, mediocre Pittsburgh heavy, in the first canto; Altus Allen, 1939 International Golden Glove champion, winner over Al Globe, Los Angeles Mexican, at the end of five heats. Allen won as he pleased with a deft left hand, except for the third, when a right-hand jab almost toppled Allen to the floor.

The curtain-raiser found Floyd Gibbons, Detroit heavyweight, stopping Marion Mosley of Chicago in the fourth and last round. A crowd of 5,272 fans paid a gross gate amounting to $10,720.

Oscar Rankins, red-headed Negro from Los Angeles, California, opposed Marty Simmons of Saginaw, Mich., following his 12-round loss to Nate Bolden and upset the dope by making the "sawed-off" Simmons fight Rankins' style of milling, thus assuring victory for himself at the end of 10 heats.

At the White City Boxing Club, 63rd and South Park Ave., Promoters Bill Rand and Sam Abruscato presented "Irish" Eddie McGeever, well-known Scranton, Pa., 140-pounder, against Tony Motisi, sturdy Italian battler from the Catholic Youth Organization, in the eight-round attraction. The ring wise McGeever, dropped for nine in the second, came back to take five of the last seven rounds for a clean cut win.

Earl Gibbs, sharp swarthy battler from the Southside, scored an eight-round decision over Nick Castiglione, from the Westside. In the main preliminary, Altus Allen, International Golden Gloves champion, made an auspicious professional debut by cutting Johnny Brown of the Southside to ribbons. The bout was stopped in the fourth.

Joey Richards, welterweight in-and-outer, triumphed over Chief Bob Wilson of Milwaukee, Wis.; Joey Russano, Westside Italian 128-pounder, won his second pro engagement at the expense of Gene Ward in a close contest. Ward, to date, has had seven battles and seven losses, but all against classy opposition. In the opener, Selman Martin, in his first professional bout, beat Mickey Hayes, also from Milwaukee, Wis. They are heavyweights.

Clarence Brown, nimble heavyweight boxer from the Southside, took the measure of Eddie Simms, Cleveland, Ohio, veteran campaigner, and Frank Androff of Minneapolis, Minn., in 10-rounders.

Johnny Barbara, rugged 147-pounder from South Bend, Ind., has returned home following his recent sojourn in Houston, Texas, where he went to the post on three occasions with as many wins. He beat Phil Latona at eight rounds, and Tiger Pelon in 10 rounds.

Nate Bolden, up-and-coming colored middleweight puncher, journeyed over to Sioux City, Ia., and flattened one Mat Cameric in round three.

Johnny Paychek, who was a Chicago Golden Glove champion back in 1933 and fought under his right name, Pacek, has gained the No. 7 position in THE RING ratings. Paychek is a superb boxer, pleasing to the eye and will bear attention throughout the fistic horizon very shortly.

King Levinsky, who at one time earned money in round figures, now has the appearance of a well-rounded figure, put on the gloves with two Texan individuals at Dallas, in separate bouts in a week's time. He was stopped by Babe Ritchie and probably blubbered through 10 rounds with J. D. Turner.

Eddie Meleski, C.Y.O. Polish socker, surprised with a stunning eight-round kayo of Dick Kist, aggressive Danville, Ill., 152-pounder, in a bout which had only 15 seconds to go. At the same distance, Quentin Baby Breese, Manhattan, Kan., junior welterweight, trounced Meyer Alper in a one-sided contest.

In the other bouts, Andy Canal was awarded a one-round decision over Billy Seward of Ingamoor, Mont. Seward was disqualified. However, in a rematch, Seward stiffened Canal in the same heat. Tommy Howell whipped Russel Nyberg, Allerton Hotel middleweight, who is managed by Eddie Ballatin, physical education director of the aforementioned establishment, and Rex Thomas stowed away Pete Atkins in the third stanza.

A Southerner, Lloyd Ellzey, was the recipient of a one-round dusting at the hands of Tommy Howell, Danville 147-pounder.

Leo Rodak, Chicago's ranking featherweight challenger for Archibald's crown, trimmed Jimmy Perrin, New Orleans, La., in Perrin's home town in a scheduled 10-rounder.

Milt Aron, once again is in harness since his titular ambitions were sidetracked by Sammy Angott, defeated Bobby Britton of Miami. Britton was dropped for a nine count in the second frame. Britton is the son of Jack Britton, a former welter champion.

George Nyberg, Canadian 148-pounder, wiped out a draw verdict opposite Tommy Howell, this time winning handily in a six-round fray. George Kontopolis, Greek welterweight, won over Ralph Guajardo, four; Bob Ray defeated Selman Martin, four; and the previously mentioned Seward-Canal rematch.

IN BETWEEN ROUNDS—Sam Morris, young protege of Joe Knief, who hasn't had an amateur fight as yet, looks like the goods. He has been tutored by Bill O'Connel, who is situated in the building at Quincy Street and Dearborn Street. Sam has sparred on several occasions with Perk Daniels, Bob Ray, Clarence Brown and others, and has more than held his own. Sam is tall, gangling in stature, and possesses a nice right hand.

Jimmy Christopher Flynn, manager of Phil Saeli, is interested in acquiring matches for his lightweight prospect out of the state. Phil has wins over Frankie Sagilio, Bus Breese and has fought Earl Gibbs and Meyer Alper to a standstill. Also has a three-round kayo over Johnny Balmer.

Don't forget to have your notes in not later than the first of the month, in the hands of Gene Engel, c/o Trafton's Gym, 180 W. Randolph Street. Until next month, 'bye.

PHILADELPHIA NEWS
By MICKEY CANNON

EX-CHAMP TONY CANZONERI visited Philly on his barnstorming tour and lost a 10-round decision to a local lad, Jimmy Tygh, at the Arena. Johnny Rohrig, Clifton, N. J., lightweight, punched out a 10-round decision over Tommy Cross. George Zengaras, Greek lightweight fighting out of New York, and Bob "Perpetual Motion" Montgomery, Philadelphia Negro, stole the show with a slam bang draw. It was Montgomery's bow on the big time and this writer predicts this boy will be heard from. In the opener, Eddie Blunt, New York Negro, kayoed Jim Howell, a fellow townsman, in the second.

Both pro and amateur boxing in Philly is on the upgrade. Dick Curley started the summer season at the Cambria open air stadium with popular priced shows at 40 cents to $1.50. He had a natural in the Wally Sears-Frank Zamaris wind-up.

On the amateur front there is plenty of action with weekly shows at the Outdoor Arena and Seymour and bi-weekly shows at Feltonville.

The best young prospect of the month is Tommy Baynes, a light-heavy who made such a fine impression here.

Pedro Lorenzo, one of the best featherweights in the country, is back in the gym and expects to go into action in upstate rings in the near future. Eddie Miller, Philadelphia, middleweight, is in training and has several dates pending in Scranton and Williamsport, Pa., and Binghamton, N. Y.

This writer would like to ask a question: "Why isn't Bobby Green rated."

Benny D'Amico, crack amateur of a few years back, has a fine amateur team in training including Elton Evans, Golden Gloves champion, and is open for out-of-town dates.

For the convenience of North Philadelphians, THE RING Magazine may now be purchased at Klein's Pharmacy, at 13th and Columbia Avenue.

IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISCO
By SHERIDAN BROWN

BENNY FORD'S tradition-drenched National Hall, the tiny Mission Street Maul Mart, continues as the only Bay Area club operating regularly. A goodly number of the local addicts have developed the "Hall Habit," and every Monday night the glorified crackerbox is well peopled with those in quest of good, virile brawls that, while lacking the dubious lure of "name" mittmen, more than remedy this condition with fights that are, on the average, toe-to-toe hair-raisers. The eighteen-foot ring is conducive to action aplenty, for if you can't move, you've gotta fight for your personal safety.

"Hall" headliners during the month past saw Vern Bybee, Western Addition 130-pounder, making claim for serious attention as he lathered previously unbeaten George Cirimele in a six-round "natural" and came back a fortnight or so later to stop one Al Mustola of Portland in three innings. Bybee is something to watch.

Another up-and-comer, Harold Blackshear, muscular Monterey Negro, had a likewise impressive record. He outpunched veteran Nash Garrison, San Jose heavy, in a turbulent sixer and scored again on the Bybee-Mustola card with a four-round nod over "Two Ton" Al Marino, the local Tony G.

Tony Olivera, the sweet little bantam from productive North Beach, survived a second-round flooring to come through the winner over tough Horace Mann in six fast heats . . . . Johnny Fasano and Joe Gavras, the district rivals from North Beach, did it over again and Fasano received the decision after 10 rounds although a good majority of the assemblage heartily disagreed with the referee's opinion regards Fasano's superiority . . . . Gavras also fought a blistering 10-round draw with Joe Ybarra, the El Cerrito Mexican welterweight.

"Little" Dado, to our mind unofficial boss-man of the 'twelves, rang the bell twice in comparatively unimportant small-town engagements, stopping Bobby Wright in eight at San Luis Obispo and belting over game Tommy Cobb in nine rounds of their Watsonville meeting. The Cobb affair was billed as for the state championship but Tommy was decked nine times by the Filipino and finally for keeps.

George Latka, the San Jose State College lightweight, scored a pair of home-town victories, whipping rugged Tomboy Romero in a sizzling 10-rounder and repeating the dose on hard-hitting George Hansford, Hollywood's "young veteran." Latka is a swellegant prospect and there is talk that Ray Carlin, Nova's manager, intends showing him to a New York audience before the summer am gwine . . . . Donnie Maes, originally out of Los Angeles, now a San Jose favorite, punched out "Babe" Antuna, Movietown bantam, in five of 10 scheduled rounds at the Garden City.

"Newsboy" (He Flattened DeJohn) Millich, the Sacramento Russian, whose fame began with his knockout of the touted Ralph DeJohn, treated Oakland fans to some high-powered socking in two transbay appearances during the month. He whacked out a one-sided victory over Domingo Valin, Hayward's petulant Portuguese who is a Sweet Little Headache to all East Bay policemen, and then traded knockdowns with Bob Nestell, fragile-chinned Los Angeles heavy, for six rounds until Nestell went down and out . . . . To Robert's credit it must be said that he did something other than catch it, for Millich was on the canvas twice himself in the free-swinging affair.

Gangling "Chuck" Crowell, the huge Los Angeles heavyweight, returned to action following his one-round chill at the hands of Buddy Baer, and took it out on the battle-scarred Ford Smith at Stockton . . . . They gave it to Crowell on a technical knockout in the fifth . . . . Tomboy Romero outfought Joe Ybarra in six hard rounds at Sacramento and they are rematched by Benny Ford for National Hall as this is written.

Lloyd Marshall, the Sacramento colored middleweight, knocked over Jack Hibbard of the Great Northwest in three at Reno and stopped Eddie (Babe) Risko, former American 160-pound champion, in five rounds at Sacramento . . . . Risko, a pitiful shell of his once durable, aggressive self, was practically helpless against the sharp-hitting younger Marshall, who recently gave top-flighter Ceferino Garcia a pair of warm evenings.

Broad-shouldered Pat Guglielmi, former simon-pure kingpin, dropped his first professional fight when Mario Duchini of Sacramento took their six-round semi-final meeting on the Millich-Nestell show at Oakland . . . . Larry Derrick, wicked hitting Capitol City darky, busted Ray Vargas' nose with one of his murderous right-hand shots and was awarded a T.K.O. over the Fresnan at Oakland . . . . There is a plan afoot to stage popular-priced shows on Treasure Island soon, with National Hall's Benny Ford doing the matchmaking for the Treasure Island Sporting Club.

TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

THE war scare affected the attendance at the Royal Albert Hall when an all-star charity show was staged on behalf of the Furniture Trades Benevolent Association.

Peter Kane, retired world's flyweight champion, defeated Albert Legrand, bantamweight champion of Belgium, in the eighth of a ten-round contest, when W. H. Barrington Dalby stopped the contest after Lagrand had taken several hard punches to the jaw and was in no fit condition to continue.

Jim "Spider" Kelly of Ireland, featherweight champion of Great Britain, showed London fans that his previous victory over Benny Caplan, Southern Area featherweight champion, was no fluke, for he tore after Caplan for the whole of the ten rounds and was a worthy winner on points.

Eddie McGuire, formerly of South Africa, won the Southern Area cruiserweight championship from Jack Hyams of Stepney in a fifteen-round contest.

Jimmy Vaughan of Becontree proved himself one of the best of Britain's lightweights when he scored a merited win over Len Wickwar of Leicester in a spirited contest over ten rounds.

Dave Finn of Stepney and Johnny McGrory of Glasgow fought a grand contest over eight rounds which was declared a draw.

"Chalky" Wright, colored American featherweight, who came to Great Britain with Henry Armstrong, won his first contest in Europe when he scored a T.K.O. over Dan McAllister of Belfast. The referee stopped the contest in his favor in the fifth of a ten-round contest at Liverpool Stadium when the Irish lad had his eye cut badly.

George Davies of Notting Hill avenged his two previous defeats by Elfryn Morris of Wales when he scored a two-round K.O. win at the Ring, London.

Ginger Sadd of Norwich won with ease over Griff Lewis of Wales in a ten-round contest at Great Yarmouth.

Jack Croly of Millwall showed vast improvement when he defeated Red Pullen of Wales in a hard-hitting cruiserweight contest over eight rounds at Deptford.

Jack Milburn of Accrington scored a points win over Mickey McGuire of Canada at the end of twelve rounds at the Stadium Club, London.

Jake Kilrain, ex-welter champion of Great Britain, knocked out the rising young welterweight, Tommy Jones of Derby, in the eighth of a ten-round contest at Derby in the open air.

Jones scored two knockdowns in the third round, but coming out a clinch in the eighth, Kilrain took the opportunity when Jones left himself open to a right-hand punch and the latter succumbed for the full count. Up to the time of K.O. there was little between these two boys, and if Jones, who is only nineteen years of age, does not take this defeat to heart, he will certainly win a title.

Wally Knightly of Sunderland won a good bout when he outpointed Cyclone Kelly of Manchester at Middlesborough over ten rounds.

Joe Devlin of Catterick Camp repeated a former win when he outpointed Jim Laverick of Tynedock in a ten-round welterweight contest at North Shields.

Pat Gorman of Wheatley Hill, coming in as a substitute, fared badly against Paddy Ross of Sunderland in a scheduled ten-round contest and suffered a K.O. in the second round at Sunderland.

Hugh Cameron of Glasgow accomplished a good performance in outpointing Les Johnson of Hackney over eight rounds at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

George Bennett of Gosport outpunched Harry Farr of Canning Town in a twelve-round contest and received the referee's decision.

Phineas John of Wales gained a points decision over Jake Carr of Stockton in a brilliantly fought battle over ten rounds at Hackney.

George Marsden of Nottingham stopped Garry Roche of Ireland in the second round when the referee intervened.

A big surprise was seen when Bert Buxton of Norwich met Bob Ramsay of Stepney. The referee stopped the contest in the third of a scheduled six-round contest when Ramsay was in a bad way from continuous right-hand punches to the jaw, and declared Buxton the winner.

Dick Corbett of Bethnal Green and Frank Kenny of Glasgow fought an interesting twelve-round draw at Parkhead Arena, Glasgow, before a big crowd.

Bert Gilroy, Scottish middleweight champion, had an easy journey in disposing of Jack Moran of Burnley in the sixth of a ten-rounder.

Joe Royce of Manchester and Mike Murphy figured in a good bout over ten rounds at the Brunswick Stadium, Leeds, with the former receiving the referee's decision at the end.

Tiny Bostock of Leek won an easy victory over Young Chocolate of Jamaica, stopping the colored boy in the eighth of a ten-round contest at Hanley when the latter retired with a cut lip.

A sensation was caused at the Westover Rink, Bournemouth, when the local middleweight, nineteen-year-old Fred Mills, scored a K.O. victory over Dave McCleave of Battersea in the first of a ten-round contest.

Jackie Paterson of Glasgow won a good flyweight contest when he outpointed Raoul Degryse of Belgium in a ten-round contest at Glasgow.

Frank Hough of Battersea went into the ring with a bad cauliflower ear, when he met Tommy Windsor of Peterborough in a scheduled ten-round contest at East Ham. In the fourth, Windsor swung a right to the damaged ear and Hough fell to the ground in great pain, and the referee stopped the contest in Windsor's favor.

Lionel Gibbs, welterweight champion of British Guiana, outfought Art Elmore of Kettering for eight of a scheduled ten-round contest at Liverpool, and the referee intervened in Gibbs' favor when Elmore was in a bad way.

Hello, folks . . . . This is station S-H-A-R-P-E calling, from London, England, to all managers and boxers in Europe and Africa and all ports west. Send an action photograph of your boxer and a short biography to 3 Edwin Street, London, E. 1, and I will see that it is published in the world's best boxing and wrestling magazine, THE RING.

All it will cost you is the trouble of sending same and send true data. At least you owe it to your boxer to take advantage of this great offer. Station S-H-A-R-P-E now closing down.

Harry Craster of Middlesborough spared no time when meeting Mickey McGuire of Canada in a ten-round contest at Middlesborough, for in the second round he put the Canadian down for the full count.

Scenes of wild enthusiasm were seen at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, when there were three upsets of the favorites in the betting.

Wally Pack of Hoxton met with a reverse when the colored boy from Leamington Spa, Dick Turpin, made his first London appearance and scored a well-earned points win after eight rounds.

Harry Lazar of Aldgate met with his first defeat when Douglas Bygraves of Norwich scored a good win on points after six rounds.

Fred Pursey of Whitstable upset the odds when he defeated Alec Lyons of Aldgate over six rounds.

A great bantamweight battle was seen when Joe Davis of Smithfield and Charlie White of Norwich fought a draw over six rounds.

The bout between Tommy Hyams of King's Cross and Dave Finn of Stepney had all the elements of a needle contest when they shaped up for their ten-round bout at the Ring, London.

Both boys were so eager to do more than their share that it was not surprising that both infringed the rules and were spoken to by the referee, but when Finn shot a left swing to the body in the fifth, and Hyams went to the canvas, the referee judged it to be low and disqualified Finn.

Morry Josephs of Battersea defeated Vic Morris of Wales in the sixth of an eight-round contest at Hackney, the referee intervening at the end of the round after Morris had taken considerable punishment.

Frank Parkes, the young Nottingham featherweight, gave as good as he received when he met the all-conquering Kid Tanner of British Guiana in a ten-round contest at Belle Vue, Manchester, and at the end, Referee Tommy Watson declared a draw.

Jim Hayes of Leeds was ruled out in the fifth of an eight-round contest against Johnny Holt of South Africa.

Jackie Brown of Manchester won a good contest when he outpointed Teddy O'Niel of Glasgow in a ten-round contest.

Pierce Ellis of Manchester outpointed Al Sharpe of Belfast over eight rounds.

Jim Brady, Southern Area bantamweight champion, defeated Ken Barrett of Cardiff in five rounds when the referee intervened.

It came as no surprise to me to hear that Peter Kane will not box as a flyweight any more.

His manager, Ted Denvir, has written to the British Boxing Board of Control that Peter will not be able to defend his world's flyweight title and would retire, therefore, undefeated flyweight champion of the world.

He has been boxing as a bantamweight since winning the title when he beat Jackie Jurich at Liverpool.

In what can be described as one of the best contests in years, Spider Kelly of Derry, holder of the British and Empire featherweight titles, met Nel Tarleton of Liverpool over twelve rounds at Liverpool Stadium.

A crowd of 5,000 frenzied fans cheered the local man on, and he gave a masterful exhibition of ring strategy and took a lead for the first five rounds. The pace that Kelly kept up was too much for Tarleton, who resorted to holding and laying on at every opportunity.

In round nine, Tarleton tired from sheer exhaustion, slid to the canvas without a blow, and was allowed to take a count of eight. On rising, Kelly went in for the kill, and Tarleton put everything in one swing, floored the champion for a count of two.

Referee Eugene Henderson held up the hand of Tarleton as the winner.

Jimmy Stubbs of Runcorn kept his unbeaten record as a professional when he knocked out Tommy Farricker of Manchester in the sixth of an eight-round contest with a perfect right to the jaw. Stubbs has the makings of a sure champion.

My sympathies go out to Johnny King, bantamweight champion of Great Britain, and his wife on the loss of their four-year-old daughter, who was killed by a motor car while running to pick up her ball that fell into the roadway.

Phineas John of Wales was forced to pull out all he knew to outpoint Mick Carney of Middlesborough in a ten-round contest at Deptford.

Zachy Nicholas, heavyweight champion of the Western Area, fought a draw with Johnny Rice of Hounslow in a thrilling ten-round contest at Plymouth.

Len Wickwar of Leicester scored a good win at Rushden when he knocked out Fred Lowbridge of Wolverhampton in the fourth of a ten-round contest with a left to the mark.

Promoter Wilson of Saracen Park, Glasgow, staged a doubleheader with great success.

Jackie Paterson, the local flyweight, came through with flying colors by outpointing Raoul Degryse of Belgium in a great battle over ten rounds.

The fight of the night was between Johnny McManus and Don Cameron, both locals, rivals for featherweight honors, and after a thrilling set-to, Cameron succumbed to a body bombardment in the eighth round dealt out by McManus. After rising from a knockdown, his seconds skied the towel.

Jim Berry, the South Shields middleweight, keeps puzzling his opponents by his southpaw stance and hard hitting. Jack McKnight of Belfast, who previously had lasted the distance, went only four rounds this time in a scheduled ten-round contest at North Shields. The referee stopped the bout when the Irishman was in a bad way.

An epic battle of styles and thrills galore was seen at the Brunswick Club, Leeds, when Dennis Chadwick of Bridlington met "Ginger" Billy Armstrong of Manchester in a ten-round contest.

Chadwick, a southpaw, did not puzzle the "Redhead" from Manchester, who tore into Chadwick with right-hand punches throughout the contest, and after a thrilling bout, the referee declared a draw.

Promoter Nat Josephs of Belfast gave Harry McCauley of Belfast a severe test in his first professional contest, when he matched him with the Ulster champion, Jack Mussen, in an eight-round contest at Belfast.

McCauley put up a good battle, but he found the heavy hitting of Mussen too much and retired in the seventh.

Ginger Stewart, lightweight champion of Scotland, outpointed Maurice Holtzer of France in a 10-round contest at Glasgow.

On the same card, Johnny Clements of Coatbridge defeated Stafford Barton of Jamaica over 10 rounds, and Bert Gliroy of Glasgow outpointed Ben Valentine of Fiji Isles over 10 rounds.

Ronnie James of Swansea put a bombshell in the B.B.B.C. works by scoring a T.K.O. over Jack Carrick of Hull in the seventh of a 12-round contest at Swansea.

Bert Bevan of Swansea defeated Norman Rees in the fourth when the latter was ruled out for a low blow.

George Davis of Notting Hill and Jack Powell of Sheffield put up a thrilling battle at the Ring, London, before the referee intervened in the fifth of a 10-round contest which ended when Powell's eye, which had been badly cut in the first round, would not yield to treatment.

Frank Kenny, featherweight champion of Scotland, outpointed George Marsden of Nottingham in a 10-round contest at Glasgow.

Jack Croly of Millwall reversed a previous defeat when he almost scored a K.O. win over Tommy Rigby of Catford in the fourth of an eight-rounder at Deptford Arena, but Rigby's second, after skying the towel, jumped into the ring and Referee Archie Sexton had no alternative but to disqualify Rigby for his second's action.

Al Hughes of West Hartlepool outpointed Jack Hamas of St. Albans in the fifth of a 10-round contest at West Hartlepool.

At the Stadium Club, London, the following contests with results as follows:

Jack Millburn of Bletchley beat Eddie Kid Jones of Blackburn in the second round when the referee intervened owing to a cut eye that Jones had received.

Joe Webb of Hertford beat Joe Kelt of Stratford on points over 10 rounds.

Jerry Jones of Silvertown beat Johnny Collins of Deptford on points over 10 rounds, and Bert Thomas of Dagenham drew with Gunner Griffiths of Aldershot over 10 rounds.

Dick Corbett of Bethnal Green gave a smart performance when he outpointed Joe Connolly of Glasgow in 10 rounds at Saracen Park, of Glasgow.

Benny Sharkey of Newcastle turned the tables on Johnny Jones of Jarrow when he avenged a previous defeat by scoring a 10-round points win at North Shields.

Barney Wilson, the Belfast welter, again demonstrated his superiority over Bryn Morris of Wales in a 10-round contest at Belfast.

Bill Wainwright outpointed Don McCorkindale in a 10-round contest at Malvern.

A crowd of 35,000 at Ninian Park, Cardiff, saw Tommy Farr have his first contest in Wales since his return from America.

His opponent, suggested by Promoter Syd Hulls, was Larry Gains, former Empire champion, but the latter, past his best, was no match for Farr and was forced to retire at the end of the fifth owing to a damaged hand.

Manuel Abrew, colored Scotch heavy, defeated George James of Wales in the ninth of a 10-round contest when Referee C. B. Thomas stopped the contest when James was in no fit condition to continue.

Len Beynon, featherweight champion of Wales, was too experienced for Jake Carr of Stockton in another 10-round contest and Beynon well won on points.

Jock McAvoy retained his middleweight title when he scored a points win over the clever Norwich challenger, Arthur "Ginger" Sadd, over 15 rounds at Belle Vue, Manchester.

Six thousand people stood and cheered the Eastern Counties "redhead" for his magnificent display, and although the win goes to McAvoy, the laurels go to Ginger Sadd.

Paddy Ryan of Manchester stopped Fortunato Ortega of Spain at the end of the seventh of a 10-round contest when Referee Jack Dare intervened when Ortega received a cut forehead.

Glen Moody of Wales and Cal Rooney of Canada drew over 10 rounds.

George Howard of Finsbury Park and Morry Josephs of Battersea fought an exciting eight-round contest at the Devonshire Club that thrilled the fans to a high pitch, and Referee Jack Hart gave the only decision possible, a draw.

Fred Morris of Stepney and Jackie Hurst of St. Georges fought an exciting 10-round contest at the Mile End Arena before a crowded house with a fitting decision of a draw.

Len Wickwar of Leicester proved too good for Johnny Cunningham of Bethnal Green and was a good points winner over eight rounds.

Bob Ramsay of Stepney well beat Jimmy Bitmead of Kings Cross over six rounds.

Peter Kane, ex-world's flyweight champion, scored a good win in Paris when he easily outpointed El Houssine, the Moroccan bantamweight champion, over 10 rounds, at the Palais des Sports, in Paris, which was promoted by Jeff Dickson.

Danny Paul of Canada appeared very unfortunate to lose his scheduled eight-rounder against Tommy Windsor of Peterborough at The Ring, London, when the referee stopped the contest at the end of round four because Paul had received a badly cut eye.

Packy Paul of Canada had an easy win over Johnny Bartlett of Kings Cross when the latter retired at the end of the fourth of an eight-round contest.

Len Hampston of Hull made an effort to come back when he met Jackie Rees of Darlington in a scheduled 10-round bout, but a blow landing low in the third forced the referee to disqualify Hampston and award the decision to Rees.

Dick Pantling, the "boy Carnera," won by a K.O. when he connected with a hard right to Percy Fields' jaw and the worcester heavyweight was counted out in one and one half minutes of the first round at Leicester.

Readers who want to receive their copies of THE RING by post, each month, should send P.O. 1/4½ to the writer, 3 Edwin Street, London, E.1, England, when it will be sent on, and if you want a price list of The Ring Bookshop publications in British currency, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and it will be sent on.

That's all for this month, folks.

CONTINENTAL NEWS
By GEORGE FARMER

DENMARK—Carl Andersen, Danish lightweight king, hammered Robert Disch, lightweight champion of Holland, to a fare-thee-well over ten rounds, but the official verdict was a draw. The Dane, who is somewhat of a fighting fool, started off in aggressive fashion and kept up a constant attack all the way, never giving his opponent time to settle down to a plan of offense, and although Andersen tired a little in the middle of the bout, he staged a rapid fire finish to punish his opponent and the judges' decision of a draw was roundly booed.

The supporting bouts saw Hans Holdt of Denmark, a youngster of 35 years, floor his rival, Lue van Dam of Holland, in the final heat to gain a points verdict, while Hirsch Demsitz, former Danish featherweight king, now boxing as a lightweight, outgeneraled Pancho Martinez of Cuba to take a points decision.

Paris, France—Charles Rutz, former heavyweight champion of France, upset the dope by taking the play from Robert Belkeir, and scoring a smart decision over him. Rutz was at a physical disadvantage, but his aggressive tactics in the closing rounds earned him the honors. In the semi-final spot, El Houssine, bantamweight flash from North Africa, fresh from his win over Bernard Leroux, pounded Sangchez to a technical K.O. in eight rounds. Houssine, with his two-fisted hitting, hammered the game Sangchez all the way, but with fine courage the latter kept coming on to make a fight of it, and after taking a two-handed barrage that dropped him to his knees, the referee stopped the brawl and named Houssine the winner.

At the Elysees-Montmartre, Paris—Kid Floran, French middle, handed one tough pug by the name of Pankoviac, a nifty lacing, to gain a points verdict. The latter never stopped trying, but Floran had a world of class and his hall-marked boxing was always superior to that of his adversary. In the chief supporting bout, Temer hit Beaugrand with everything but the bell to drop a points decision after a smashing contest. Temer won this fight hands down, but owing to some bad sight on the part of the judges, the verdict was given to Beaugrand, who nearly passed out with the shock, even going to the extent of admitting that he had lost. What the customers heaped in imprications upon the heads of the judges was enough to turn the air blue.

Mannheim, Germany—Curt Haymann, boxing warily against the smash and grab tactics of Curt Jost, Frankfurt hitter, earned a draw. Just, with his bull-like strength, did his utmost to smash through the fine defence of Haymann, but the latter, bringing all his skill to bear, avoided the stunning blows that Jost sent over.

Karl Balcowitz of Austria drew with Carl Thies in a two-fisted duel of all action fighting, while the hat trick of draws was completed by Rudolf Kretzschmar, former lightweight champion of Germany, and Ernst Wohrer of Austria, splitting the verdict over ten stanzas.

At Venice, Italy, Cleto Locatelli, Italian puncher, won on a technical K.O. against Gaspard Deridder of Belgium, the latter turning it in owing to a badly cut eye sustained in round seven.

Gino Giacomelli has been deprived of his lightweight title by the Italian fistic fathers, because, owing to a visit to South America, he was not present to defend it against an opponent to be named.

Adolph Heuser, holder of the light-heavyweight titles of Germany and Europe, also the heavyweight crown of Europe, is not going to be short of opponents. There is his match with Max Schmeling, who now finds that even an I.B.U. championship is better fighting for than nothing, and challenges from the Italian light-heavy, Merlo Preciso, and his fellow countryman in the heavyweight ranks, Santa de Leo.

At the Salle Wagram, Paris—Omar le Noir, coal black streak, whipped Frank Harsen, lightweight kingpin of France, to score his latest victory in the Gay City, while Robert Belkier outsmarted Smardz and knocked him kicking in seven heats.

At the Cirque de Hivre, Paris—Robert Bourdet, ex-bantamweight champion of France, hammered out a points verdict over Fortunato Ortega, flyweight champion of Spain, putting him on the deck for a nine-count in the eighth heat, while Paul Rebel, ex-welterweight kingpin of France, handed Beaugrand a shellacking over ten rounds; Pierre Momont, former French lightweight king, won over Fonteix, rising young lightweight.

Poppy Decico, French bantamweight, who has fought the best in Europe with conspicuous success, has drawn on the padded mitts for the last time. He was involved in a bad auto smash and sustained terrible injuries to the extent of a fractured knee cap, fractured ribs and a perforated lung. All fight fans will extend sympathy towards Decico, a gallant little battler, who now lies in a critical condition at the time of writing.

Stuggart, Germany—Karel Muller, middleweight from Czechoslovakia, fought a plucky but uphill battle against the cagy Jupp Besselmann, German middleweight king. Both men fought a bruising battle for five rounds but the class of the German asserted itself and the towel came fluttering in from the Czech's corner.

A second middleweight set-to featured Erwin Bruch and Hein Weisner, hard-hitting Austrian, who fought a crisp punching even-stephen bout over ten rounds.

The third middleweight affair paired up Gotthard Stein and Curt Gurray, the former taking the honors after a close fought contest.

Werner Selle, German heavyweight, outpointed Curt Jost, Frankfurt heavy, in a bout that was featured by the clever tactics of Selle, who gave a polished performance, moving about with the speed of a welter, never giving the hard-hitting Jost a chance to land one of his knockout specials.

Milan, Italy—Cleto Locatelli and Carlo Orlandi continued their serial and this time Orlandi scored a points verdict over the veteran Cleto. On the same card, Josef Preys, Belgian featherweight, put up a grand show to share honors with Gino Cattaneo of Italy.

At Geneva, Maurice Dubois, former Swiss holder of the I.B.U. bantamweight championship of Europe, won on a disqualification against Mac Perez, lightweight kingpin of North Africa, the bout ending in the seventh round.

Many thanks to the following, who have kindly written this correspondent: Frank Taylor, Adelaide, Australia; Charles Fletcher, Swindon, England; Leslie Johns, Oorguam, South India; and Daniel Maurer, Astoria, Long Island. Any further letters from readers will be welcomed and any questions relating to sport on this side answered.

To Charles Benn, East Newark, New Jersey: Shortest fight to take place in England was between Jem Roche and Tommy Burns, which the latter won at the beginning of the first canto. The longest bout was between A. Bower and J. Burke, who fought a drawn battle over 110 rounds, April 6, 1893. We would say that Len Wickwar, the Leicester, England, lightweight, has one of the best knockout records in Britain. Len has had over 400 bouts since he first started boxing in 1928, and since 1936 has scored over 37 knockouts against the best. Of course, no official figures as to who holds the record are available, but Len will do until someone else comes along. Sorry, but no exact figures available re largest amount of cash taken at a British boxing show.

Werner Selle, the young German heavy, scored another victory at the expense of Carl Thies, who has a large support of fans in the town where the battle was fought, Friedrichshafen, Germany. It was a hard punching bout, but the more polished boxing of Selle gave him the edge and a points victory.

In the semi-final spot, Carl Maier outpointed Carl Balcowitsch, but not by a great margin. There was some dissension at the verdict as many thought that the aggressiveness of Balcowitsch was enough to have gained him the nod.

At the Central Sporting Club, Paris, Desire Temer, tough, hard-punching young welter, won a ten-round decision over Eddy Rabak of Czechoslovakia. Rabak, if memory serves correctly, has campaigned in the States. He allowed his pugnacious opponent to dictate the fight, and in this way dropped the verdict.

The writer thanks Miss Cortaller Calloway for her interesting letters and trusts that all information conveyed to her is satisfactory. We shall be pleased at all times to hear from readers abroad and help in any way with regard to giving information re the sport on this side.

Pen picture. Antoine Christoforidis, ex-middleweight champion of Europe and present middleweight champion of Greece. Orphaned when nine years old and had to work to live. Like Fred Apostoli, he found work in a hotel and then, having saved a little money, he travelled to Paris. He has previously become interested in boxing, and when he landed in the Gay City, placed himself under the management of Pierre Gandon, former French champion, and blossomed out into a professional pug. He went ahead like a house afire, and when only nineteen, knocked out Carmelo Candel, a feat that only Len Harvey, the reigning British heavyweight king, had duplicated.

He won over, in rapid succession, Assane Diouf, French middleweight king; Kid Janas, former French middle champion; Vilda Jacks, ex-champion of Czechoslovakia; Kid Tunero; Adrien Anneet, champion of Belgium; Martinez de Alfara, former European champion; Mario Casdrei, Italian middleweight king; Gustave Eder of Germany; Bep van Klaveren, from whom Christo won the I.B.U. European title.

The gorgeous Greek lost his crown to Edouard Tenet by the narrow margin of one point, in spite of the fact that he had boxed for 12 rounds with one hand fractured and the other dislocated. His latest victory was scored over Lou Brouillard, who was beaten on points. Christo, with his snappy punching and clever tactics, would be a great hit in the States, but at present time his chief ambition is to get in the ring with either Jock McAvoy or Len Harvey, whom he particularly wants to meet.

IN SUNNY CALIFORNIA

By HARRY E. WINKLER

IN a ten-round main event at the Olympic Auditorium, Mike Belloise of New York scored his second win over Georgie Hansford, Los Angeles veteran. In the six-round semi-windup, the flashy Eddie Marcus scored his eleventh straight victory by defeating Zeke Castro.

In the prelims, Sailor Jack Coggins, 173, San Diego Negro, and Bobby Yannes, 170, Los Angeles Mexican, battled four rounds to a draw; Tommy Garland, 157, Ocean Park, fought a draw with Lou Gomez, 159, Los Angeles; Steve Belloise, elongated brother of Mike, scored a T.K.O. over Art Gonzales in first round, and Babe Antuna, 124, Los Angeles, was held to a draw by Sammy LaPorte, 124, of Baltimore.

Richie Lemos, little hard-punching southpaw, is again demanding recognition as a main eventer. Lemos lost his two main event shots to Lou Salica and Manuel Ortiz, but his impressive wins over Emelio Magana and Frankie Kainrath in semi-windups again puts Lamar DeLavallade's little Mexican socker in line for top billing.

El Centro staged its second open-air show, featuring Manuel Ortiz, classy El Centro bantam, against Sammy LaPorte of Baltimore. Ortiz scored a K.O. in the seventh round, but only after climbing off the floor from a nine-count in the first round and fighting hard the rest of the distance. Ortiz weighed 118, LaPorte tipped the scales at 123.

In the prelims, Carl Hall won decision over Al Fields; Frankie Rodriguez decisioned Zeke Castro; Lonnie Craft stopped Frank Hogan, and Battling Nelson won over Miller Fonseca. All bouts of four rounds each.

Speedy Dado, great little Filipino bantam of a few years ago, has joined the colony of former scrappers who are training boxers in Los Angeles at the present time. Among other well-known fighters who are now "cracking the whip" over local boys are Eddie Stanton, Frankie Garcia, Tommy McFarland, George Moss, Ritchie King and Gege Gravante.

Nick Peters, George Parnassus' hard-punching Greek, again scored a K.O. victory over Joey Ferrando, Pete Reilly's New Jersey lightweight, in their rematch at Hollywood Stadium. Peters had stopped Ferrando in the third round in the same ring last month. There is no doubt now as to who is the better man, for, while the contest was furiously fought all the way, Peters had put the game easterner on the canvas eight times during the twenty-two minutes of fighting. It was after Ferrando had made his third trip to the floor in the eighth round that Referee Abe Roth raised Peters' hand. Peters scaled 134, Ferrando weighed 137.

In the six-round semi-windup, Tommy Warren, 152, San Bernardino, won decision over Al Hagar, 147, Culver City, in an uninteresting contest.

In the remaining prelims, Frankie Kainrath, 122, Chicago C.Y.O. boxer, scored his second Hollywood victory by pounding out a four-round decision over Serio Mendoza, 122, Los Angeles Filipino, in a dandy scrap; Johnny Verdusco, 138, Los Angeles, was held to a draw by Elmer Lewis, 139, Redondo Beach, in four; Silent Joe Hill, 201, deaf mute of Fresno, beat Jack Stanley, 190, Los Angeles, in a four-round slugging bee, and Eddie Aune, 170, Fort MacArthur, won by T.K.O. over Freddie Moore, 163, in opener. A packed house witnessed the show.

Johnny Kelloff is one of the busiest managers in these parts, his string of preliminary boxers keeping him on the hop. Among Kelloff's stable of crowd-pleasers are Zeke Castro, 135; Frankie Rodriguez, 130; Johnny Nelson, 175; Archie Grant, 130; Al Hogan, 165; Benny Wilson, 160; Bobby Hagar, 125; Ossie Carroll, 150; Carl Hall, 133; Sal Souflex, 128, and Don Lewis, 145.

Wesley Sellers, classy Irish lightweight, whose rise in ring work was halted by illness, is again back in the gym after two months' layoff. Sellers, who had scored 46 victories in 48 amateur starts, and won his first five professional fights, is one of southern California's best prospects.

The famous fighting twins of Jacumba, Shorty and Big Boy Hogue, still continue to win their bouts. In the featured contests at the San Diego Coliseum, Big Boy Hogue scored a four-round K.O. over Angus Smith, Negro boxer of Santa Barbara, and Shorty Hogue won a hard-fought six-round decision over Karl Lester of Pacific Beach.

Nat Rosner has taken over the management of the Main Street Gymnasium, training quarters for most of the Los Angeles fighters. Roxie Eisen, the well-known "Patent Leather Kid," had been in charge of the gym for the past year.

Bud Taylor, former world's bantam champion, operates a spiffy night club in Los Angeles, known as the Ringside Cafe. The folks back in Terre Haute would hardly recognize Bud these days, the former 118-pounder now weighing 185.

Emilio Magana of Los Angeles scored a six-round K.O. over Tino DeRama of Pasadena in the main event at the Mission A. C. in Santa Barbara. DeRama was saved by the bell in the fifth. Eddie Scuitti, Santa Barbara "Baker Boy," was easily beaten in the semi by Jim Egnotoff of Los Angeles, who scored a four-round K.O. over Tommy Hart's heavyweight. Scuitti proved plenty game, but has little ability. A large crowd witnessed the show.

A bout that was regarded as a "natural" turned out to be a "dud" when Referee Abe Roth tossed Jackie Wilson and Young Peter Jackson, Negro lightweights, out of the ring and declared the bout "no contest." The match, which was staged at the Olympic Auditorium, was the first fight in many moons to end in this unsatisfactory manner. The referee's statement to the half-filled house that "Neither of the boys was trying" was received with cheers from the crowd. The purses of both boxers were held up by the State Athletic Commission, who ordered them to meet again.

In the semi-windup, Turkey Thompson, 159, was awarded decision over Bobby Seaman, 157, at the end of six rounds.

In the best fight of the night, Oats Zaidy, 141, Syrian slugger, and Johnny Verdusco, 139, battled to a draw. Rudy Oden, 129, decisioned Jimmy Lidell, 125, in a fast bout; Marine Saxell, 150, former Navy champion, won an unpopular decision over Billy Moyer, 152; Harry Azenoff, 194, and Charlie Johnson, 195, went to a draw in the curtain-raiser.

Rico Martinez, Oklahoma Indian, also known as Thunder Cloud, appears to be the logical opponent for Eddie Marcus, hard-hitting Los Angeles boy, who has the distinction of folding the well-known Baby Arizmendi to a draw. Martinez can make the weight and the Indian's victories over Tomboy Romero, Gene Mock and Soldier Ed Stanley proves him to be a tough nut to crack.

The Hogue Twins of Jacumba again headlined the Coliseum A. S. show at San Diego and scored two more victories for the family name. Shorty Hogue gave Karl Lester of Pacific Beach a terrific lacing in six rounds, having the tough redhead on the canvas for two nine-counts.

Big Boy Hogue piled up many points to cop the duke from Henry Majcher of Pittsburgh in the other six-round feature. Majcher was down for nine in the opening round.

In the open air arena at El Centro, Sailor Jack Coggins, San Diego Negro, scored a nine-round K.O. over Bobby Yannes, Los Angeles Mexican. It was a furiously fought contest, with Coggins dishing out most of the punishment and Yannes being floored four times before taking the count. In the prelims, Joe Villegas, El Centro, won decision over Roger Whitaker, Ocean Park Negro; Kid Lester, colored slugger of New Orleans, won from Miller Fonseca of Wilmington, and Jimmy Johnson, Negro boxer of Los Angeles, outclassed Carlos Garcia in the opener. A small crowd witnessed the show.

Jack Davidow, who operates the East Fourth Street Gymnasium, is one of the busiest managers in southern California. Jack just about needs a gym of his own so as to keep check on all of his fighters. He has about twenty boxers under his wing and has them fighting at three or four different clubs every week.

Louie Flyer, Boyle Heights southpaw, was beaten in his first Hollywood Stadium main event when he clashed with Jimmy Garrison of Kansas City at the Movie City arena. The ringwise Garrison gave the Hebrew boy such a body beating that the referee, Lieut. Jack Kennedy, stopped the contest during the rest period after the seventh round, thereby giving Garrison an eight-round T.K.O. victory. Flyer proved game and tried hard, but he was outclassed. Garrison weighed 141, Flyer scaled 140.

In the six-round semi-windup, Richie Lemos, 125, Mexican southpaw, stopped the winning streak of Frankie Kainrath, 124, Chicago C.Y.O. boy. Kainrath had been impressive in two previous Hollywood wins, but he was beaten handily by the hard-hitting Lemos, who had the Chicago blond on the deck three times during the bout.

In remaining prelims, Serio Mendoza, 125, baby-faced Filipino, stopped Sammy LaPorte, 125, Baltimore, in the fourth round. LaPorte was down three times. Irwin Kaye, 143, won decision over Pete Cherney, 145; Harold Bell, 119, and Nash Diaz, 122, fought to a draw; and Gene Garner, 202, scored a T.K.O. over Mickey Simpson, 204, in the second round of the opener. Attendance was 6,000.

Most of the heavyweights seen performing in the preliminaries these days are "hard on the eyes," but in John Petry, young Colorado heavy, George Blake appears to have a big fellow that might make the grade. Petry, who has been taken along carefully, has won all his 12 professional fights and is about ready for the "acid test."

In Mike Hirsch's first show of the month at Ocean Park, Tommy Garland, promising middleweight of Culver City, was awarded the decision over Milton Kell of Whittier, in the feature six-rounder.

In the six-round semi-windup, Al Hagar of Culver City and Marine Saxell of the Navy fought to a draw.

In the remaining prelims: Bert Colima of Whittier scored a two-round K.O. over Al Jiminez of Los Angeles; Pee Wee LaSalle of Des Moines and Roland Torgerson of Reseda staged the fight of the night, a hectic draw; Bobby Bilderan of Ocean Park decisioned Marty Gomez of Watts in a dandy scrap, and Babe Hernandez of Los Angeles won by a K.O. in the first round from Jackie Leonard of Watts with a light punch to Leonard's tummy. A crowd of 2,000 attended.

Although George Parnassus, well known manager of Los Angeles, has retired three of his boxers, namely, Young Peter Jackson, Swede Bergland and Johnny Hanchen, he still has the best stable on the Pacific Coast. Parnassus' three "star" performers are Ceferino Garcia, one of the best in the country of his weight, Tony Chavez and Nick Peters, two of the best lightweights on the Coast. George also has promising youngsters in Irwin Kaye, Andy Vasquez, Emilio Magana and Jimmy Lakes.

In the main event of a show staged in the Municipal Auditorium at Long Beach, Big Boy Bray of Los Angeles scored a one-round K.O. over Eric Lawson of New York. Lawson, a "washed-up" fighter and greatly outweighed, was no match for the giant Negro, who dropped him three times before the uneven contest was stopped by Referee Benny Whitman.

The semi-windup was almost as one-sided as the main event, Harold Blackshear, Oakland Negro, winning over Moose Irwin of Long Beach early in the second round when Referee Whitman stopped the slaughter.

In a bout that fell far short of expectations, Baby Arizmendi, veteran Mexican battler, and Eddie Marcus, hard punching youngster, went eight rounds to a draw in the main event at the Olympic Auditorium. Marcus was floored in both the first and second rounds, and the youngster back-pedalled most of the way, but he piled up points with a fast left jab. However, considering that it was Eddie's first main event and only 12th professional fight, the boy did well.

The highlight of the show was the fourth round K.O. scored by Jackie Wilson, colored beanpole of Cleveland over Young Peter Jackson, Negro veteran of Los Angeles. This bout, a rematch ordered by the State Athletic Commission because of their "no contest" of the week before, was a classic for clever boxing and deadly punching. Wilson was letter perfect in outclassing Jackson and looked capable of beating the best of them. Jackson was down as the gong ended the third round and Wilson went out for the kill in the fourth, and had Ole Petah down and out before another two minutes of fighting.

In the prelims: Johnny Petry, Colorado heavyweight, scored his 12th consecutive victory when he pounded out a third round T.K.O. over Jack Stanley; Oats Zaidy, slugging Syrian, handed Carmen Georgino an unmerciful beating in four; Carlos Garcia won over Milton Kell; Tony Navarro and Adam Moraga battled toe-to-toe on even terms; and Nash Diaz won over Pee Wee LaSalle in the curtain-raiser, all four-rounders. The prelims were packed with action. Attendance was about 9,000.

Some of the best and most active referees in and around Los Angeles at the present time are former boxers. Among the ring arbiters who used to "toss leather" are Johnny Indrisando, at one time one of the best welters in the world; Mushy Callahan, former junior welter champion; Frankie Dolan, Johnny Adams and Frankie Van. Two other great ex-champions, Bud Taylor and Jackie Fields, were local referees up until a year or so ago.

Fur was expected to fly at the Hollywood Stadium for Matchmaker Charlie MacDonald had Little Pancho, highly-touted Filipino, booked with Lou Salica, Brooklyn bantam. But the bout turned out to be slow and uninteresting. Salica did what little fighting was done and was awarded the decision. Referee Charlie Randolph pleaded with Pancho to do some fighting but in only two rounds of the 10-round go did the Filipino show any inclination to mix it up. Pancho weighed 116, Salica 117.

Emelio Magana, 130, Los Angeles Mexican, outclassed Fighting Carlos, 129, Filipino stablemate of Pancho, in the six-round semi. Magana had punched the game Filipino all over the ring and had him out on his feet when Referee Frankie Van stopped it near the end of the sixth and raised Magana's hand.

In a hard fought four-rounder, Zeke Castro, 133, pounded out a clean-cut decision over Johnny Verdusco, 138. Rudy Oden, 129, Hebrew southpaw, was lucky to be given a draw with Frankie Rodriguez, 131, after four fast rounds. Jimmy Lakes, 148, received an unpopular decision over Nick Masiello, 147, and Jack Townend, 205, making his first pro start, won by T.K.O. over Jack Stanley, 187, in the fourth round of the curtain-raiser.

Managers, fighters and trainers are all a restless lot, but it would seem that they should be satisfied to remain at one gymnasium, or if dissatisfied, leave it for good. But such is not the case here in Los Angeles. The boys migrate back and forth between the Main Street gym and the Manhattan gym, although the gymnasiums are but three blocks apart, and this has been going on for years.

Another week in San Diego usually means another ring appearance of the Hogue Twins, so the Coliseum A. C. again featured the curly-headed lads of Jacumba and again the twins added to their string of victories.

Big Boy Hogue trounced Kid Lester, New Orleans Negro, in one six-rounder, and Shorty Hogue whipped Hughie Myatt, Los Angeles Negro, in another six. Shorty injured his right hand in the opening round and will be inactive for a few weeks.

Little Pancho, for years one of the world's best flyweights, has probably made his last fight. The little Filipino battler is in a Los Angeles hospital where he is being operated upon for cancer. This accounts for his poor showing at Hollywood last week when he dropped a decision to Lou Salica. Jerry Zucker, Pancho's manager, said that the tiny brown scrapper did not complain of illness, but did appear to be unusually nervous before the fight. Pancho's greatest glory was his draw with Midget Wolgast in 1932, an event that drew the largest gate in Honolulu history. He was a half-brother of the late Pancho Villa, a former world's champion.

Henry Woods, colored boxer of Oakland and claimant to the California welterweight title, scored a decisive 10-round win over Jimmy Garrison of Kansas City in the Olympic Auditorium. Although the outcome was never in doubt, Garrison made it a fight all the way by his boring-in and body punching, but Woods' pistonlike left jabs and right crosses were too much artillery for the Kansas gamester.

In the six-round semi, Jack Coggins, San Diego Negro light-heavy, won the nod over Buddy Holzhauer of Long Beach. In the special, Steve Belloise of New York won a fast four-rounder from Henry Majcher of Pittsburgh. In remaining prelims, Francis Jacques of France defeated Charlie Johnson, Negro heavy, of Los Angeles; Jim Egnotoff defeated Oce Loftus, and Frank Capra scored a T.K.O. over Sal Guerrero in the fourth round of the opener.

Onyx Roach, formerly of Oklahoma, and well known throughout the Southwest as a manager of the best Indian fighters, is now making matches for the club at Fresno. Roach was pilot of such tough battlers as Chief Jaris, Junior Munsell and Rico Martinez.

It was a bloody night at the Hollywood Stadium when Tony Chavez, 135, Albuquerque, won by T.K.O. over Mike Belloise, 131, New York, in the eighth round. It was a fast fight all the way, but Chavez was far in the lead at the finish. Belloise garnered the first two rounds by wide margins, stabbing and hooking Tony at will, but the tough Mexican kept right on boring in and caught up with the dazzling Mike in the third often enough to make that round even, and from then on, Chavez took every round from the New York boxing master. Both of Belloise's eyes were gashed and after Mike had receipted for a severe pasting in the seventh, Referee Abe Roth examined him and finding his left eye completely closed, he raised Chavez' hand.

The best fight on this program of good fights was the semi-windup between Les (Red) Green, 139, rugged Irish youngster of Los Angeles, and Rico Martinez, 134, tough Oklahoma Indian. Green's great finish caught the eye of the referee, who awarded him the decision, but the fight was so close that a draw would have been a more popular verdict.

In other bouts: Ray Lunney, 135, classy San Francisco boxer, left-handed Elmer Lewis, 138, Redondo, dizzy for four straight rounds; Irwin Kaye, 142, scored a T.K.O. over Carmen Georgino, 146, in the fourth, after handing the Italian a severe lacing and closing both his eyes; Cliff Brennan, 164, Minneapolis, making his first Coast star, stopped Lou Gomez, 163, Los Angeles, in the fourth, after being outboxed most of the way; Paul Woods, 126, a former Golden Gloves champion, won over Nash Diaz, 124, in the opener. A packed house saw the show.

Gus Wilson, well known in boxing circles because of his association with Georges Carpentier and Jack Dempsey, has one of the largest stables of boxers in Southern California. Among his leather pushers are such well known boxers as Mike Belloise, Bob Nestell, Jimmy Garrison, Steve Belloise and Bobby Yannes.

In the open air show at El Centro, Big Boy Hogue, Jacumba, smaller of the famous Hogue twins, dished out a terrific lacing to Uli Harris, Los Angeles Negro, in a six-round main event. The gong saved Harris from a knockout in the fourth.

The six-round semi was won by Wayne Penn of Seal Beach, who decisioned Benny O'Neill, San Diego Negro featherweight. The special event went to Joe Barilla of Los Angeles, who trounced Joe Villegas of El Centro in four.

Amateur boxing is in a slump in and around Los Angeles these days, mainly because there are so few boys with class or "color" left in the simon-pure ranks. Coaches of amateur boxers have been steering their proteges into professional boxing long before they have proven ready for the stiffer competition. And this practice has been of little help to professional clubs for many of these amateur "graduates" do not show enough ability in their professinal debuts to warrant the matchmakers using them again.

Bobby Pacho, veteran Mexican welterweight of Los Angeles, won a slow 10-round decision over Herman (Bomber) Graves, El Centro Negro, in the main event at the Coliseum A. C., San Diego.

Little Dado, Filipino flyweight, made Bobby Wright of Stockton, say "uncle" in the eighth round of their scheduled 10-rounder at Pismo Beach on May 26. Dado had taken every round and after shellacking Wright severely in the eighth, Bobby informed the referee he had enough. Dado weighed 112, Wright came in at 117.

Jimmy Lane, 208, Long Beach Negro, won the decision over John O'Taras, 197, Los Angeles, in the six-round main event at Municipal Auditorium, Long Beach. In the semi, Miller Fonseca, Wilmington welterweight, and Doll Nelson, Los Angeles Negro, fought a draw. In remaining bouts, Bobby Bilderan scored a T.K.O. over Marty Gomez in four; Clarence Thomas won from Eddie Riviera in four; Tommy Lauer and Jerry Wright drew in four; Red Chavez and Al Hogan were even at the end of the opening four-rounder.

The writer of this column will gladly give the readers of THE RING magazine any information regarding boxing in Southern California providing a stamped, return-addressed envelope accompanies each inquiry. Address all mail to Harry E. Winkler, 1231 N. June Street, Hollywood, Calif.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS

By T. W. McNIEL

AT Denver, Colo.: Two-Ton Tony Galento rewarded us mountain fans with a four-round exhibition of his fighting prowess, using one Phil Johnson as his foil. If Galento's showing against Johnson is any criterion of his actual ability, we want to go on record as predicting that he will last something less than a minute when Joe Louis starts bombarding his over-size paunch.

Though the Galento-Johnson exhibition was something of a fizzle, Promoter Jack Kanner offered the fans a nifty backup card, featuring Dixie Taylor, Waterloo, Ia., colored middleweight, who punched out a six-round decision over rugged Joe Aguilar of Denver.

At Monte Vista, Colo.: Sol Luna, Colorado lightweight champ, won an easy 10-round victory over youthful Vic Greening of Pueblo. However, Greening made many friends by his game stand against overwhelming odds.

The semi-final, featuring Pug Sutherland of Manassa and Bill Yalotz of Pueblo, both beating back up the comeback trail, saw the pair maul away to a six-round draw.

At Delta, Colo.: Davie Manzanares, Longmont, Colo., featherweight flash, scored a 10-round verdict over Corbie Ray, Montrose, Colo., sensation, in a torrid mill. Ray held his own through the early rounds but Manzanares' body bombardment gained him the decision in the end. The fight attracted a capacity crowd.

At Fort Collins, Colo.: Ted Schaffer, Larimer County's fighting sheriff, knocked out Bill Mayfield, Cheyenne, Wyo., heavyweight, in the second round of a scheduled six-round bout. Schaffer scaled 182 pounds, with Mayfield coming in at 202.

At Fort Collins, Colo.: Al Hinojosa, Fort Warren fighting doughboy, stopped Johnny Jarvis of Denver in the second round of a scheduled 10-rounder. The pair are 130-pounders.

Ralph Gwartney, the fighting "Mosca Mauler," has left these parts for the more fertile fistic fields of California. Under the guiding hand of Babe McCoy, Gwartney, a 190-pounder with a terrific punch, will no doubt cut a wide swath in heavyweight circles in the next year or two.

With Gwartney, John Petry and Frankie Edgren in foreign fields, the heavyweight class in Colorado has just about become extinct.

Babe Herman, Omaha Neb.: Ace Hudkins is in California at the present writing. Haven't heard of Morrie Schlaffer in ages, don't know his present whereabouts.

Melvin Pierce, Oklahoma City, Okla.: Suggest you get Nat Fleischer's "Black Dynamite" series for complete dope on Sam McVey. However, he was born in Oxnard, Calif., and has been dead nearly twenty years. No, he never held a world's championship.

The writer has a complete list of active promoters in this neck of the woods that can be yours for a two-bit piece. Will also answer any questions relative to the mitt game out this way.

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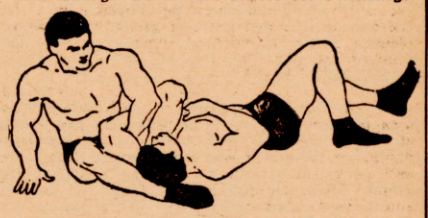

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AUSTRALIAN NOTES
By VINCE J. CARRICK

IN one of the most sensational fights ever witnessed at Brisbane Stadium, Allan Westbury, Newcastle welterweight, knocked out Hockey Bennell in the 12th round, 20 seconds before the final bell. Both are contenders for the Australian title, left vacant by the retirement of Jack Carroll.

Brisbane fans saw a new Bennell in the Westbury fight. In his two fights with Rusty Cook, Bennell was solely a boxer, and never appeared willing to engage in slugging contests. But against Westbury from the second round till the eighth, he not only outboxed Westbury, but outfought him in many of the breast to breast sorties.

Bennell built up a substantial lead on points with a magnificent left hand and slippery footwork. By comparison, Westbury's work was crude, and the manner in which Bennell made the Novocastrian miss astounded the fans who, a few weeks previously saw Westbury put their idol, Rusty Cook, away in jig time.

The end was as dramatic as it was unexpected. Westbury gained a new lease of life and at the beginning of the ninth started a hurricane attack and drove Bennell across to the ropes and pinned him there with powerful blows to the head and body. Working toward the center of the ring Westbury connected with a left drive to the jaw, following a fast right to the chin. Westbury won this round well and the 10th, too. He opened the 11th full of confidence, but Bennell met him with a beautiful straight left and right uppercut. Splendid footwork and well placed punches kept Westbury at bay and Bennell sat down winner of the round.

Due to his early superiority, all Bennell had to do to win the fight was to be on his feet at the end of the last round. Alas, with thirty seconds to go Westbury was again in the ascendancy and a beautiful barrage to the head and body sent Bennell down. Scrambling up limp and helpless he was sent down again after his judgment had been scattered, and while the referee was counting him out the inspector of police gave the signal that the fight should be stopped.

Outpunched, outfought and outspeeded from the first gong till the time when Referee Wallis crowned Jackie Wilson winner, Joe Velasco from the Philippines failed to live up to the reputation he made in Newcastle. At Sydney Stadium, as Jim Donald, doyen of Australian boxing scribes, said, Velasco "came up for judgment and was found wanting."

The Negro fought a dashing battle and was confident throughout, while Velasco bred the thought that he was a cert to be beaten and he fought accordingly.

The end came in the eighth round when, after three admonitions, Referee Wallis stopped the fight and awarded it to Wilson on a foul.

Wilson fought brilliantly, but there was a note of monotony about his work. As I saw it, Wilson's left was never out of Velasco's face and his short rights to the body were devastating. Occasionally Velasco connected with a right rip to the body or an occasional straight left, but in the main he was outclassed in every phrase of the game.

Wilson's record to date reads: Eight fights, eight wins. Not bad, eh?

Scoring all the way with fast two-fisted body attacks, Henry Moreno, classy Mexican featherweight, won a comfortable points decision over Sydneysider Frank Farrington at Sydney Stadium. It was Farrington's biggest fight to date, and he justified his chance to make good, following some excellent performances against classy local featherweights. But against Moreno, an experienced campaigner, Farrington was out of his class, and the Mexican was not extended to win.

For the most part he had Farrington on the ropes firing away with both hands. The local's best efforts were light left jabs to the face.

Veteran Tod Morgan is training in Western Australia for a bout with Negro Johnny Hutchinson. Tod says the climate over in the goldfields has made a new man of him and he is feeling better now than when he first came to Australia . . . . Kui Kong has had five fights in Australia, winning four on knockouts and one on points. Last one was with Maxie Richards, brother of the dual Australian champ. Young Max couldn't fathom the southpaw style and lost on points . . . . Danny La Verne opened his Australian campaign by outpointing the Manillan, Young Gildo, over 12 rounds at Sydney Sports Arena. La Verne, a French Puerto Rican, used his left effectively, but didn't appear likely to knock the tough Gildo out . . . . Gildo would be well advised to hang up the gloves . . . . He is on his third visit to Australia.

In his second comeback fight, Spider Roach accounted for Filipino Joe Velasco in 12 heats . . . . Another Manillan, Tony Villa, went under to "Darkie" Abbott at Sydney Stadium . . . . Liam Wilson, star New South Wales amateur bantamweight, is easily the outstanding fighter in the Australian lilywhite ranks . . . . Fred Henneberry is seriously contemplating a trip to England and a fight for the British Empire middleweight title . . . . Since Bert Potts took over Brisbane Stadium for Stadiums, Ltd., local fans have had the best 12 months in Brisbane for many years . . . . Bert Osborne, Victorian lightweight, won on a knockout from New South Welshman Tommy Loder after having him on the floor five times.

Bobby Clarke, one of the best junior welters in Australia, after a short holiday in the country, returned to Sydney and outpointed tough Bobby Rivers at Carlton Stadium. Clarke is a pretty boxer and is nippy on his feet. He is punching harder now than before he took the spell . . . . N.S.W. lightweight champ Bub Anderson won handsomely against up-and-coming Ray Haddigan at Carlton Stadium . . . . Maxie Miller, half brother of the Australian champion, Mickey M., was knocked out by Victorian bantam title-holder, ... Claude Varner has reached an advanced stage of convalescence and has told promoters he will be ready for action by the beginning of June.

IN ARGENTINE RINGS
By K. G. COVINGTON

BOXING fans in New York will soon be having a chance of seeing in action a really good lightweight, Carmelo Fenoy of Chile, who has put up some of the best fights out this way for some time. We shall also be losing Alberto Lovell who is returning to the U. S. A.

The big match of the month down in Argentine was the heavyweight championship of South America between challenger Arturo Godoy and holder Alberto Lovell an uninteresting fight won by the aforementioned. Kid Tunero K.O.'ed Hortencio Gularte in four heats. Eduardo Primo, Argentine heavy, was in good form when he K.O.'ed Hans Haverlick in the third.

In Chile, the lightweight Armando Aguila, battered Arturo Cuevas of Cuba to defeat in the fifth round, and Raul Carabantes decisioned J. Torregrosa.

Arturo Godoy lost on points to our up and coming heavy Valentine Campolo—brother of Victorio.

Amado Azar, our good middleweight, won over the famed Ignacio Ara of Spain. Victor Castillo outpointed Gino Giacomelli champion of Italy.

A. Azar won the decision over the once great Cuban scrapper Kid Tunero.

Our lightweight hope Francisco Suarez, defeated Carmelo Feroy in 15 rounds in the Luna Park Stadium.

Eduardo Primo gained a decisive victory over Hans Birkie of Germany in 12 heats.

IN THE PROVINCES:—Joe Peters K.O.'ed Luis de Vita . . . . Capiello beat Bilanzone exchampion of the Argentine . . . . Bilanzone in turn whipped Manuel Iglesias . . . . Gonzalez beat Ceppi on points.

Jose Sorito, heavy, beat Andres Mella . . . . Alfonso Manan K.O.'ed Ricardo Bina . . . . Liendo decisioned Monasterio . . . . Ualcarce lost to Daniel Aldao . . . . Tito Soria in an even match won from Eugenio Arlandis.

"FISTICUFFS" FROM BARBADOS, B. W. I.
By CLIFFORD P. NURSE

PANDEMONIUM reigned at the Yankee Stadium when Jack Montelle, middleweight champion of the Island, showered an ambidextrous attack upon the anatomy of Bertico Herrera of Santo Domingo and stopped him in the eighth round.

The Island can boast of the two best fighters in the West Indies and South America in Jack Montelle and Al Browne, feather and lightweight champions of the West Indies.

Martial Victorino, middleweight and lightheavyweight champion of Martinque and Guadeloupe, arrived just two days before the Montelle-Herrera fight. He is also a native of Santo Domingo, and is a stablemate of Herrera. They are both managed by Sydney (Hon) Lord. Victorino looks good, but when he saw what Montelle did to his stablemate, he vowed vengeance. They are signed up for June 5th.

Leo, the "roaring lion" from the famed "fistic jungle," knocked out Gunboat Wills, the "Gunning Gunner." They never come back. Six years of inactivity told its dramatic story on the inflated abdomen of Wills, plus a couple of none-too-sure right-handers from Earl Leo.

Kid Francis walloped his way to victory by stopping Jack Rufus in the fourth of their scheduled eight-rounder. Francis used a good left uppercut, with a sizzling right cross and the birdies sang their lullaby in the ears of Rufus.

Young Peter Jackson held Speedy Kid to a four-round draw. This was Jackson's first appearance and he made quite an impression. He is a pupil of Jack Montelle.

Young Montana and Al Simms fought furiously to a draw. Montana is a fine little boxer, but Simms proved strong and willing.

On the Gunboat Wills-Earl Leo card, Jack Sharkey drove a short right-hander to the protruding chin of Young Griffo in the third round and the result was dramatic. Griffo stretched like a flying fish in the frying pan. When he awoke from his coma, he was medically advised to drop the game and lay flat on his back for nine days.

Lightfoot Kid was lucky in getting Referee Drummer Beckles to raise his hand over Jack Melbourne. A draw would have been better.

Colin Fields and Allan Jones tossed gloves like madmen in their three-round amateur contest that made the crowd yell with excitement. Fields is sure a dangerous fellow, and is a big attraction. He deserved the nod, but Jones was too game.

The death of Colin Foster, son of Lieut. A. R. Foster, was a shock to sportsdom. Colin was one of the best boxers in the Island, and was a member of the Rovers football club. A fine sportsman. A tremendous gathering turned out to pay tribute to his mortal remains. May he rest in peace.

Mike Foster is the Island's official referee and is known as the local "Arthur Donovan." His father, Lieut. A. R. Foster, better known as "Kelly" Foster, is one of the Island's best fight judges. The two make a grand pair.

Adios, until next month.

BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

JOE COEGO, Cuban lightweight champion, defended his title against the onslaughts of Sixto Morales in 12 rounds. Coego won easily.

Sergio Napoles, new flyweight sensation, won from Bonifacio Souval in five rounds. Napoles is a human dynamo and with his lethal wallop is destined to go far in pugilism.

Kid Bradad, Cuban crack welter, won by a T.K.O. over Joe Legon. The referee stopped the contest due to Legon's left eye being badly cut.

Young Souval, hard hitting lightweight, scored an eight-round K.O. over Guajiro Salvaje at Camaguey. Kid Pintado drew in six with Kid Jabao.

Manolo Sanchez, popular Omnibus Club lightweight, won from Vazquez Rodriguez.

Santos Hernandez, wearing the colors of the Lalo Dominguez stables, upset the dope by scoring a three-round knockout over Guillermo Barrios, Golden Glove bantam champ.

Santiago Sosa, Golden Glove featherweight champion, scored a three-round knockout over Pedro Otano, who fought a brave but futile combat.

Santiago Sosa also won in five rounds from Santos Hernandez, who by the way, proved that his knockout over Barrios was sort of a fluke.

Lorenzo Collazo won from Roberto Gonzalez in one round; Manuel Navreete won from Norberto Delgado; Juan Argudin won from Rafael Pareja; Mario Garcia won from Manuel Fernandez; Jose Luis Pena won from Emilio Viciedo.

Pedro Medina right now is the most popular pug in Cuba. Pedro holds the flyweight and bantamweight titles. It looks like little Pedro will soon be headed for bigger things in boxing. First of all we won't class Medina with Kid Chocolate, but the writer, who saw great flyweights like Jimmy Wilde and Pancho Villa, etc., in action, can safely say he is a truly great little boxer. A series of fights against American boys starts this month for Pedro, and once he gets started there is no telling but that he'll bring back to Cuba another world's championship as did Kid Chocolate.

Paul Sanguly scored a four-round K.O. over Pedro Calderon at the Cristal Arena. Baby Larwence won from Nelson Rodriguez; Ramon Carballo won from Jose Martinez; Pedro Herrera lost to Esteban Hernandez; Alvred Bolivar scored over Jorge Del Rico; Francisco Sicre won from Pedro Valdez.

Jose Ferrer scored a five-round knockout over Gilbert Moreno; Evelio Duran won from Antonio Sanchez; Jose Andre Hornedo won from Andres Domunguez; Jose Soto won from Luis Diaz; Joe Armstrong won from Pedro Otani; Mike Plasencia won from Severino Herrera.

Sergio Napoles, Cuba's pocket edition of Terry McGovern, scored in five rounds over his hard punching rival, Julio Ramos. Napoles scored two knockdowns and had his man reeling just when the bell rang.

UNDER SOUTHERN SKIES
By TOM EPHREM

AL JENSEN, well known Daytona Beach sportsman, succeeded where others had failed in their quest to revive the professional boxing game in Jacksonville, Florida. To him must go the credit for raising the greatest sport out of the dumps. In his inaugural show, Promoter Jensen was graciously rewarded with a fine turnout, in fact, the best to view a professional card since the slam-bang days of the Armory.

This was probably due to the promoter presenting his Jewish lightweight star, Carl Sivers of Jacksonville, before the home town fans. Carl's name was magic to his race and the Jewish fight lovers nobly responded to their new fistic idol.

Featured in one of the double main events, Carl Sivers, 135 pounds, emerged a T.K.O. winner in seven rounds over Joey Raymond, 137, of Tampa. Raymond suffered a broken hand and was forced to call it quits. Sivers held a slight lead at the time.

The co-feature found Pietro Gorgi winning by the same way, but in the third round, over Silent Robinson. This pair of light-heavies went after each other hammer and tongs until Robinson's cut eye forced a halt.

A six-rounder saw Al Manriquez take a T.K.O. victory from Charlie Battle in the third canto. Both are lightweights. In a wild and woolly affair, Len Foucart upset the dope and put the sleep potion on Ralph McGaghin in the fourth stanza. They are middleweights.

Ben Brown knocked out Billy Hood in the fourth round.

Down at Tampa, Florida, the veteran Cliff Greenwood again amazed the city's fistic colony by decisioning Al Manfredo in 10. The semi-final, pitting Henry Raymond and Bill Rodriguez in a bantam duel, found the former winning a kayo in the first round. Tony Dominguez outmauled Kid McGaghin in a middleweight sixer. The last two winners are in the Joe Rodante stable. A large crowd witnessed these bouts.

At New Orleans, Leo Rodak outpointed the local Jimmy Perrin in a 10-round scrap and thereby won his chance for a return with Joey Archibald, the world's featherweight champion.

Al Manfredo and Johnny Durso had it out in Louisville and Manfredo came through with the win. They are welters.

Tommy Kiene, the South's bantamweight champion, added another kayo to his credit when he put it over on Mike Gonzalez in four rounds before a good sized Savannah crowd. The winner scored seven knockdowns prior to the finishing wallop. Yours truly tabs young Kiene as one of the country's best prospects.

Willie Santanna, Tampa fight promoter, who is negotiating to bring Simon Chavez to this country, was an interested visitor at the Savannah matches. He had the idea of putting Tommy Kiene with Chavez. However, Willie changed his mind of matching the two when he saw the kind of punishment the Savannah youngster dealt Gonzalez. To date, according to Kiene's manager, Carl Moss, the youngster has 50 wins, half by kayoes, one draw and no losses.

Roger Goss of Picayune, Miss., and managed by brother J. J., is now coming along in fine style after an injury suffered in an auto wreck. The plucky youngster is mixing it with the leading welters in Alabama and Mississippi.

Jim Bowden, Jacksonville heavyweight hope, will go out for recognition in that division when he leaves for Birmingham to participate in THE RING's heavyweight tournament. Jim, a dangerous clouter, tells this humble correspondent that this will be his chance of a lifetime and is out to make good.

Stopping here, it is interesting to note that there are many more heavyweights like Jim Bowden who only ask for a chance to show what they have. Like Sir Galahad, coming to their rescue is THE RING'S Editor-Publisher, Nat Fleischer, who makes it possible for the lads to wait no longer but step right up and show their stuff by sanctioning THE RING'S heavyweight tournament. It is indeed the finest movement made for the sake of honest boxing. And some say there is no Santa Claus.

Honey Boy Snipes, Georgia's nifty lightweight of a few years back, is attempting a comeback after a long layoff. He is in Jacksonville at the present and can probably take care of himself if he starts off in the prelims. His last bout in this city, where he was a great favorite, was with Ray Schneider, and in this, Jack Dempsey, the referee, raised Schneider's hand in token of victory.

Promoter Eli Barket held his second fight show in Palatka and receiving a good turnout will put on programs every week beginning this month. He is getting all the assistance from the leading citizens who want the game there.

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Larry Kid Lovett, Florida's colored heavyweight king, was named as THE RING's best heavyweight prospect in the July issue which is quite a feather in the Kid's hat. According to word reaching this corner through his manager, B. T. Pate, both will journey to Northern spots this summer.

Len Foucart, Jacksonville's blond bomber, came through with flying colors when he surprisingly knocked out Ralph McGaghin in four rounds in Jacksonville, lately.

Jimmy Murdock still presents ace matches at his Arena and receives the usual good following for his troubles. Jimmy is really helping Jacksonville get started toward the right path in order to get boxing back here. Several of his new prospects are: Casey Denkins, 150; Red Vorris, 145; and Tommy Robitzch, 140-pounder. The latter shows the best promise.

Warren Magee, St. Augustine's debonair fight impresario, gave his best card with Tiger Eddie Spencer eking out a close one over the heavier Tony Lopez in eight rounds. Another good bout found Ollie Touchton decisioning the paunchy Charlie Battle.

Pete Tarpley, Georgia's welterweight, will aim for bigger bouts now that he is in the hands of Chuck O'Connors. The Georgian has met Paul Junior, Buster Carroll, Snag Trowbridge, Sammy Magro and others of good repute.

At Washington, D. C. Edward C. Foster, executive secretary of the National Boxing Association, endorsed a suggestion that boxing name a czar with powers compared to those of the baseball commissioner, K. M. Landis. Mr. Foster quotes the boxing czar should be a man who is fearless, knows boxing thoroughly and at the same time is above any possibility of bribery or connivers. This humble correspondent can mention three men who are suitable for such responsibility and following in that order are: First, THE RING Editor, Nat Fleischer; second, Gene Tunney; third, Jack Dempsey.

Probably the first of the big boys to make a neat impression on the fight fans in Jacksonville is Pietro Gorgi. He showed well his punching ability besides being chockful of action at all times. Either mitt he slings is a resemblance to a mule's hefty kick. The local promoter, Al Jensen, will likely use him against Ben Brown, Ralph Chong or Jim Bowden, probably on his next show.

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Will Art Sykes please get in touch with me? Address below.

Promoters and managers, please send in your notes to me before the first of each month. Address: Tom Ephrem, 605 West Forsyth St., Jacksonville, Florida.

Last Minute News—Chuck (Leo) Connors, Eastern boxing representative, wants to connect the Florida colored heavyweight star, Elmer Kid Ray, in Northern rings. The Kid is a promising battler and Southern scribes gave him a splendid boost for his courageous fight with John Henry Lewis a while back in Atlanta.

WANTED

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CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

CANUCK FISTDOM faces probably its worst summer season since the depths of the depression period. Shows are few and far between and prospects of improvement look dubious. Toronto, Edmonton and a couple of spots in the Maritimes like Halifax and Saint John present one now and then, but these spasmodic efforts are none too encouraging at that. Montreal, Quebec, Winnipeg and other former strongholds have yet to get started and little promise is held that there'll be much action, if any, in these centres. The game is weak around Vancouver, too. Promoters are scarce and what few there are are cautious, a method that certainly doesn't improve fistic followings.

Even amateur boxing is going poorly in Montreal after a terrific build-up. It's not for lack of talen' as there are several very promising boys in Montreal who could be developed into good drawing cards as well as fighters who could compete with the best of 'em in their divisions. These boys are being retarded and wasted, much in the fashion of frozen assets, with lack of opportunity to get into action. A smart promoter could make plenty in Montreal by developing these lads as well as further building up local fighters that are already fairly well established. So, with Canadian promoters staying put and keeping the outlook so pessimistic, we'd welcome an enterprising American promoter here.

The ambitious Edmonton promoter, Fred Osborne, lined up an attraction on the eve of the Royal Visit in the Alberta capital that should have attracted much more interest than it did. He secured Tiger Warrington to defend his Canadian light-heavy and heavy crowns in a fifteen-rounder with Eddie Wenstob, rugged Alberta boy, in a match that had been long clamored for in Western Canada. Only 2,600 paid a gross of $3,300 to see these closely rated light-heavies battle it out to a draw verdict, and it's hard to see how the show paid, with expenses for the Warrington party from New York on top of everything else.

The Canadian Press reported that the only damaging blows were scored by Warrington and there were only two mentioned. So it must have been a pretty close battle, though somewhat tame. It sets the stage, though, for a "natural" between Wenstob and Oliver Shank, heavy-hitting Montreal heavyweight, who originates from Alberta. Shank would be a big drawing card with Wenstob as it would bring forth a sharp all-local rivalry in a bout that would be bound to produce fiery action.

Al Shank finally had his lengthy winning streak snapped when he campaigned in New England rings in May. He hurt his right thumb with the first punch in his debut in Boston against Sam Shumway, but kept on going to make a close battle of it. A few days later he opposed Babe Averillo and again dropped a close decision when he found that fighting with one hand was too much of a handicap. The game Montreal lad insisted on going through with a scheduled match with Val Nadeau despite the condition of his thumb and had the better of it. They met in a return bout and Shank scored by a much wider margin, after which he returned to Montreal for a month's rest in order to allow the injury to heal.

Dave Castilloux, Montreal's Canadian featherweight champ, is a better attraction in Toronto than he is in Montreal or Quebec. He handed Joey Bagnato, Toronto lightweight, a neat shellacking in ten rounds before a crowd of more than 5,000 Toronto fans, who gave him an ovation. Castilloux gave Bagnato a one-sided pasting and had him on the floor for a nine-count in the ninth round, but the game Bagnato staged a desperate rally to win the final round, though many thought Castilloux, who lacks a killing finishing touch, had "carried" his rival through the last round.

CALGARY HOOKS AND JABS
By HUGH A. MACLEAN

ALBERTA has been blessed with plenty of rain during the month, and also some splendid bouts have been seen by the faithful. The Royal visit brought together a fine bunch of boys on Darby Melnick's card. Owing to uncertainty over the King's arrival the next day, the cash customers did not come up to the usual number.

Joe Lindgren, Round-Up, Montana, made a hurry-up visit to Victoria Pavilion to examine the highly touted King Kong Clayton in 10 rounds. Clayton knocked Lindgren down in the first, and seemed to have a slight edge in the first three heats. Lindgren, who showed here against Leo "Red" Bruce last month, came out in the fourth and from then until the six the fight was all Joe's. In the sixth Lindgren won by a K.O.

Johnny Loftus and Jimmy Holmes fought eight blistering rounds at 145 pounds, with Loftus winning the decision.

Mushy Callahan won by a 21-second K.O. in the second round over Sid Terris of Edmonton. Terris was as surprised as Callahan, who was badly puzzled by the Edmonton boy's southpaw style in the first. Callahan came out with a rush in the second and forced Terris to give ground, crashing over a hard right which won the bout.

Buddy Loftus and Jimmy Rimmer again opened the show, Buddy winning on points. This will soon develop into a brother act, as Buddy has won three from Rimmer to date.

Eddie Wenstob, Viking, Alberta, and Terry "The Tiger" Warrington, Liverpool, N. S., colored boy, fought to a 15-round draw, before a small crowd of about 3200 fans in Edmonton.

Jimmy Chapman, Vancouver, B. C., K.O.'ed Johnny Farr, Portland, Ore., in 30 seconds of the first round of an eight-rounder. Gordie Thompson, western Canada welter champion, fought a six-round draw with Johnny Janitzen. Lindsay Guild, Strome, Alta., 162, won on a T.K.O. in the fourth over Jack Pickles, Vancouver, B. C., 172. Gordon Grayson, Edmonton, 156, won a six-round decision over Mushy Callahan, Calgary, 154.

MAINE AND MASSACHUSETTS
By CHARLEY MILLER

DANNY PEAL, sensational light-heavyweight now training under Charley Miller, famous Maine guide, stopped durable Butch Wooster, Rockland strong boy, in the second round of a scheduled eight-round bout at Bangor. It was the first time Wooster had been knocked out in more than 100 fights.

In the semi-final, hard-hitting Jimmy Gormerly of Brewer won his 22nd consecutive bout by knocking out Wally Pooler, Waterville, in 16 seconds of the first round. In another six-rounder, Jackie Fisher, 165, Waterville, kayoed Seth Parker, 167, Bangor, midway in the third round. Red Bushey, Brewer, outpointed Young Perkins, Brewer, in a lively four-rounder. Mickey Mallory, Brewer, stopped Young Cluckey, Brewer, in the second round.

Lou Ambers, former world's lightweight champion, gave Paul Junior, Lewiston veteran, an unmerciful beating in Boston Garden. The bout, scheduled for ten rounds, was stopped in the eighth round.

TENTING ALONG THE MAINE SHORES—A newcomer to Maine sportswriting ranks is young Johnny Wentworth, who writes a lively column in the Bangor *Daily News* . . . . Wentworth is a former Bucksport High and Higgins prep school star . . . . Bill Geagan, outdoor and boxing writer, is the state's leading fisherman . . . . Gene Tunney, former heavyweight champion, plans to visit here to fish . . . . Danny Peal, Bangor's new sensation, caught 42 fish recently with one worm . . . . Bill Berry, former boxer of Bangor, is owner of a hotel in Milbridge.

The new state boxing commission goes into effect the last of July. Governor Barrows had not named the chairman at this writing.

Al McCoy redeemed himself in the heavyweight ranks when he turned in that two-round knockout over Nathan Mann in Bridgeport. McCoy is a mystery fighter if ever there was one. He is as great as he wants to be, and if he ever finds himself, he is going to be a threat for all the heavyweights in the land.

HOLYOKE NEWS
By GEORGE KID ROSS

JIMMY LETO of Hartford K.O.'d Tommy Bland of Toronto in the third round of a 10-round bout at the Valley Arena in Holyoke. Bland had previously fought Leto a draw at the same club. Johnny Dugwillo of Marlboro, Mass., stopped Johnny Collins of Waterbury in the third round. Big Boy Carilli of Hartford, heavyweight, K. O.'d Phil Bromson of Waterbury in the third round. Johnny Broandon of Albany won a four-round decision from Joey Gale of Marlboro, Mass.; Patsy Long of Worcester was K.O.'d in the first by Sal Carabetta of Meriden; Jack Parker, a southpaw from Worcester, was knocked down in the third but got off the floor to score a knockout over Carlo Daponde in the same round.

Doug Murchie of North Adams won over Johnny Costello of Worcester in a six-rounder; Al Costa of Woonsocket won a decision over Lou Blondi of Thompsonville, Conn.; Unknown Morgan of Hartford knocked out Tony Bento of Worcester in the first; Armand Remillard of Marlboro, Mass., had too much experience for J. J. Zeleskie of Dalton, Mass. The bout was stopped in the first round.

Jimmy Bell of New Haven won a decision over Chick Richards of Boston in the main bout of a new talent card. Johnny Dugwillow of Holyoke and Romeo Ducharme of Easthampton, Mass., fought a hard fight of six rounds. Armand Remillard of Worcester was unable to fathom the style of Johnny Brandon of Albany and Brandon won. Sal Carabetta of Meriden and Angelo Manno of Worcester fought a hard fight for four rounds with the decision going to Carabetta.

Frankie Allen of Holyoke won over Pete King of Boston in four. Tuffy Lavallee of Holyoke beat Andy Stefan. Carlo Dapondi of Springfield won over Johnny Warren of Meriden in three.

"Chicopee Wild Bull" Budynkiewicz continues to win at Thompsonville, Conn.

The American Legion of West Springfield plans to open up the Coliseum for boxing. Rip Valenti of Boston will promote.

CLEVELAND CHATTER
By SPARKY RUDOLPH

POLL 'EM PAUL PIRRONE, after an absence of sixteen months in the ring, is hitting the comeback trail. At one time or another he has boxed practically every champion in the last 10 years—Jackie Fields, Tommy Freeman, Gorilla Jones, Mickey Walker, Ben Jeby, Babe Risko and others.

Paul was always a puncher and in fact, he still is. The fight fans love a puncher, and that is a good reason for Pirrone to make a comeback. Paul is but 28 years young. He is the father of two girls and one boy. At the present time he is a deputy sheriff in the civil branch.

Paul Pirrone now throws a challenge to Apostoli, Krieger, Hostak or any other middleweight in the world. Mike Vellotta, who is now doing business for Pirrone, got his start in 1910 when his dad had the old Washington Athletic Club. Mike is well known in the fistic circles, when he was with Billy Wallace, Johnny Farr, Davey Abad and many others of note.

Joey Ferrando of Ashtabula, Ohio, is back in his home town for a brief rest. He has been taking treatments for a neck ailment which he says was responsible for his losses in sunny California.

Jimmy Vaughn lost to Lou Ambers at Philadelphia after boxing a draw with Tony Canzoneri. Vaughn and Ambers have met a number of times and have always put up a good fight.

Gussie Smallwood defeated Ray Sharkey for the second time at Elyria, Ohio, over the 10-round route. On the same card, Billy Burke of Cleveland and Steve Stefek drew in six rounds. Harry Teany of Cleveland beat Kid Schaffer of Norwalk, O., in six. Billy LaSalle, Cleveland, stopped Don Blatchford, Elyria, in six.

Bandit Romero, formerly from California, now of Cleveland, went down to Pittsburgh and knocked out Harry English, Toledo, in two rounds.

JABS FROM CAULIFLOWER ALLEY—Buddy Knox, Dayton, O., stopped Joe Swick, Shenandoah, Pa., in one round at Columbus, O. . . . . Eddie Simms lost in Chicago to Clarence Brown of Chicago in 10 rounds . . . . Floyd Gibbons, who boxed amateur around Cleveland, now boxing pro out of Detroit and Columbus, knocked out Paul Dixon, New York, in three, at Columbus, O. . . . . Sammy Lombardo, who is now on the Pacific Coast, won his first bout out there. He is out there with Jimmy Dunn . . . . Joe Brilla and Harold Dettman also are out on the Coast.

Georgie Toy, 1939 A.A.U. National lightweight champion, defeated Billy McGregor at the Equestrium. Jimmy Bloom stole the show when he stopped the rugged Joe Gavel in four rounds. Frankie Meyers never looked better in defeating Joe Berry. Jimmy Trusso made it 15 straight by beating the hard punching Billy Bare. Chuck Ross lost a close one to Frankie Loucka.

Send your notes to Sparky Rudolph, Hotel Chester, E. 11th Street, Cleveland, Ohio.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

BUFF MELLINGER, the Louisville heavyweight, grabbed the spotlight in this territory right out of the hands of Art Sykes, the Elmira, N. Y., star. Mellinger came here unheralded and plowed through Sykes to win on a technical knockout in nine rounds.

Jack Sheppard and Promoter Benny Becker are trying to secure Buddy Knox of Dayton for a meeting with Mellinger.

Buddy Knox continued on his winning ways during the current weeks. At Dayton, Buddy turned back George Fitch of New Haven, Conn., in 10 rounds and then followed through at Columbus, O., with a one-round technical knockout over Joe Zwick.

Freddie Miller, former world's featherweight champion, is back in the U. S. from Venezuela. Outstanding of Freddie's last campaign was a 10-round victory over Enrique Chafret at Caracas. Miller will fight a match in Cincinnati sometime in June or July and then will leave for another European invasion.

Ohio's welterweight, Jack Manley, keeps bumping them off in the city. In successive matches under the promotion of Russ Antrim, the Dayton Denter knocked out Norman Tierre in five; kayoed Tiger Jackson in eight rounds and slapped over Johnny Werber in two sessions.

Frankie Gilmore stepped out with a 10-round draw with Lloyd Pine, the Akron, O., ace in another Antrim promotion.

Out of town results in this territory: Indianapolis—Chuck Vickers knocked out Herb Shipley in three rounds and Tiger Carsonia kayoed Billy Franklin in three rounds on May 12th.

Fairmont, W. Va.—Sal Ruggirello won a decision over Jim McVey in 10 rounds, and Bobby Williams defeated Henry King in six rounds on May 18th.

Huntington, W. Va.—Young Harry Wills won decision over Eddy Crawford in 10 rounds, and Charlie Banks decisioned Tarzan in six rounds on May 1.

Louisville, Ky.—Al Manfredo, Fresno, won a 10-round decision over Johnny Stevens of Cincinnati on May 22nd.

Some of the results in this section, chiefly in Dayton and Cincinnati, are as follows: George Eschman won decision over Norm Tierre in six rounds; Herb Gilmore won a close shade over Patsy Patterson in six; Nate Bartell made a grand comeback in winning in six heats from Tiny Miller; Jim Kelly of Middletown kayoed Kayo Lee of Louisville in three rounds, and Tiger Carsonia stopped Beeman Howard in two rounds.

AROUND FOUNTAIN SQUARE WITH THE PILOTS AND THEIR PUNCHERS—Cleo McNeal, Joe Basco's colored lightweight, stepped through with a technical kayo over Dick Demaray at Minneapolis . . . . Bob Casey, the Seattle globe trotting fight manager, is back home after a world tour . . . . Joey Palmo is back from the Coast . . . . Jimmy Kilbane and Jimmy Maines, Middletown's co-promoters, are planning a series of fight shows in Middleton and Hamilton . . . . J. N. Howard of College Station, Texas, is shooting eastward with his middleweight puncher, Slug Shannon . . . . Herman Katz, veteran Cincinnati promoter, will soon return to California where he plans to make his future residence . . . . New Richmond, O., with Johnny Ginn again in the matchmaker's seat, opened up with an all-star program in the outdoor arena in that city . . . . In the topliner, Patsy Patterson, junior lightweight champion of Ohio, won an eight-round decision over Charlie Lightfoot of Newport, Ky., while in the other half of the double windup, Tommy Brown, Ohio's lightweight leader, pounded out a decision over Bobby Barnhart, New Richmond . . . . Tommy Lepper's Indianapolis fight stable is swelling with the days . . . . Tommy now has a pair of heavyweights, Scotty Fuller and Hard Rock Stone, and a top welterweight, champion of the state, Tiger Carsonia, all fighting regular main events . . . . the writer would like to hear from fighters and managers all over the country . . . . Address Jimmy Amann, 515 York St., Cincinnati, O. . . . . Sid Rosener of Columbus, O., is singing the praises of his middleweight puncher, Steve Hudak . . . . the Ohio lightweight championship is becoming more and more muddled . . . . Tommy Brown, the Cincinnati jitterbug, put the finger on the title and points with pride to newspaper clippings and a commissions award to the title last summer, with a 15-round decision over Frankie Gilmore at Mount Washington, O. . . . . Still available, and a new stock of my boxing promoters and manager's guide in which are listed 650 promoters and managers names and addresses . . . . Those interested in securing this printed vest pocket booklet should address Jimmie Amann, 515 York Stret, Cincinnati, Ohio.

At Elyria, O., Gus Smallwood, the clever local lightweight, pounded out a surprise decision over Ray Sharkey of Cleveland in 10 rounds.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES
By SAM PORCELLI

IN the last fight of the season at the Monroe Sporting Club, Fritzie Zivic and Al Traino, Rochester's toy bulldog, engaged in a swell fight, Traino winning the decision. The other results on the card follow: Henry Smith, Rochester, 129, decisioned Ossie Sussman, Rochester, six rounds; Freddie Lenn, 156, Pittsburgh, scored a T.K.O. over Joe Latona, Buffalo, 1:20 first round; Emil Joseph, 133, Pittsburgh, decisioned Tony Sciolino, 138, Buffalo, six rounds; Johnny Flynn, 192, Rochester, knocked out Freddy Siloinski, 185, Syracuse, 2:40 first round.

Ellison Kasoff is devoting all his time completing a new outdoor sports arena which will have a seating capacity of 6,000. This arena will feature midget auto racing, lacrosse, wrestling and the same stellar boxing shows that were shown here during the winter months.

Jules Bauman is planning on opening his outdoor wrestling season at the ball park. Rochester is a very good wrestling town.

Mike Conroy, former heavyweight champion of Rochester, who defeated Battling Siki in Cuba a few years back, and Rocky Scott, who fought some of the best featherweight and lightweights in the country, are going to join in partnership and manage a stable of young fighters.

FISTIC MORSELS—Joe De Carlo, Pan-American champ, won his four professional fights and has retired from the ring . . . . Tony De Carlo will continue to carry on his brother's laurels . . . . Sam Nalone and Leo Davis, ex-fighters, are now with the Rochester police department.

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IN MINNESOTA RINGS

By DARWIN GOMER

MINNEAPOLIS, fight city of the North, has been awarded only one franchise on May 1st, that being to Tommy O'Loughlin's Armory aggregation, with Harry Lennon getting the St. Paul franchise again.

Don Stevens, 148, former St. Paul amateur, now of San Francisco, made his professional debut on the four-round opening spot in Oakland. He was held to a draw by Sindulfo Ramirez, 146, Juarez, Mexican. Good luck, Don!

Doc Holly, ex-St. Paul middle, has a heavyweight prospect in young Laurence Gilbmann, who will box under the name of Larry Gilbert. Doc is training Laurence at Balsam Lake, Wisconsin.

At Chicago's Marigold Gardens, Don Swenson, 140½, Minnesota State welterweight kingpin, dropped a six-round decision to the veteran Tommy Pallatin, 147, South Bend, Ind.

At Oakland, Don Stevens, 149, San Francisco, fought another draw, this time with Steve Kahle, 151, Seattle, in the four-round opener.

Johnny Paychek, Des Moines' sensational heavyweight, may show in Minneapolis against some outstanding heavyweight . . . . Paul Damski may bring Bruno Ahlberg, welterweight champion of Sweden, to Minneapolis in the near future.

Minneapolis Armory—Fighting his first main event, Solly Stark, 162, slugging Deadwood, S. D., youngster, held a slight edge over speedy Don Espensen, 151, Minneapolis, in six, but it was called a draw. Earl Peterson, 165, Appleton, was suspended for six months in Minnesota rings when he took a runout powder instead of meeting Henry Schaft, 156, Minneapolis, in their six-round half of the double windup. In the six-round semi, Tony Yates, 146, Minneapolis, former state king at 147 pounds, scored a T.K.O. over Art Katos, 144, Des Moines, in four. In a four, Bud Tibbetts, 142, Rosemount, was held to a draw by Cal McGraw, 140, Sioux City.

Paul Dyzandra, 161, Canadian amateur middleweight champion from Winnipeg, kayoed Ted Morrison, 166, former Minneapolis middlewight amateur champion, from Fort Snelling, in the second canto. In the opener, piling up his eighth straight win and whipping his foe for the third time, Ray Isaacs, 137½, Minneapolis, trimmed Bud Glover, 134, also of Minneapolis. For the first time in Minnesota history, three judges rendered the decisions instead of just the referee. A very small crowd witnessed the show.

SHORT SHOTS—Karl Ogren, former boxer and manager of Billy Gillespie, has joined promotional forces in St. Paul with Harry Lennon . . . . they will stage regular shows . . . . Billy Gillespie was born in St. Paul . . . Ollie Bartlett, former Minneapolis pug, will locally manage Jack London, Pacific Coast light-heavyweight. London is 21, and is under the direction of Eddie Carsay on the Coast . . . . St. Paul always has been a good fight town, better than Minneapolis when the downriver city had talent . . . . Once again St. Paul has plenty of up-and-coming youngsters like Wason, Miske, Gillespie, Swenson and others . . . . Billy Gillespie has been taken over by Paul Damski . . . . Rock Caster and Johnny Kliber may show here under yours truly . . . . They are middleweight and light-heavy, respectively.

Minneapolis—After winning 16 fights in a row, Dick Demaray, 145, Bismarck bronco-buster, was whipped. Ebony-hued Cleo McNeal, 142, Akron, Ohio, battler, accomplished the feat by scoring a T.K.O. in the eighth of a tenner. Solly Stark, 162, Deadwood, S. D., youngster, once again showed his promise by whipping highly touted Tony Bruno, 161, Milwaukee, in the six-round semi. Cal McGraw, 140, Sioux City, handed Bud Tibbetts, 142, Rosemount, his first pro defeat in six rounds. In fours, Paul Dyzandra, 161, Winnipeg, handed Kelly Ward, 166, Minneapolis, his first pro defeat also, while Curley Martin, 144, Minneapolis, outslugged Emmett Weller, 138, St. Paul. In the opener, Ray Isaacs, 136, Minneapolis, took a decision from St. Paul's colored Louis Bell, 133.

Tommy O'Loughlin has announced he will not stage weekly boxing shows during the summer, but will begin in the fall. He plans, however, to stage two gigantic outdoor shows at Nicollet Park . . . . Stone Lake, Wis., seems to be the training haven during the summer of many Twin Cities' scrappers . . . . That two-round kayo of Frankie Wolinski, 1939 Minneapolis star Golden Glove featherweight champ, by Floyd (Sweetpea) Hagan of St. Paul, stamps Hagan as the most outstanding local prospect among the simon-pures.

St. Paul Auditorium—Marvin Wason, 174½, cream of the Minnesota light-heavies, from St. Paul, once again proved his superiority over hard hitting Billy Miske, Jr., 181½, also of St. Paul, in the 10-round headliner. There was no doubt as to the winner, so decisive was Marv's win.

In the eight-round semi, Don Swenson, 144, St. Paul, whipped Tony Yates, 147, Minneapolis. Swenson once again defended his state crown, but this time he proved without a doubt that he is the master of the rugged Minneapolitan. In the six-round special event, making his American debut, Bruno Ahlberg, 145, Scandinavian welterweight champion from Helsingfors, Finland, piled up his 12th straight win in as many starts, by taking a well-earned decision over Don Espensen, 150, Minneapolis.

IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

DES MOINES, Ia.—Johnny Paychek, Des Moines heavyweight fighter, knocked out Carl Vinciquerra in the sixth round of a billed eight-rounder before 5,000 roaring fight fans. Vinciquerra went down fighting like a champion. He was prone on the mat as the third man counted him out. His face was covered with bloody bruises, blood was pouring from his nose, and all in all he was a sorry looking sight. In the semi-windup, Bob Ray of Danville, Ill., beat Johnny Brown, Chicago Negro heavyweight.

Anamosa, Ia.—John Johnson and Al Bohall, welterweights, knocked one another out in 1:26 of the second round of their bout here. Referee Alex Fidler of Cedar Rapids spent five minutes bringing the two fighters back to life.

Sioux City, Ia.—Trinity's ring Crusaders wound up a successful year when they piled up a 9 to 2 margin over Ponca high school in an 11-bout card. Taking the first four victories, the Crusaders were far the masters of the invading Ponca squad. Three technical knockouts featured the night's offerings. Among them was Harold Ray's one-round win over Maurice Walcott, Dale Sitzmann's third stanza technical knockout of Wesley Riffe and Marvin Uhl's win over Lowell Fields, 145, at the beginning of the third.

A pair of close decisions was about all the Ponca lads could accomplish against the finely trained Trinity ringmen. Delmar Brennen and Glen Nol, who won over Earl Cotton and Art Morgan, respectively, were the lone Ponca stand-outs.

Remember our address is 2206 N. Lafayette St., Sioux City, Ia., or mail will reach us c/o Sioux City *Tribune* Sports Desk, Sioux City, Iowa. Be sure and have your news in our hands by the fourth of each month.

Des Moines—Orlan Ott, the young amateur heavyweight sensation from Hartley, made short work of Pete Peterson, 6-foot, 7-inch giant of Lenox, Ia., here Monday night, knocking out his 270-pound opponent in 50 seconds of the second round of a scheduled three-rounder at Riverview Park.

Clayton Johnson, Sioux City bantamweight, making his first appearance in more than a year, decisioned Bobby Callahan of Shenandoah in three rounds.

Levi DeCora of Winnebago, Neb., making his debut in the lightweight ranks, won a decision over Lyle Pfantz, Des Moines Golden Gloves king, who won two bouts in the Chicago tournament.

Phil Bernard, the fourth Sioux City Glover on the card, lost a decision to John Dudley of Albia, Ia.

Sioux City, Ia.—Results of the first outdoor boxing card of the season staged here under the promotion of Jimmy O'Grady were as follows:

Nate Bolden, 154, Chicago, won by a technical knockout over Matt Cameric, 165, Winnipeg, three; Wilbur De Cora, 165, Winnebago, won by a technical knockout over Henry Schoen, Adrian, Minn., six; Frankie Harmon, 128, St. Paul, defeated Eddie Reynolds, 126, LeMars, four; Noel Kellison, 186, Sioux City, defeated Al Risha, 190, Deadwood, S. D., four; Gene Mann, 138, Sioux City, defeated Benny Schoen, 135, Adrian, Minn., four. Referee, Harry Gibbons; timekeepers, E. Quillen Hoberg and Bart Pease.

Dubuque, Ia.—The Trinity boxing team of Sioux City lost to the Dubuque C.Y.O. here by a score of 6 to 2. Johnny Clemens and F. Hickey were the only Trinity winners. Especially surprising to the Sioux Cityans was the decision awarded Red Sabers of Dubuque over Bob Morley, flashy lightweight from the northwest Iowa city.

Des Moines, Ia.—Johnny Paychek of Des Moines knocked out Frank Rowsey, Los Angeles heavyweight, in the fifth round of their billed 10-rounder. Paychek scaled 192 and Rowsey, 182. Paychek sent a continuous stream of punches at the man who defeated him three years ago in Los Angeles and finally ended the fight with a right blow to the body after 2 minutes and 45 seconds of the round. Rowsey tried to regain his haunches, but reeled and went out.

Saga of "Soakum" Yoakum

(Continued from page 27)

White then stepped back for an instant, took a fresh survey of his opponent, then stepped in and smashed a right to the face, he followed this up with a whip-crack left. Yoakum reeled under the impact. Right, left, right, left, White drove the "ironman" across the ring. Another whistling left to the chin and Yoakum sagged to the floor. A knockdown over "Soakum" Yoakum! Ring history was in the making.

At "nine" Yoakum was back on his feet. That knockdown evidently had been a tonic to the hardy Yoakum. He rushed White across the ring, flailing away with punches from every angle. White rode the gale out and in a few moments was again master of the situation. Once more he began throwing those devastating left hooks.

Every punch he landed seemed to strike the mark. Never possessing much of a defense, Yoakum now had none whatsoever. White couldn't have missed if he had wanted to. White spread his legs apart to get more leverage, then lashed out right, left, right, left, every one of 'em ringing the bell.

Still Yoakum kept his feet.

* * *

THE round was wearing on and Charley White knew if he was going to land that kayo wallop, it was now or never. He ducked in again and hooked that murderous left into the body, followed by a right to the jaw. Again the incredulous happened! Yoakum hit the canvas! At "seven" Yoakum was again on his pins and pawing away.

Finally White, after surveying the situation again, stepped in and began all over again. Right, left, right left, he drove Yoakum into a neutral corner. Then, as if summoning every ounce of power he possessed, White put everything into one last desperate left hook and crashed it to Yoakum's chin.

The durable one reeled crazily, he threw out his arms to catch the ropes. Then his knees buckled and he toppled to the canvas face-downward. They don't get up when they fall that way. This time was no exception.

In his corner, Charley White practically collapsed from his own exertions. Probably a good thing for White that there was no twentieth round.

* * *

SEVERAL months after suffering this one knockout of his career, Yoakum roared an automobile off a sharp turn on Berthoud Pass in the mountains west of Denver. Despite the fact that the vehicle was demolished beyond repair, the remarkable human punching bag was able to climb out of the wreck, make his way back up to the roadway and hail a passing motorist who took him to Denver for repairs That Yoakum survived that wreck, was due to God's surveillance alone, since durable or not, not one person in a million would have survived that sheer 75-foot drop off Berthoud Pass.

THAT knockout at the hands of Charley White did not put an end to Yoakum's fistic endeavors. Indeed, he met White again three months later at Kenosha, Wis., and gave about as well as he received in a ten-round no-decision mill.

The year 1915 was a banner one for "Soakum," since he dropped only one decision out of his fifteen trips to the post, that being a fifteen-round loss to Mexican Joe Rivers at Denver on July 15.

Battling hither and yon over the country, mostly in the Rocky Mountain region, we find Yoakum as late as 1920 fighting a fifteen-round draw with Pete Hartley at Tulsa, Okla. This being the same Pete Hartley who officiates at regular intervals at the mitt shows in Madison Square Garden, New York.

And Stanley Yoakum today? By all rights I should tell you that he is a mumbling, brain-scrambled human derelict, considering the leather barrages he lived through during his fistic heyday. But he isn't.

Out in Sault Ste Marie, Mich., if you ever chance out that way, look for one of the classiest night spots in town, and you'll find the owner to be none other than quiet-spoken, mild-mannered Stanley Yoakum. Barring a slight impediment in his speech, you'd never suspect that he was a former prize-fighter, much less one of the greatest "ironmen" the ring ever developed.

Even to this day, Yoakum retains an interest in ring affairs, and as a sideline to his ever prospering business, keeps a small stable of fighters, most of whom he could probably lick himself if the urge ever came over him.

In addition to all this, he is the father of two children, a boy and a girl. The son is a student at Notre Dame University, while the daughter, a lovely miss, keeps house for her father.

Yes, of all the long string of fighters who rose to glory in the Far West, none ever came to a more placid and peaceful end in which to spend their reclining years than ol' durable Stanley "Soakum" Yoakum.

May many more happy years be his.

IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER

By I. Q. GROSS

GUS LESNEVICH, the Cliffside Park light-heavyweight managed by Joe Vella, earned the ten-round decision over Larry Lane, handled by Al Cohen, in Trenton. It was Gus' first fight since his successful invasion of Australia. Lesnevich deserves a battle with either Melio Bettina or Billy Conn.

Pat Comiskey stopped Gene Bonin in the fifth round at the Paterson Armory. It was the first boxing show held there in four years. Johnny Tuck, Paterson Negro, decisioned Label Shapson, New Yorker, in a six. Joe O'Gatty, Toms River, stopped Nick Rabin, Philadelphia, technically in the fourth. In other bouts, Max Huddel, Paterson, made a successful debut in pro ranks by outpointing Dan Fullmore, Passaic. Johnny Juliano, Paterson, came through with a victory over Monn Rodriguez, New York. In the four-rounders, Frank D'Antico, Elizabeth, knocked out Jimmy Brown, Haskell, in the third; Nick Girard, Paterson, flattened Jimmy Staaz, Secaucus, in one, and Joe Holland, Paterson, outpointed Joe Zollon of the same city.

The hard-punching Frank Zamaris of Orange continues to bowl 'em over in sensational style in Philadelphia. In one of his recent bouts, he flattened Tom Callahan, Scranton, in less than one round. The short and squat Frankie was once a sparring partner for Tony Galento. Now Frankie dares to challenge Galento to a home town match which would be the battle of the ages. Frankie says he knows all of Tony's faults and would win easily. Johnny Scavone, who now handles Zamaris, was one of Galento's first managers. In fact, Johnny taught Tony many tricks of the game at the Orange Y. M. C. A.

The popular Roy Lazer, Newark and Paterson heavyweight, won a ten-round decision over Leroy Haynes, Philadelphia, at Newark. Hughie Gartland is handling Roy. In the semi-final of eight rounds, Al Zappala, Jersey City, outpointed Buddy Ryan, Roselle Park.

Vince Dundee, the former middleweight champ, has opened a tavern in Bloomfield. Good luck, Vince! . . . . Don Petrin is in the cigarette machine business . . . . Allie Blatt is working for the W.P.A. . . . . Roscoe Manning, Nutley middleweight, hasn't been heard from in several months and is requested to contact this writer. He was last heard from in Australia.

Jack Curley, successful trainer of fighters and manager of the famous Stillman's Gym in New York, wishes all of his friends to know that he is now handling the rugged Otto Suto, Carteret puncher, who will soon turn pro.

New Jersey again took the fistic spotlight when both champion Joe Louis and challenger Tony Galento chose camps in this state. Louis again returning to Pompton Lakes and Galento preparing at Asbury Park . . . . Galento went through several drills before packed crowds at Jimmy Brady's, 75 Market Street, Newark, Gym before moving on to the shore.

Ralph Vona, Asbury Park welterweight, is doing well in New York rings . . . . Steve Yasko, hard-punching Cannonsburg, Pa., heavyweight, recently of the United States Army, is scheduled to make his professional debut soon in Newark . . . . Send your notes to me at 68 Huntington Terrace, Newark, N. J.

F. Boston of Atlantic City writes in to boost Tilton Edgehill, Atlantic City junior welterweight. Boston says his favorite has won fourteen straight.

Coming home from New York one day we chanced to meet Paul Cortlyn, Newark middleweight, returning to Texas after a short stay in his home city. Bidding him good-bye was Jim Brady, who was the owner of a gym at 76 Market Street. The next day Brady got the urge to join Cortlyn in Texas. Jimmy got in touch with Jim Marsilla, local fight manager. They arranged a deal in which Brady turned his gym over to Marsilla in return for which Marsilla sold his contract on Cortlyn to Brady, the latter also receiving $100. With that money Brady rushed off to Houston to second Cortlyn in a battle a few days later. Cortlyn made the bout short and snappy by flattening Julio Izquierda of Monterey, Mexico, in the first round. Cortlyn loses now and then, but he is still considered one of the hardest punchers in the game and often comes through with quick knockouts.

Vince Attardi, Jersey City junior lightweight, will fight under the management of Irwin Goldie this summer . . . . Allie Wolf may soon be off to California again, where brother Norman is working.

Before a crowd of 3500 people, who paid $3100 gross, Billy White, Baltimore, upset Billy Beauhuld, Jersey City, in eight rounds at Meadowbrook Bowl in Newark. Maxie Fisher, Newark, lost a close one to Lou Fortuna, Philadelphia, and in another eight Teddy Baldwin, Philadelphia, got the better of Tommy Speigal, Uniontown, Pa., lightweight. White and Beauhuld continued their fight in the dressing room and will be rematched.

One of the biggest upsets in New Jersey this year was the defeat of Tippy Larkin by Jackie Kid Berg at the National Sporting Club at Garfield, N. J. Larkin, a hot favorite, found himself on the losing end of a thrilling battle that had a big turnout on edge from start to finish. Berg came through with one of the best battles since he started his latest American invasion. So thrilled were the fans that a return engagement will probably be made before this issue is off the press.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA, WASHINGTON

By LES SPONSLER

BALTIMORE seems to have its quota of old-timers around and by the looks of the number still present it shows the old town has had its share of good mitt slingers.

Kid Williams, former bantamweight champion, is doing as good as could be expected with a tavern.

George Chaney has a nice income from several ground rents he bought when he was making it and boasts a dandy home, wife and two kiddies.

Joe Dundee, another former champ, has been very successful with a large gas station and garage located in the nicer part of Baltimore.

Jack Portney, besides operating three successful pool parlors, has a sideline equipment for same.

Herman Miller, former sparring partner for Jack Dempsey, is now head of a jazz band of 10 men, including his son.

Frankie Rice has one of the busiest gymnasiums around as well as a very good stable of local fighters.

Sylvan Bass is matchmaker of the Century A. C. which operates weekly shows at Carlin's Arena.

Buster Brown, as well as managing several local boys, is also busy helping the Mrs., booking club and banquet dates here and in Washington.

Lawrence Gunn, who has been on the sidelines for a few months, signed a contract with Joe Wallace and since the partnership with Joe has fought better than ever.

Wallace is also doing business for Paul Lee, who just arrived with his beautiful wife from Indianapolis and intends staying in these parts for the summer months.

He also does business for Woody Buchanan, 145; Russell Reds Tucker, 135; Jimmy Leto, 128; and Buck Welch, 140.

Frankie Rice, a good lightweight in his day, has a very good stable which includes Howard Langrath, heavyweight; Reds Osborne, 150; Frankie Martini, 140; Jake Feldman, heavyweight; Bobby Woods, 126.

Dave Salina, who seems to have luck with kids just out of the amateurs, has a dandy stable which includes Vic Finazzo, 147; Eddie Finazzo, 140; Bob Robey, 150; and Lee Rosen, 130.

Bucky Taylor, local lightweight, beat out a great 10-round duke over Charley Burns and then came back three weeks later and lost a close fight to the same boy.

Toby Tobias, the Jewish kid from Washington, has been a consistent winner in Baltimore, winning an easy fight with Vic Finazzo at Carlins. A Tobias-Tommy Speigal match would get some dough. Of course, making the match is another matter.

Mike Kerns, a local business man, who brought Jimmy Lancaster out here several years ago, has another good looking prospect in George Vlahos, a Greek flyweight, and if the kid continues to show the improvement he has in his first four fights, he may go places. Mike, by the way, has been around the fight game for 20 years and knows what it's all about.

Baltimore fight results: At Carlin's—Bucky Taylor over Charley Burns; Bill Boyd, an easy win over Mario Liani; Toby Tobias, a neat win over Vic Finazzo; Charley Burns winning the rematch over Taylor.

Coliseum—Andre Jessurun the nod over Wicky Harkins; Ken Overlin, a close one over Harvey Massey; Lew Feldman fought a draw with Tommy Speigal.

Washington—Steve Mamakos, Matt Twomey's Greek welterweight, earned an easy win over Ralph Zanelli at Griffith Stadium. Goldie Ahearn, by the way, seems to have got off to a good start by putting in Mamakos on his first outdoor show.

Nothing has been heard of the new club in Washington and according to reports Joe Turner and Ahearn will be alone all summer at least. Capt. Peeples is ready for his third show in Richmond having as his first show Yucatan Kid winning over Norment Quarles, then Bobby Britton boxing a draw with Sammy Chivas.

Roy Phaup has developed a lot of good boys out of the amateurs in Richmond and did wonders with kids like Red Lewis, a light-heavy who may go places.

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GREETS YOU IN PERSON

BUFFALO, N. Y.

By HUGH SHANNON

JACK HERMAN'S wrestling promotions enjoyed a banner season, setting up new records in attendance for the mat sport here. Herman, who is associated with Jack Ganson and Paul Bowser, will not be idle this summer. Instead he will keep the grunters busy in the smaller cities. Already in line is Niagara Falls, N. Y., where Herman will stage weekly shows. Other cities who may come in are Jamestown, Olean, Elmira, Erie, etc.

Despite his loss to Billy Nitchey in an eight-round main event at the Queensberry Club, Rudy Stiller is far from discouraged. Stiller, highly boosted light-heavyweight, was coming along nicely until the Nitchey setback.

Winners and weights of other bouts on the Stiller-Nitchey card follow: Francisco Montanari, Italy, 150½, won from Howell King, Detroit Negro, 152, six rounds; Jacko O'Sullivan, Niagara Falls, 195, stopped Lou Campbell, Chicago, 184, fourth round; Mike Martyk, St. Catherines, 132, knocked out Ford Stovall, Negro, 132½, fourth round; Earl Patterson, Chicago, 159½, flattened Ray McGuire, Hamburg, 152, sixth round; Howie Spence, Niagara Falls, 169, beat Ray McQuillan, Ft. Worth, Tex., 177, four rounds.

CASUAL OBSERVATIONS—Ralph De John and Manager Joe Netro are still on the Pacific Coast . . . . De John has won a couple of bouts and may be rematched with Newsboy Millich, who stopped him . . . . Referee Jimmy Goodrich pulled a funny one when he tossed Iron Talun and Wild Bill Longson out of the ring for rough tactics in wrestling.

GOSSIP OF THE TOWN—Lee Johnson, Cleveland Negro lightweight, is eager to do some fighting up this way . . . . Johnson is a sweet puncher and a crowd pleaser . . . . His K.O. wins have made him a prime favorite wherever he has shown . . . . Another star colored fighter who may make his appearance here is Anson Green, rugged and aggressive Homestead, Pa., light-heavyweight . . . . With a good record against the best 165–175 pounders in the game, Green is able to hold his own with the champions and near-champs . . . . Bert Finch is as happy as a lark with his little gamecock, Mike Martyk, winner of nine consecutive bouts . . . . Martyk, who comes from St. Catherines, Ont., was an amateur star before turning professional . . . . Joe Thomas, a great little bantam in his day, is working for the Streets Department here . . . . Howell King, Negro welterweight from Detroit, who has fought in Buffalo on numerous occasions, is heading toward New York where he hopes to have better luck . . . . Chick Johnson, well known former manager and second, is working for the Buffalo Water Department . . . . Buffalo's new Civic Stadium seats 35,000 for a boxing show but has never been used in the staging of prizefights . . . . Some day the right match will pop up and we'll have a Roman holiday . . . . Fred Johnson, heavyweight matchmaker for the Orioles, is going to go after some real amateur talent for his shows during the 1939–40 season . . . . Big Leroy Evans, giant Negro heavy, who was Johnson's best drawing card last season, is still on the shelf . . . . The dearth of boxing news hereabouts is noticeable . . . . Tommy Moore, down at Jamestown, would like to get boxing going again in his town but hesitates because of the lack of fistic talent . . . . Jack Herman, 'tis rumored, has purchased the old Armory in Jimtown . . . . Herman will give them plenty of wrestling in that sector if he gets a foothold.

Rudy Stiller pasted Lou Presto for keeps when Rudy gained the verdict in six rounds. It was their second meeting and both times Stiller came through victorious.

Results of other matches on the Stiller-Presto card follow: Irish Eddie Dolan beat Phil McQuillan; Francisco Montanari defeated Howell King, Detroit Negro, decision; Tony Paul, Buffalo, scored over Paul Doucet, Montreal, six rounds; Mike Martyk, 131, St. Catharines, won from MacKenzie Verge, 128, (bout stopped by referee, third round); Dozier Woods, Batavia, beat Joe De Carlo, Rochester, four rounds. They are welterweights. Officials were: Referee, Luke Carr; judges, John Krysinski and Dan Russo; timer, Frank L. Klipfel; announcer, Manny Weitz.

Buffalo is the best fight town in the country and this has been proven time and again. New faces are needed here for the revitalization of the game. A splendid chance awaits good fighters. Boxers who are free from contracts and managerial tieups should write Hugh Shannon, 144 Wallace Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

Tommy Timlin, well known Buffalo sportsman, who is railroading down Pittsburgh way, recently ran into Dick Loadman in the latter's old home town, Homestead, Pa. Timlin says Dick is looking well and is married and the father of a little girl. Loadman is working in the giant Homestead mill and doing well.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS

By BILLY SHAW

RALPH DE JOHN has not been doing any loafing on the Coast. He journeyed from San Francisco to Reno, Nevada, and knocked out Idaho Stevens in three rounds, then returned to Sunny California and belted out hard-punching Bobby Yannes in six rounds. De John got off to only one bad start on his Coast invasion with Manager Joe Netro. Over-confident and not too well conditioned, he fell victim to the flailing fists of Newsboy Millich in seven heats, but not until after the Syracusan had first floored the Newsboy a couple of times. Prior to this mill, De John beat big Tiger Wade at San Francisco in ten sessions.

James J. Braddock, former heavyweight champion of the world, visited our town recently, and Jim assured us he was serious about his announced intention of attempting a comeback, and went so far as to promise to fight in Syracuse in his initial try. Braddock said he has offers from European promoters that would bring him some important money this fall. The way Braddock phrases it: "There ain't any of them heavies over the Big Pond I can't lick!" And Jim meant it! If Braddock boxes here this summer he will have plenty of friends at the ringside. Jim is very popular with Central New Yorkers.

The wrestlers have folded for the summer indoors, but Hans Furst, the mat impresario, whose grappling cards are full of action, informs us he may try an outdoor show at the Municipal Stadium and a championship tournament at the New York State Fair this year.

GYM FODDER—Two local featherweight rivals working hard with their respective sparring aids at Jackie Brady's gym . . . . We refer to Joey Kushner, the South Side kid with eleven straight knockouts to his credit, and Joey Brown, rejuvenated East Side youngster, who has harkened to the call of the ring again after practically deciding to hang 'em up . . . . Punching the bag with both hands and revealing plenty of zip in his wallops is Eddie Saxon, the colored light-heavyweight ace . . . . Few local wisacres picked Nova to halt Baer, but most of them said Louis would take Two-Ton Galento in one with little money on the fracas . . . . Amateur boxing, always popular here, has some nifty gate pulling attractions in Cozy Storace, new national amateur 147-pound champ from Rome; Jimmy (Gorilla) Reeves of Cleveland, and Joe Matisi, Endicott's heavyweight menace . . . . Belting Bert Courage, who quit the ring to study for the ministry, plans to enter a national championship swim meet for professionals this summer.

Billy Furrone, sturdy local Negro welterweight, looks good in there swinging leather . . . . Wonder why Irv Robbins doesn't go to Auburn on Monday nights? . . . . No fights? . . . . Umbert Brady, brother of Jackie, recalls the night he fought George Fifield in Canada, and Ralph, the buzz-saw of the family, remembers his fight years ago with Johnny Kilbane . . . . During the cutting up of jack-pots, who walks into the sweat shop but Caveman Fisher, the iron man who fought Mike O'Dowd, Jock Malone, Harry Greb, Jack Delaney, Soldier Bartfield and others of like ability . . . . "Let me tell you about some REAL fights," the Caveman roared . . . . Fisher once fought ten rounds with Bryan Downey suffering from a fractured jaw received in the first stanza.

LEFT HOOKS—Johnny McIntyre, Binghamton man, is back in action and will promote fights in the Parlor City again under the Arista A. C. banner . . . . Over in Rochester, Ellison Kosoff of the Monroe County Sporting Club is angling for some big outdoor scraps . . . . Ellison lost $700 on the Zivic-Traino affair . . . . Zivic had far too much class for the Rochester boy and the fans appeared to know it judging by the way they passed up the uneven tilt . . . . Joe Netro and Ralph De John have had their pictures published often in Syracuse papers with Coast celebrities of the ring and diamond . . . . Joe knows how to exploit his fighter . . . . Gabe Genovese tells this writer he receives more offers for Babe Risko, the ex-middleweight boss, than the Babe could accept if he boxed once a week . . . . Risko's latest was at Oakland, Calif., where he was halted by Lloyd Marshall, Cleveland Negro, in six . . . . Bill Lundigan, the Salt City radio announcer, who is making good in the movies in Hollywood, is pretty shifty with the gloves and shoots a mean straight right . . . . Nick Stemmler, WSYR radio sports columnist, wants to broadcast the outdoor shows here . . . . Thus far the Olympic Club officials have refused to allow this . . . . Rumor has it the Alhambra, centrally located downtown, will be used by the amateurs for boxing activities . . . . It is now a roller skating rink . . . . Paul Sloan of Belfast, Northern Ireland, wrote us for an autographed photo of Babe Risko . . . . It should be in his hands about now . . . . The Babe gave us the last two he had and we have fifty requests for the other, which goes to show how some fans admire their favorites . . . . We are still anxious to get some 8mm or 16mm movies, sound or silent in the 16mm of fights and fighters . . . . What have you? . . . . Write Billy Shaw, 403-405 Eckel Theater Building, Syracuse, N. Y.

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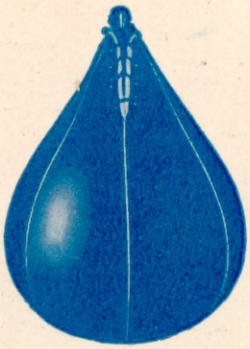

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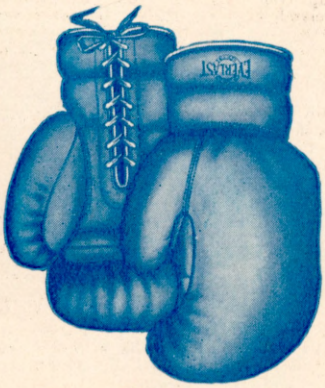

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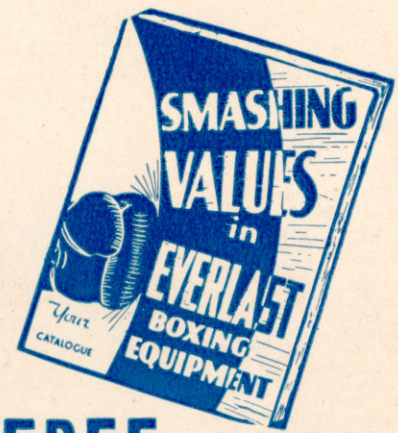

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